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JANUARY, MARCH, MAY, 1863.

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CONTENTS.

No. CCXXXV.

Art.		Page
I.	The Later Writings of John Stuart Mill	1
II.	The Palestinian Word	44
III.	Buckle's Treatment of History	61
IV.	De Quincey	77
V.	Modern Romanism and Modern Protestantism	95
VI.	The Peace Policy: How it is urged, and What it means	113
VII.	Review of Current Literature	133

Theology. Colenso on the Pentateuch, 133. The Patience of Hope, 135. — *History and Politics.* Book of Nabathæan Agriculture, 137. Gervinus's Nineteenth Century, 138. Opinions of the Founders of the Republic on Negroes, 140. Whiting on War Powers of the President, 142. Cochin's Results of Emancipation, 142. Gurowski's Diary, 143. Weiss's Thanksgiving Sermon, 144. Autobiography of Charles V., 144. Herzegovina and Omer Pasha, 145. — *Art, Poetry, and Romance.* Schnaase's History of Art, 146. Bayard Taylor's "Poet's Journal," 149. Titan, 150. — *Miscellaneous.* Country Living, 153. — *Holiday Books*, 154.

New Publications Received 155

No. CCXXXVI.

Art.		Page
I.	Dr. Doyle	157
II.	Professor Wilson	184
III.	The Immortality of the Brute World	199
IV.	Prison Discipline in England	232
V.	The Canonization of the Martyrs of Japan	246
VI.	Democracy on Trial	262
VII.	Later Phases of English Feeling	295
VIII.	Review of Current Literature	301

Theology. Colani's Sermons, 301. Mouchon's Gospel Scenes, 301. Life of Xavier, 302. Later Puritans, 303. Church and State, 303. — *History.* Sprenger's Mohammed, 304. — *Geography and Travels.* Hind's British America, 308. Russell's Diary, 309. Chase's Hellas, 310. — *Miscellaneous*, 310.

New Publications Received 312

No. CCXXXVII.

ART.		PAGE
I.	BENEDICT SPINOZA	313
II.	THE NEW HOMERIC QUESTION	337
III.	STATE REFORM IN AUSTRIA	356
IV.	COURAGE IN BELIEF	383
V.	JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS	400
VI.	NEW BOOKS OF PIETY	421
VII.	THE THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS	430
VIII.	REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE	439

Theology. Stanley's Jewish Church, 439. Colenso on Romans, 441. Mahan on Colenso, 443. Bunsen's Bibelwerk, 445. — *Philosophy and Science.* Herbert Spencer's System of Philosophy, 445. Huxley on Species, 447. Renan on Language, 448. Marsh on the English Language, 448. — *History and Politics.* Savonarola, 451. Rebellion Record, 454. Pamphlets on the Present War, 455. Junkin's Political Fallacies, 456. Cochin on Slavery, 456. Census of 1860, 457. Fisher's Trial of the Constitution, 458. Fisher on Representation, 461.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED 462

INDEX 463

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BOSTON, Jan. 1, 1863.

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JANUARY, 1863.

ART. I. — THE LATER WRITINGS OF JOHN STUART MILL.

1. *On Liberty.* By JOHN STUART MILL. London. 1859.
2. *Considerations on Representative Government.* By J. S. MILL. London. 1861.
3. *Dissertations and Discussions.* Reprinted chiefly from the Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews. By J. S. MILL. 2 vols. London. 1859.
4. *The Contest in America.* By J. S. MILL. Reprinted from Fraser's Magazine. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1862.

IN a lecture read in Boston shortly after the appearance of the first two volumes of Mr. Carlyle's History of Frederick the Great, Mr. Emerson said, the book was so admirable that the Anglo-Saxon race ought to depute an ambassador to the author to thank him for writing so excellent and wonderful a book. If the compliment was somewhat extravagant, we could pardon it in view of the extraordinary freshness and interest with which Mr. Carlyle entered upon his great subject; but it would be still more easily pardonable if applied to the books whose names we have printed above, and which form together one of the most important and remarkable additions to English literature and philosophy which it has ever been the good fortune of a single man to contribute. It is mortifying to add, that these writings have been neglected, both in this country and in England, to an extent not at all creditable to the perception or the liberality of either people. And the neglect, as usual, has been in direct proportion to

the interest and value of the work. Thus, the two earlier works of Mr. Mill — the "Essay on Logic" and the "Principles of Political Economy" — received the attention which works of such eminent ability could not fail to command at the hands of those classes of readers and critics specially interested in the study of pure reason and its application to the abstract principles of government; but when the author advanced from these topics to speculations of which the tendency was seen to be clearly reformatory, and which, in their application to existing forms of administration and long-established habits of thought and life, threatened to lessen the dignity of the administrators and the prestige of the thinkers, those classes promptly took the alarm, and, when restrained from open opposition by a sense of the impossibility of refuting the obnoxious theories, contented themselves with quietly ignoring their existence. So when the essay "On Liberty" was published, three years ago, the only leading organs of criticism in Great Britain which had any cordial word for it were the Westminster Review, of which Mr. Mill was the founder and for many years the chief conductor, and Fraser's Magazine, whose remarkable notice was written by Mr. Buckle, himself more odious to the conservatives than Mr. Mill, and who wrote that review scarcely more to express his admiration of the work, than from a desire to speak his mind on the cruel persecution of a Welsh laborer for blasphemy. It is still not unreasonable to predict of any philosophic work, that the warmth of its reception will be in inverse proportion to the dignity of its ideas and the boldness of its speculations. The unconquerable timidity of the world does not yet encourage — it is much that it can no longer forbid — what is highest and worthiest in the human mind to make itself known to others. But having once got beyond the possibility of prohibition, it is perhaps, in the long run, not harmful that the public are so slow to admit new truths. The opposition to a new theory develops its power, if it have any, more surely and rapidly than the heartiest encouragement could do, while it serves to prevent ideas which are really false, not from gaining the public ear, but from holding the public mind. And this is no small benefit in an age so inquiring as the

present, and one in which so large a proportion of the results arrived at are spurious. The chief difficulty seems to be, that questions in social science, and problems in morals, politics, and religion, are not yet investigated with the same openness of mind, or with the same intellectual honesty, which are given to the discussion of questions in physical science. The bigotry which imprisoned Galileo for announcing a scientific discovery too far advanced for the acceptance of his age has disappeared, and in its place has arisen an eagerness for the discovery of new truths, and a liberality in their reception, which have made the present age one of unparalleled progress in all the arts of civilized and comfortable life; but the spirit which sent Wickliffe and Huss to their martyrdom lives today, shorn indeed of its dangerous power, but still active in malignant denunciation, and visible only too clearly in the spiteful criticism which declares Buckle to be an atheist, in the face of the warmest recognition of the Divine power and goodness, and which denounces Temple and Jowett as men willing to trample on the most sacred obligations and to violate the most solemn pledges. If the same spirit has been exhibited in a much smaller degree in the case of Mr. Mill's works, it is perhaps due to something in the temper in which they are written, and in the long-established character of their author, which commands the respect even of those who fail to appreciate the loftiness of his views.

Of all Mr. Mill's writings, the work "On Liberty" is the most interesting and remarkable, and that by which he would probably choose, as it is certainly that by which he is most likely, to be remembered. Seldom indeed has so small a book contained so much of calm wisdom, of courage, of deep thought, of warm sympathy, and of a supreme regard for absolute justice. It was published in 1859, somewhat late in the life of its author, and may be taken as the fruit of all his most careful and earnest reflections on the great subject of which it treats. Its positions, and indeed its merit, might have been safely predicted from the previous writings of Mr. Mill, and especially from those reviews which he contributed from time to time to the leading quarterlies of his country, in which, through all the variety of subject and all the lapse

of years, the spirit is always the spirit of progress, and the temper is always the temper of honest and candid inquiry. If quarterly reviews could always maintain the same spirit and the same temper, they would indeed be a power for good among any people. Unhappily, that constitution of mind in which a lively interest on any important topic can coexist with perfect tolerance and fairness towards those whose interest is as lively on the opposite side, is among the rarest of mental phenomena, and we are forced to congratulate ourselves if in general we find the interest most active and thoughtful in the direction of the advance, and not of the decline.

Both in England and in the United States, people think they know very well what liberty means; they know it by sight, so to speak, hear it constantly talked about, constantly invoked, and are for the most part firmly convinced that all of liberty that is worth caring for is embodied in the institutions of the state and the moral habit of the people; and, furthermore, that any considerable advance in that direction is pretty sure to lead to license, rather than to any more complete realization of true liberty. The government is representative, the press is unfettered, speech is free, we go and come as we like without surveillance or passports, we have the trial by jury and the *habeas corpus;* what more is needed to constitute liberty? Mr. Mill says, much; and, leaving these commonplaces of a free people behind him, advances through much bold speculation to conclusions which are likely to meet with as warm opposition in London or Boston as in Paris or Vienna. What Mr. Mill said of De Tocqueville, in reviewing the second part of the "Democracy in America," may with equal truth be said of himself: "No one in the least entitled to an opinion will refuse to him the praise of having probed the subject to a depth which had never before been sounded, of having carried forward the controversy into a wider and a loftier region of thought, and pointed out many questions essential to the subject which had not before been attended to, — questions which he may or may not have solved, but of which, in any case, he has greatly facilitated the solution." *

* Dissertations and Discussions, Vol. II. p. 6.

The book, indeed, may be said to treat, not of liberty as opposed to slavery, but of complete liberty as opposed to that incomplete and partial liberty which has already been achieved by the English race, in the control of the people over their institutions and their administration, and with which incomplete and partial liberty they seem to be only too well contented; — "of civil or social liberty; the nature and limits of the power which can be legitimately exercised by society over the individual. A question seldom stated and hardly ever discussed in general terms, but which profoundly influences the practical controversies of the age by its latent presence, and is likely soon to make itself recognized as the vital question of the future." *

That it has not already been so recognized is owing, we take it, to that mental *vis inertiæ* which indisposes a people towards the labor and thought which are always necessary in order to change, in any considerable degree, the existing order of things. A people physically oppressed by a despotic government, whose edicts bear with harsh severity on the common transactions of daily life, whose taxes are extorted from an unwilling allegiance for the support of a luxurious court, — a people whose speech is not free, whose voice is not heard in the national councils, whose personal habits and actions are controlled by the continual presence of standing armies, — such a people may be reasonably expected, in due course of time, to become disgusted with its want of freedom, and to make the attempt to better its political condition. Its grievances are definite, easily understood, and universally felt. Its oppressors stand apart as a family or a class. Their overthrow is an object which the people may clearly and directly propose to themselves without any vagueness or misapprehension. Even under these conditions, every popular revolution is proof of the patient endurance with which a people will continue to exist under the heaviest inflictions of tyranny, rather than meet the dangers of revolution. But when a people has been living for generations under forms of government which may well be called liberal and enlightened, and of which the ad-

* On Liberty, p. 7.

ministration has been growing from generation to generation more mild and judicious; and where the popular content with both forms and measures has been and continues in the main so great that the incompleteness in social freedom fails to be even recognized by all except a handful of the foremost men; where, even when that incompleteness is set forth — as in the essay before us — in the clearest terms, with soundest argument, and richest illustration, it finds no general acceptance even among the cultivated classes of society, — we see that the inertia is a hundred-fold more difficult to overcome, from the indefinite and theoretical character of the improvement which is to be effected. So that, to any book like this of Mr. Mill, the answer comes from the vast majority of well-to-do people throughout England and America who take the trouble to read it, — Let well enough alone; we are free enough; your struggles for more liberty will only end in license.

In his introductory chapter, Mr. Mill traces very clearly the changes of character which the struggle between liberty and authority has undergone in the course of human history. First, the natural antagonism between a mass of subjects on one side, and a monarch or an aristocracy on the other, in virtue of which the people constantly endeavored to limit the power of the rulers, and thus secure at least the recognition, and to some small extent the realization, of their idea of liberty. Next, the effort to remove this antagonism by making the rulers spring directly from the people, and be in a measure responsible to them. When a community had once embraced this idea, they abandoned the object of limiting the authority of their rulers, believing that, if community of interest were once established between governors and governed, there was no further need of precautions against tyranny. But when in due time the principles of elective government became embodied in the Constitution of the American Republic, it became suddenly apparent that the possession of power developed its own temptations, irrespective of the antecedents of its possessors, and created a new antagonism in place of the old, which it was equally desirable to limit by checks. Now was first conceived the "tyranny of the ma-

jority," of which so many dangers have since been predicted, — that disposition by which a portion of a community, preponderating either by numbers or interest, pushes forward its own measures and seeks the fulfilment of its own ends, regardless of the interests, wishes, and feelings of the remaining portion. Mr. Mill shows that the perception of this grievance, though essentially just, was clouded by some misunderstanding.

"Like other tyrannies, the tyranny of the majority was at first, and is still, vulgarly held in dread, chiefly as operating through the acts of the public authorities. But reflecting persons soon perceived that, when society is itself the tyrant, — society collectively, over the separate individuals who compose it, — its means of tyrannizing are not restricted to the acts which it may do by the hands of its political functionaries. Society can and does execute its own mandates, and if it issues wrong mandates instead of right, or any mandates at all in things with which it ought not to meddle, it practises a social tyranny more formidable than many kinds of political oppression, since, though not usually upheld by such extreme penalties, it leaves fewer means of escape, penetrating much more deeply into the details of life, and enslaving the soul itself. Protection, therefore, against the tyranny of the magistrates is not enough; there needs protection also against the tyranny of the prevailing opinion and feeling, against the tendency of society to impose, by other means than civil penalties, its own ideas and practices as rules of conduct on those who dissent from them, — to fetter the development, and if possible prevent the formation, of any individuality not in harmony with its wants, and compel all characters to fashion themselves upon the model of its own. There is a limit to the legitimate interference of collective opinion with individual independence; and to find that limit, and to maintain it against encroachment, is as indispensable to a good condition of human affairs, as protection against political despotism." — p. 13.

To determine this limit as nearly as may be done theoretically, is the work which Mr. Mill lays out for himself in his essay. His proposition is in substance this, — that the liberty of a people is not complete until the subject or citizen is as free as his government; that the possession of power confers no privileges or rights; and that all restraint upon any individual member of a community, except such as is necessary to prevent him from doing harm to others, is illegitimate and tyrannical. Hence we must have

"liberty of conscience, in the most comprehensive sense; liberty of thought and feeling, — absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral, or theological; the liberty of expressing and publishing opinions; . . . . . liberty of tastes and pursuits; of framing the plan of our life to suit our own character; of doing as we like, subject to such consequences as may follow, without impediment from our fellow-creatures, so long as what we do does not harm them, even though they should think our conduct foolish, perverse, or wrong; . . . . . liberty within the same limits, of combination; liberty to unite for any purpose not involving harm to others. . . . . .

"No society in which these liberties are not on the whole respected is free, whatever may be its form of government; and none is completely free in which they do not exist absolute and unqualified. The only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it. Each is the proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily, or mental and spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to live as seems good to themselves, than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest." — p. 27.

The position is a comprehensive one certainly, but it need not excite the alarm of the most conservative or the most cautious reader; especially since, so far from being purely theoretical or visionary, — so far from rushing into the mistake of confounding liberty with lawlessness, — Mr. Mill expressly recognizes "utility as the ultimate appeal in all ethical questions," and reserves without hesitation for society the right of compulsion or restraint in all cases which can fairly be said to affect the public welfare. If his principle is broad, so also is his reservation.

"If any one does an act hurtful to others, there is a *prima facie* case for punishing him, by law, or, where legal penalties are not safely applicable, by general disapprobation. There are also many positive acts for the benefit of others which he may rightfully be compelled to perform, such as to give evidence in a court of justice, to bear his fair share in the common defence, or in any other joint work necessary to the interest of the society of which he enjoys the protection, and to perform certain acts of individual beneficence, such as saving a fellow-creature's life, or interposing to protect the defenceless against ill-usage, — things which, whenever it is obviously a man's duty to do, he may

rightfully be made responsible to society for not doing. In all things which regard the external relations of the individual, he is *de jure* amenable to those whose interests are concerned, and, if need be, to society as their protector."

Nothing seems clearer than the theoretical justice of the position assumed. And by most men who are not incapable of following the simple reasoning on which it depends, its truth as a theory will doubtless be admitted, with a complacent observation that many things are true in theory which would be very dangerous if carried into practice. This is the common defence of those whose indolence or timidity disinclines them to all change. It is more than improbable that there was ever any real conflict between a true theory and the practice logically resulting from it. If a theory is true, and involves a principle of right and justice, its development in practice cannot be made to produce evil and injustice, except by the incapacity or indisposition of the men who are carrying it out to meet and fulfil all the conditions which are involved in that development. It is doubtless true that this incapacity and indisposition must always exist to a certain extent when the principle covers a large ground, and affects the relations and interests of large bodies of men. Speculative knowledge must generally be in advance of the executive ability which is needed to make it operative, and the connection between the philosopher and the man of action is rarely very close or sympathetic. A single thinker in his closet may discern a truth, and carry it out in his thought to distant and unexpected results. But the realization of those results depends, first, on the general recognition of their desirableness; and, next, on the continuous labor of hundreds and thousands of working men, who start perhaps without clear perception of the end they are to reach or the means by which they are to achieve it, and whose hands are tied by the inevitable opposition of those classes who, priding themselves first of all on being conservative, serve no other purpose in the world than consciously or unconsciously to block the wheels of every generous enterprise. Often, too, it happens that the discoverer himself, though possessing a general perception of the truth which he promulgates, has not studied its application with

sufficient diligence or sufficient keenness of insight to be able to follow it out into all its natural consequences; in which case he has no right to complain if his theory is rejected as visionary and incapable of being reduced to beneficial practice. In the present instance, the enunciation of even so broad a principle of personal liberty as that of which we have quoted the statement would probably meet with little dissent, so long as that statement was confined to general terms. There is no ground for misunderstanding here. The happiness and welfare of the community, and of every individual in it, make the object to be secured. The fullest and most absolute freedom of thought, speech, and action which is compatible with this object, should be unhesitatingly granted to each. If Mr. Mill stopped with this general statement of his position, we should expect to find conservatives and radicals agreeing with him, in most amiable fellowship so far; and then branching into wide and bitter divergence on the question, how much of this absolute freedom *is* compatible with the welfare of society. Mr. Mill does not leave his readers at the threshold of so difficult a question, but sets himself to its investigation with much closeness and vigor of reasoning.

The main body of the book is divided into three chapters,—on "The Liberty of Thought and Discussion," on "Individuality as one of the Elements of Well-being," and on "The Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual." Of these the writer regards the first as in some sense introductory to the main argument, expecting little resistance to its propositions, but wishing to examine the grounds on which they are based.

The illustrations which Mr. Mill selects, from the innumerable instances in history, of the fearful mistakes which have arisen from the assumption of infallibility, and from the honest attempts of rulers, political and religious, to root out what they were sure was error, and to protect what they were sure was truth, are singularly felicitous, and are given with a loftiness of thought and language which, while it approaches more nearly to eloquence than is often the case in these writings, is better than eloquence, and impresses us with a higher respect for the writer. We give the last of these illustrations in Mr. Mill's own words.

"Let us add one more example, the most striking of all, if the impressiveness of an error is measured by the wisdom and virtue of him who falls into it. If ever any one possessed of power had grounds for thinking himself the best and most enlightened among his contemporaries, it was the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Absolute monarch of the whole civilized world, he preserved through life not only the most unblemished justice, but, what was less to be expected from his stoical breeding, the tenderest heart. The few failings which are attributed to him were all on the side of indulgence, while his writings, the highest ethical product of the ancient mind, differ scarcely perceptibly, if they differ at all, from the most characteristic teachings of Christ. This man, a better Christian in all but the dogmatic sense of the word than almost any of the ostensibly Christian sovereigns who have since reigned, persecuted Christianity. Placed at the summit of all the previous attainments of humanity, with an open, unfettered intellect, and a character which led him of himself to embody in his moral writings the Christian ideal, he yet failed to see that Christianity was to be a good and not an evil to the world, with his duties to which he was so deeply penetrated. Exising society he knew to be in a deplorable state. But such as it was, he saw, or thought he saw, that it was held together, and prevented from being worse, by belief in and reverence of the received divinities. As a ruler of mankind, he deemed it his duty not to let society fall in pieces, and saw not how, if its existing ties were removed, any others could be formed which could again knit it together. The new religion openly aimed at dissolving these ties; unless, therefore, it was his duty to adopt that religion, it seemed to be his duty to put it down. Inasmuch, then, as the theology of Christianity did not appear to him true or of Divine origin, inasmuch as this strange history of a crucified God was not credible to him, and a system which purported to rest upon a foundation to him so wholly unbelievable could not be foreseen by him to be that renovating agency which, after all abatements, it has in fact proved to be, the gentlest and most amiable of philosophers and rulers, under a solemn sense of duty, authorized the persecution of Christianity. To my mind, this is one of the most tragical facts in all history. It is a bitter thought, how different a thing the Christianity of the world might have been if the Christian faith had been adopted as the religion of the Empire under the auspices of Marcus Aurelius instead of those of Constantine. But it would be equally unjust to him and false to truth to deny that no one plea which can be urged for the punishment of Antichristian teaching was wanting to Marcus Aurelius for punishing as he did the propagation of Christianity. No Christian more firmly believes that atheism

is false, and tends to the dissolution of society, than Marcus Aurelius believed the same things of Christianity, — he who of all men then living might have been thought the most capable of appreciating it. Unless any one who approves of punishment for the promulgation of opinions flatters himself that he is a wiser and better man than Marcus Aurelius, more deeply versed in the wisdom of his time, more elevated in his intellect above it, more earnest in his search for truth, or more single-minded in his devotion to it when found, let him abstain from that assumption of the joint infallibility of himself and the multitude, which the great Antoninus made with so unfortunate a result." — pp. 48 – 51.

Mr. Mill dwells with much force on the apathy with which an opinion is likely to be held, even though true, when its opponents are forbidden to controvert it. No one can intelligently hold an opinion, without being able to understand and give the reasons upon which he believes it to be true. The ability to state these reasons is likely to be soon lost when they are never required; and as it is absurd to argue the truth of a dogma to a person to whom you deny the liberty of dissent, the very occasion for argument in support of a received opinion is dependent upon the amount of freedom with which it may be contradicted. So that, under a system which discourages controversy, an opinion which is taught comes to be regarded, not as matter of reason, but as matter of obedience to authority, and, if it be a true opinion, "abides in the mind, but abides as a prejudice, a belief independent of and proof against argument. This is not the way in which truth ought to be held by a rational being. Truth thus held is but one superstition the more, accidentally clinging to the words which enunciate a truth."

This is illustrated by the phenomenon, so often occurring, of the positive or relative decline of beliefs with the disappearance of opposition. The originator of a new doctrine, whether political or religious, and those who embrace it on his persuasion, are commonly men thoroughly penetrated with a living conviction of its truth and importance, and full of the zeal which is necessary to insure its existence amid the hostility it is likely to meet. The same is the case with all the subsequent believers in the doctrine, so long as there is any danger or inconvenience in professing it, or any need of maintaining its

truth with argument and defence against vigorous opposition. But when the doctrine has triumphed, either completely or so far as to be recognized and respected by the bulk of the community, the energy of support is no longer required, the constant watchfulness and zeal become relaxed. Children inherit the belief from their fathers, without knowing its grounds; and if the doctrine does not decline, it ceases at least to exert that potent influence over men's minds and lives which it once had. "Then are seen the cases, so frequent in this age of the world as almost to form the majority, in which the creed remains, as it were, outside the mind, incrusting and petrifying it against all other influences addressed to the higher part of our nature; manifesting its power by not suffering any fresh and living conviction to get in, but itself doing nothing for the mind or heart, except standing sentinel over them to keep them vacant."

Men value most that for which they pay highest. The real use and value of wealth are said to be best known, not by those who have inherited, but by those who have earned it. It is safe to predict that the blessings of an honorable peace in the Republic will be best appreciated by the generation which is now paying its terrible price. In like manner the early Christians, who paid the heavy penalty of outlawry for the convictions which were dearer to them than life, stood in no need of periodical "revivals" to counteract the slumberous tendency of a belief which has outlived opposition.

Closely connected with this division of the subject is the consideration of the lack of individual character, both moral and intellectual, which results inevitably from the success of any attempt at discouraging freedom of thought and discussion. What Mr. Mill fears more than any other danger of the age is that tendency by which men are growing more and more alike in thoughts, actions, and feelings. It is a question how much of this growth in conformity is real, and how much only apparent, and whether outward likeness in dress, forms of speech, manners, and condition really implies the same degree of likeness in character, tastes, and modes of thought. The outward likeness, and perhaps the inward also, is undoubtedly increased by the disappearance of the sharp distinctions between class

and class which existed in the ruder forms of society, and which made noble and peasant, priest and layman, Christian and Jew, so totally distinct in position and mode of life. Furthermore, it might have been foretold that the great ease and power with which wide influences, as of the press, of commerce, of church establishments, work in the present age upon large bodies of men in the same way, affecting them at the same time and to the same ends, would produce in due time a certain uniformity of life in all matters relating to the subjects on which those influences were strongest. It must be confessed, that the increase of knowledge and of the facilities of life has not had the effect of encouraging individual development to any degree at all commensurate with the advancement of the general culture. But Mr. Mill seems to think, not only that this is true, but that the direct tendency of all our civilization thus far has been to make it true. Herein we think he does the age some injustice.

"In ancient history," he says, "and in a diminishing degree through the long transition from feudality to the present time, the individual was a power in himself, and if he had either great talents or a high social position, he was a considerable power. At present individuals are lost in the crowd. In politics it is almost a triviality to say that public opinion now rules the world. The only power deserving the name is that of the masses, and of governments while they make themselves the organ of the tendencies and instincts of the masses." — p. 118.

Now it appears to us that the superior power of an individual in ancient times was the result of the inferior power of his fellow, and did by no means indicate a more general prevalence of energy or individuality. So far as individuality is developed in society, the conspicuousness of any special instance of it is lessened, and to say that to-day the power, political or social, of any community, has passed from the hands of energetic individuals into the hands of the masses, is only to say that the energy and interest of the masses have increased to a degree which makes them capable, not only of wishing to govern, but of governing; and we shall hardly find matter of regret in this, unless we are ready to deny that the moderate elevation in thought and feeling of a whole people

is more desirable than the extreme elevation of here and there an individual, and more trustworthy as a reservoir of political power and wisdom.

The condition of social subserviency to custom which Mr. Mill describes so forcibly is humiliating enough, and is undeniable; but it is worth while to note, that it does not prevent the occasional, nay, the frequent occurrence of instances in which men and women break through these artificial restraints to enter upon services without precedent, and as noble and lofty as any of which the heroic ages have left us the tradition. And we think it will not be found that in most of these cases the timid public have been backward in recognizing the service, or in paying their tribute of admiration to the individual heroism which effected it. It is doubtful if the enterprise of Florence Nightingale would have been practicable in the Middle Ages, and quite certain that its accomplishment would have met no more instant or hearty recognition than it did eight years ago. And in our own country, the energy with which, on the first perception of the danger from sickness to which our armies were to be exposed in their Southern campaigns, certain individual men undertook to organize a Sanitary Commission for the prevention of the evil even more than for its cure, has certainly no parallel in the history of ancient wars. What Mr. Mill says of the readiness of the age to cry out upon all eccentricity, and all originality which has an air of strangeness, is perfectly true; but we think he will admit, that, spite of all this subserviency and cowardice, it rarely happens that a great enterprise, or even a small enterprise, involving the doing of good to others, fails for want of the individuality to perceive its worth and effect its results.

The whole of this chapter on Individuality, admirable as it is in other respects, is marked by a singular hopelessness of tone; a singular lack of appreciation of the dignity and worth of the national character; an entire want of confidence in the ability of the people to maintain, much more to increase, that dignity, — which either speaks very sadly for the real condition of English society, or else is another instance of that unfortunate distrust of the people so common to men of letters, who, mingling little with them, and passing their lives in the

contemplation of abstract truth and the study of principles, fail to see that their purest theories are directly and strongly aided by thousands of men who never heard them stated; — as in this case, in spite of the common prejudice against eccentricity, there is no community in which people may not be found, who, disregarding the common voice, do habitually assert their independence of thought and speech, and encourage others to do the same. Throughout this work, indeed we might almost say throughout all Mr. Mill's writings, we scarcely remember a single recognition of any improvement or growth in the public mind, — in the intelligence and capacity of the people; though there are many instances of the gravest doubts as to their future progress and destiny. Thus, in a review of M. Guizot's "Essays on History," printed originally in the Edinburgh Review, and republished in the "Dissertations and Discussions," occurs the following passage: —

"In like manner, if what seems to be the tendency of things in the United States should proceed for some generations unrestrained, if the power of numbers, the opinions and instincts of the mass, should acquire and retain the absolute government of society, and impose silence on all voices which dissent from its decisions or dispute its authority, we should expect that in such countries the condition of human nature would become as stationary as in China, and perhaps at a still lower point of elevation in the scale." — *Diss. and Disc.*, Vol. II. p. 238.

This fear that the nations of Europe and America are about to imitate the retrogression of China seems to have taken a singularly strong and permanent hold on the author's mind. We find it appearing first in a review of De Tocqueville, in the Edinburgh Review, as early as 1840: —

"The portion of society which is predominant in America and that which is attaining predominance here — the American *many* and our middle class — agree in being commercial classes. The one country is affording a complete and the other a progressive exemplification, that, whenever any variety of human nature becomes preponderant in a community, it imposes upon all the rest of society its own type, forcing all either to submit to it, or to imitate it." — *Ibid.*, Vol. II. p. 71.

The same idea reappears nearly twenty years later in this essay on Liberty, as follows: —

"We have a warning example in China; a nation of much talent, and in some respects even wisdom, owing to the rare good fortune of having been provided at an early period with a particularly good set of customs, — the work, in some measure, of men to whom even the most enlightened European must accord, under certain limitations, the title of sages and philosophers. They are remarkable, too, in the excellence of their apparatus for impressing as far as possible the best wisdom they possess upon every mind in the community, and securing that those who have appropriated most of it shall occupy the posts of honor and power. Surely the people who did this have discovered the secret of human progressiveness, and must have kept themselves steadily at the head of the movement of the world? On the contrary, they have become stationary, have remained so for thousands of years, and if they are ever to be farther improved, it must be by foreigners. They have succeeded beyond all hope in what English philanthropists are so industriously working at, — in making a people all alike, — all governing their thoughts and conduct by the same maxims and rules; and these are the fruits. The modern *régime* of public opinion is, in an unorganized form, what the Chinese educational and political systems are in an organized; and unless individuality shall be able to assert itself successfully against this yoke, Europe, notwithstanding its noble antecedents and its professed Christianity, will tend to become another China." — pp. 128 – 130.

Such dismal apprehensions are very astonishing in a philosopher whose depth and breadth of view are as great as those of Mr. Mill. Of the signs of the times in his own country he is doubtless better able to judge than we, but his fears for the future of our own people are apparently based on a too ready belief in the foolish falsehoods of book-makers. Witness this passage from the same work: —

"There is confessedly a strong tendency in the modern world towards a democratic constitution of society, accompanied or not by popular political institutions. It is affirmed that, in the country where this tendency is most completely realized, where both society and the government are most democratic, — the United States, — the feeling of the majority, to whom any appearance of a more showy or costly style of living than they can hope to rival is disagreeable, operates as a tolerably effectual sumptuary law; and that in many parts of the Union it is really difficult for a man possessing a very large income to find any mode of spending it which will not incur popular disapproba-

tion. Though such statements as these are doubtless much exaggerated, as a representation of existing facts, the state of things they describe is not only a conceivable and possible, but a probable result of democratic feeling combined with a notion that the public has a right to a veto on the manner in which individuals shall spend their incomes." — p. 157.

If Mr. Mill had ever lived, even for the space of a single season, in any one of the large American cities, he would probably have been astonished at more than one example of the impunity with which this terrible tyrant, the public, is braved. We confess at once that there are many men in this as in every other country who would be glad to fetter both speech and action, so far as they opposed their own ideas of expediency or interest. But these are exceptional characters, men soured by personal spite, men whom the public with sure instinct have rejected as base, and who, from what Mr. Mill elsewhere calls "inbred toryism," are alike incapable of noble speech or action themselves, and intolerant of it in others. That theirs is not the spirit of the masses is evidenced by the history of every reform movement, whether genuine or spurious, which has ever been set on foot. Take, for example, that which has been the most unpopular of all, — the Antislavery movement. Rarely in any country or age has any body of men been more bitterly hated and more virulently abused than the Abolitionists of the United States for a full generation past. The rancor of Christian for Jew, of Spaniard for Moor, of Catholic for Lutheran, of Austrian for revolutionist, are all repeated in the flood of contumely and insult which has been unceasingly poured out upon them, not from the Slave States alone, but throughout the Free States to an almost equal extent. Governors have recommended imprisonment, editors have invoked the mob, Senators have fulminated wild threats from the halls of Congress. Surely Englishmen of the present generation have never seen in their own country any parallel to such antagonism. It is difficult to believe that its like will ever again be witnessed in ours. Yet in the face of this universal and apparently deadly hostility, they have pursued their object without apprehension and without concession, in perfect safety and with ever increasing facility and freedom, for more than

thirty years; nor excepting in occasional instances, when influential "conservatives" have succeeded in inciting disturbances at their meetings, has the "power of numbers" ever been able to "acquire and retain the absolute government" over them, to "impose silence" on their voices, or to substitute the opinions and instincts of the mass for their own. It is not unreasonable to hope, that if, in the country continually cited as that in which the power and temper of the masses is most to be dreaded, they have, while acted upon by passions so powerful, possessed a sufficient appreciation of the advantages of freedom of speech and opinion to enable them to control those passions and refrain from practical interference with these hated reformers, the condition of society is in no immediate danger of falling to the Chinese level; and we must think it unfortunate that a philosopher whose insight into principles is so profound and so clear, should share to some extent with shallower reasoners that misapprehension of the people which makes it competent for men to correct him on these points who would hesitate long before venturing to question his theoretical conclusions.

Mr. Mill quotes a passage from Wilhelm von Humboldt in which that author "points out two things as necessary conditions of human development, because necessary to render people unlike one another; namely, freedom, and a variety of situations."

"The second of these two conditions," says Mr. Mill, "is in this country every day diminishing. The circumstances which surround different classes and individuals, and shape their character, are daily becoming more and more assimilated. Formerly different ranks, different neighborhoods, different trades and professions, lived in what might be called different worlds; at present, to a great degree in the same. Comparatively speaking, they now read the same things, listen to the same things, see the same things, go to the same places, have their hopes and fears directed to the same objects, have the same rights and liberties, and the same means of asserting them. Great as are the differences of position which remain, they are nothing to those which have ceased. And the assimilation is still proceeding. All the political changes of the age promote it, since they all tend to raise the low, and to lower the high. Every extension of education promotes it, because education brings people under common influences,

and gives them access to the general stock of facts and sentiments. Improvements in the means of communication promote it, by bringing the inhabitants of distant places into personal contact and keeping up a rapid flow of changes of residence between one place and another. The increase of commerce and manufactures promotes it, by diffusing more widely the advantages of easy circumstances, and opening all objects of ambition, even the highest, to general competition, whereby the desire of rising becomes no longer the character of a particular class, but of all classes..... The combination of all these causes forms so great a mass of influences hostile to individuality, that it is not easy to see how it can stand its ground. It will do so with increasing difficulty." — *On Liberty*, pp. 131, 132.

This extreme of apprehension seems to us morbid. The influences which Mr. Mill enumerates he would himself confess to be among the most beneficent of the age, and unless he is willing, for the sake of encouraging individual dissimilarity of character, to restore the inequalities of station which existed in the Middle Ages, to limit the extension of popular education, to restore the old method of communication, to check the growth of commerce and manufactures, and to substitute the arrogant dictation of powerful individuals for the will of the people, it seems to us illogical as well as morbid to entertain such grave apprehensions in regard to the effects of our later civilization. Mr. Mill lacks faith. The age has tendencies beside those which lie on the surface, which are too obscure even for his philosophy to discover, but which may well be believed to balance and compensate for those which he fears. New conditions of society develop new directions for human energy. We can even see in the present age the individuality which formerly expended itself in selfish political scheming for the acquisition of irresponsible power, deprived in great measure of its opportunities by that very change in the position of the masses which Mr. Mill laments, and passing into the busy brains of the inventors who are giving to the century its distinguishing character. The change is so far by no means a bad one; but if not easy to see, it should not be difficult to believe, that in the future every evil tendency will be balanced, and more than balanced, by a beneficent one, and that, however much the form and direc-

tion of individual character may change, it will never permanently diminish or degenerate.

To our mind, the exhibitions which we see every hour of the lack of individuality in the society of the day indicate no retrogression on the part of the race, and no conditions less conducive to its free development than have ever existed. That type of it, for instance, which shows itself in the concession which each man makes, not only on matters of taste, but on matters of thought and opinion, to the feelings or principles, or the pretended feelings or principles, of his neighbor or his community, so that, in perhaps nine cases out of ten, if a man in conversation with another says a mean thing, the other, whether from politeness or indolence or interest, acquiesces, — a concession so common that Mr. Emerson, in the simple tribute of respect and affection which he paid to the memory of Mr. Parker, at the Memorial Service which was held shortly after his death, could find nothing more worthy to put on record than that moral integrity* which placed him above the possibility of it in his own life; — that type, perhaps the most melancholy and the most hopeless of all the blemishes on the face of modern society, is only the natural consequence of the imperfection of human life in all its tastes and aims. No completeness of liberty would lessen the evil, no severity of repression materially increase it. It is a matter of simple integrity or want of integrity, — a test of personal character certainly, but hardly of any more general influence. And though it is probably in large measure the product of modern civilization, yet it is certain that the causes which have made us abandon the plainer speech of ruder times have made us also abandon other characteristics of those times which we could better afford to lose, and that the gain in the long run rests with us.

In the chapter on the "Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual," and more minutely in the closing chap-

* "For every sound heart loves a responsible person, — one who does not in generous company say generous things, and in mean company base things, but says one thing, now cheerfully, now indignantly, but always because he must, and because he sees that, whether he speak or refrain from speech, this is said over him, and history, nature, and all souls testify to the same."

ter of "Applications," Mr. Mill follows out the principles which have been discussed in previous chapters into their practical bearings, showing how surely the attempt at exercising our own judgment in regulating the conduct of other men (any further than is necessary for the prevention of specific harm to others) leads to persecution. The distinction between what are called the "self-regarding" faults, and those which regard and affect the rights of others, is drawn with much thought and minuteness; — a difficult distinction to fix, owing to the natural objection, that, as no man liveth to himself, no faults can be altogether self-regarding, but that all must, through the sympathy and affection of friends, or through the influence of example, affect in some degree the happiness and welfare of others. Nevertheless, Mr. Mill insists on preserving, as clearly as it can be defined, the distinction between those faults, those vices even, which concern properly a man's self, — as "rashness, obstinacy, self-conceit, the inability to live within moderate means or to restrain himself from hurtful indulgences, the pursuit of animal pleasures at the expense of those of feeling and intellect," — and those acts which are manifestly and directly injurious to others, — "encroachments on their rights, falsehood and duplicity in dealing with them, unfair or ungenerous use of advantages over them, even selfish abstinence from defending them against injury; — these are fit objects of moral reprobation, and, in grave cases, of moral retribution and punishment." The difficulty of drawing the line between the two classes Mr. Mill states with his usual candor and fulness, and meets as follows: —

"I fully admit that the mischief which a person does to himself may seriously affect, both through their sympathies and their interests, those nearly connected with them, and in a minor degree society at large. When by conduct of this sort a person is led to violate a distinct and definable obligation to any other person or persons, the case is taken out of the self-regarding class, and becomes amenable to moral disapprobation, in the proper sense of the term. If, for example, a man through intemperance or extravagance becomes unable to pay his debts, or, having undertaken the moral responsibility of a family, becomes, from the same cause, incapable of supporting or educating them, he is deservedly reprobated, and might be justly punished; but

it is for the breach of duty to his family or creditors, not for his extravagance. If the resources which ought to be devoted to them had been diverted from them for the most prudent investment, the moral culpability would have been the same. George Barnwell murdered his uncle to get money for his mistress; but if he had done it to set himself up in business, he would equally have been hanged. Again, in the frequent case of a man who causes grief to his family by addiction to bad habits, he deserves reproach for his unkindness or ingratitude; but so he may for cultivating habits not in themselves vicious, if they are painful to those with whom he passes his life, or who from personal ties are dependent upon him for comfort. Whoever fails in the consideration generally due to the interests and feelings of others, not being compelled by some more imperative duty, or justified by allowable self-preference, is a subject of moral disapprobation for that failure, but not for the cause of it, nor for the errors merely personal to himself which have remotely led to it. In like manner, when a person disables himself, by conduct purely self-regarding, from the performance of some definite duty, incumbent on him, to the public, he is guilty of a social offence. No person ought to be punished simply for being drunk, but a soldier or a policeman should be punished for being drunk on duty. Whenever, in short, there is a definite damage or a definite risk of damage either to an individual or to the public, the case is taken out of the province of liberty, and placed in that of morality or law." — pp. 145 – 147.

The same principle is briefly applied, in the closing chapter, to the question of restrictions on trade in general (with special reference to the sale of poisons); to the question of the punishment of persons guilty of drunkenness, gambling, licentiousness, or the instigation of others to those vices; to the question of the binding force of agreements involving personal relations or services; the question of state education; of the prohibition by law of marriage between persons who have not the means of supporting a family (a prohibition which the author declares a state has an undoubted right to establish and enforce); and lastly to the class of questions involving the interference of the central government in the direction and conduct of local business. The small space given to these important considerations gives them the air rather of condensed memoranda intended as a basis for subsequent elaboration, than as a finished and revised portion of a

complete essay. They contain much thought, and suggest much in a thoughtful reader. The field which they cover is nothing less than the universal field of human action in its relations to society and the individual, and we hope in due time to see the closing chapters of this remarkable book expanded into a treatise on some or all of the great divisions of the subject which the author has here suggested.

This task of elaboration, indeed, Mr. Mill has already commenced. We have already stated, in brief, what is the drift and object of his "Considerations on Representative Government." * We have not now the space to speak of this treatise in detail. It may be said to be the application to the special topic of Representative Government of the theories of the essay on Liberty. Its subject is as interesting as it is important, and is made especially so to Americans by the frequent illustrations of its positions which are drawn from the political experience of the United States. Some of these positions are striking from their novelty and the boldness with which they are defended; others which have been advanced by former writers are here adopted and held with the same completeness of conviction and vigor of argument. The opinions as to the advisability of "universal but graduated suffrage," combined with the present English system of open voting; the extension of the suffrage to women; the representation of minorities; the abdication of the law-making power by the legislature; the appointment of the executive by the legislative body; — these and others of less note are as new in this country, for the most part, as in Europe, and perhaps more so. On all these points the reasoning is marked by the strongest and clearest good-sense, and by a fairness, a mental honesty towards the opposite side, which is among the rarest of literary virtues. Whatever may be thought of the practicability of carrying out all the improvements which are suggested in this work, it will be admitted that the discussion of them, and of all the important questions concerning the theory of free government, by such minds as that of Mr. Mill, is one of the greatest benefits which literature can bestow on

* Christian Examiner, Vol. LXXII. p. 313.

a people. It is certain that a people which learns from such teachers cannot go backward.

Mr. Mill, while proving in the clearest manner that the ideal form of government — the form most eligible in itself — is the representative form, is careful as usual to recognize the practical limitations to the application of that ideal system. The form of government must be adapted to the capacities of the people to be governed, and to the state of society among them; and a thousand causes may, even after a community has advanced far in civilization and culture, render them either indisposed to adopt, or incapable of maintaining, that system which in itself is most perfect.

"It is to be borne in mind, that political machinery does not act of itself. As it is first made, so it has to be worked, by men, and even by ordinary men. It needs not their simple acquiescence, but their active participation, and must be adapted to the capacities and qualities of such men as are available. This implies three conditions. The people for whom the form of government is intended must be willing to accept it, or at least not so unwilling as to oppose an insurmountable obstacle to its establishment. They must be willing and *able* to do what is necessary to keep it standing. And they must be willing and able to do what it requires of them to enable it to fulfil its purposes. The word *do* must be understood as including forbearances as well as acts. They must be capable of the conditions of action, and the conditions of self-restraint, which are necessary either for keeping the established polity in existence, or for enabling it to achieve the ends its conduciveness to which forms its recommendation." — pp. 4, 5.

This covers the whole ground of question in regard to the failure of the many attempts which have been made to establish free government in France, Italy, Hungary. In all these unsuccessful attempts, the people, while fulfilling the first of Mr. Mill's conditions, have failed in the other two, and so, in the first trial of strength between them and the old rulers, the people succumbed, and their system of self-government went to ruin. It is impossible on any other ground than this to account for the long-continued existence and firm establishment of these absolute and oppressive tyrannies, since it is difficult to understand the exact process by which the energies, mental and physical, of a whole people remain subjugated

century after century to the hereditary determination of a single family. Men say it is the power of a standing army, discouraging resistance. But why is the army in the interest of that family more than in that of the million families from which itself has sprung? The army gains from the imperial patronage nothing but hard fare, a life of dangerous and ignoble warfare, and the undying hatred of those of its fellow-subjects who are capable of so active an emotion. The tyranny of which the soldier is the tool does not press less heavily upon him than upon his brother of the field or of the shop. How, then, does it happen that in almost every country of Continental Europe there is constant war, open or suppressed, between a royal or imperial family on the one hand, and ten, twenty, forty millions of subjects on the other? One would think the contest must come to a speedy end. But the secret lies in the fact, that the people of these countries, however willing they may be to change their condition, and to substitute self-government for the absolutism which they so detest, are not willing and able either "to do what is necessary to keep their government standing," after they have established it, or "to do what it requires of them to enable it to fulfil its purposes." How should they be? The slavishness of temper which makes it possible for a despot to rally around him an army of a million of men to maintain his rule, which removes from the breasts of these men all shame at the meanness of their position, all remorse for the treachery they practise against their countrymen, makes it also possible for the rest of the population to rest quietly under the yoke, except in the periodical spasms of revolution, which occur perhaps once in a generation, and of which the result is pretty surely the same,—a return to the old despotism, and a settling down of the disheartened people into their old places, with fetters strengthened, with soil impoverished, with taxes increased. We do not wish to echo the flippant cry of young American tourists, that France or Italy or Austria is fit for nothing but despotism. That cry was foolish enough in the days of our prosperity;—God forbid that we should exult over or despise the people of those unhappy countries in the day when our own is torn by a direr struggle than they have

ever witnessed! But we must think, nevertheless, that among them there does not exist that sturdy love of liberty for its own sake, that quiet determination to possess and maintain it at all hazards, and "in the teeth of clenched antagonisms," and the rational civilization to appreciate and rightly use its blessings, which have alone made Liberty at home in England and in America.

A single peculiarity in this work indicates the radical difference in the constitution of society between England and the United States. This is the constant emphasis which Mr. Mill gives to the expression of the dangers of "class-legislation," and the constant assumption that the candidate of a majority of voters, under a system of universal suffrage, would inevitably be the representative of the operative class alone, and thus, from the necessity of his position, the advocate of measures tending to the advantage of that class, as against that of the higher and more cultivated classes.

"In that falsely called democracy, which is really the exclusive rule of the operative classes, all others being unrepresented and unheard, the only escape from class-legislation in its narrowest, and political ignorance in its most dangerous form, would lie in such disposition as the uneducated might have to choose educated representatives, and to defer to their opinions. Some willingness to do this might reasonably be expected, and everything would depend upon cultivating it to the highest point. But, once invested with political omnipotence, if the operative classes voluntarily concurred in imposing upon themselves, in this or any other manner, any considerable limitation to their self-opinion or self-will, they would prove themselves wiser than any class possessed of absolute power has shown itself, or, we may venture to say, is ever likely to show itself under that corrupting influence." — p. 230.

We claim no superior virtue in the operative classes of the United States over those of any other community; but so little tendency is there in the course of the complicated politics of this country to the development of the evils above alluded to, and so untrue is it with us that democracy is "the exclusive rule of the operative classes, all others being unrepresented and unheard," that we do not remember a single instance in the history either of Congress or of the State legislatures in which such an abuse has ever been suspected by the most sen-

sitive of what in England would be called the conservatives. But the sharper definition of the "operatives" as a class in English society, and the limited extent of political power and social influence accorded to them, undoubtedly render it probable that if, under a system of universal and equal suffrage, they should suddenly find themselves invested with the dignity of electors, they would exhibit a tendency, more or less marked according to the behavior of the wealthier classes under the circumstances, to abuse their power in the manner indicated by Mr. Mill. In this probability the author finds one of the strongest reasons why members of Parliament should take their seats unpledged to the support of any specified measure or policy, and also one of the strongest arguments for a reform of which very little has hitherto been said in this country, but which has for some years past engaged the consideration of many of the public men of Great Britain, and of which Mr. Mill, though not the original proposer, has been probably the most conspicuous advocate, — the Representation of Minorities.

Mr. Mill thinks, with reason, that the rule of the majority does not necessarily or in justice imply the silence of the minority; and if the minority has the right to make itself heard before an election, it has the same right to consideration, and to a due and proportionate share of influence, after the election. We have not quite the spur for interest in the application of this principle that the Englishman has, since, as we have said, the assumption that the majority will always be the laboring classes, and that the minority will thus comprise all that is wisest and most cultivated in the kingdom, is founded on a condition of society which has never existed in this country. The principle, however, whatever may be the motives for its adoption, is undoubtedly a correct one.

"Nothing is more certain, than that the virtual blotting out of the minority is no necessary or natural consequence of freedom; that, far from having any connection with democracy, it is diametrically opposed to the first principle of democracy, — representation in proportion to numbers. It is an essential part of democracy that minorities should be adequately represented. No real democracy, nothing but a false show of democracy, is possible without it." — p. 137.

The system by which Mr. Mill proposes to effect this desirable improvement in representation is that drawn up by Mr. Thomas Hare, "a man of great capacity, fitted alike for large general views and for the contrivance of practical details." His plan was explained in a volume published in 1859, entitled a "Treatise on the Election of Representatives." Mr. Mill thus describes the main provisions of the scheme: —

"According to this plan, the unit of representation, the quota of electors who would be entitled to have a member to themselves, would be ascertained by the ordinary process of taking averages, the number of voters being divided by the number of seats in the House, and every candidate who obtained that quota would be returned, from however great a number of local constituencies it might be gathered. The votes would, as at present, be given locally, but any elector would be at liberty to vote for any candidate, in whatever part of the country he might offer himself. Those electors, therefore, who did not wish to be represented by any of the local candidates, might aid by their votes in the return of the person they liked best among all those throughout the country who had expressed a willingness to be chosen. This would so far give reality to the electoral rights of the otherwise virtually disfranchised minority. But it is important that not those alone who refuse to vote for any of the local candidates, but those also who vote for one of them and are defeated, should be enabled to find elsewhere the representation which they have not succeeded in obtaining in their own district. It is therefore provided that an elector may deliver a voting paper containing other names in addition to the one which stands first in his preference. His vote would only be counted for one candidate; but if the object of his first choice failed to be returned, from not having obtained the quota, his second might perhaps be more fortunate. He may extend his list to a greater number, in the order of his preference, so that if the names which stand near the top of the list either cannot make up the quota, or are able to make it up without his vote, the vote may still be used for some one whom it may assist in returning. To obtain the full number of members required to complete the House, as well as to prevent very popular candidates from engrossing nearly all the suffrages, it is necessary, however many votes a candidate may obtain, that no more of them than the quota should be counted for his return; the remainder of those who voted for him would have their votes counted for the next person on their respective lists who needed them, and could by their aid complete the quota. To determine which of a candidate's votes

should be used for his return and which set free for others, several methods are proposed into which we shall not here enter. He would of course retain the votes of all those who would not otherwise be represented, and for the remainder drawing lots, in default of better, would be an unobjectionable expedient. The voting papers would be conveyed to a central office, where the votes would be counted, — the number of first, second, third, and other votes given for each candidate ascertained, and the quota would be allotted to every one who could make it up, until the number of the House was complete, first votes being preferred to second, second to third, and so forth. The voting papers and all the elements of the calculation would be placed in public repositories, accessible to all whom they concerned, and if any one who had obtained the quota was not duly returned, it would be in his power easily to prove it." — pp. 139 – 141.

To any plan for so radical a change as is here proposed in that department of practical politics which is at the foundation of all representative government, the objection is sure to be brought forward, "that it is impracticable, — very fine it may be as a theory, but of no use as a working scheme, — in short, visionary." Commonly, the more feasible and clearly useful the plan proposed, the more loudly is this objection urged, and the more obstinately insisted on by the great body of those conservatives, self-styled, to whom all change is sacrilege. In the case before us, the objection may not be altogether unfounded. The plan of Mr. Hare, unless it is intended to work as a special instrument in the hands of the upper classes for the protection of their interests against the class-legislation of the operatives, would seem to presuppose among the latter class a wider acquaintance with the comparative merits and abilities of the public men of the country than Mr. Mill would probably give them credit for. Even if that condition were likely to be fulfilled, it is quite possible that the adoption of such a system of election, simple as it seems in print, would, in the elections of a country of thirty millions of inhabitants, end by involving the whole canvass in a confusion perfectly inextricable. But it is also possible, on the other hand, that the confusion would be only the temporary result of the want of familiarity, on the part of voters and inspectors, with a scheme so novel, and that, after a few trials, the practical good sense of a people long trained in the exercise of political

rights would remove the difficulties which a first trial had discovered, and with due modification of the system on the one hand, and a growing familiarity with its details on the other, would end by making it work as smoothly as the present system of imperfect representation. Mr. Mill declares, in the strongest terms, his belief in "the perfect feasibility of the scheme, and its transcendent advantages." If the former should be demonstrated by a few trials, there could, it should seem, be little doubt of the latter. The advance on the present system would be so obvious and so important, that it seems to us well worth while to make the trial. Our own country possesses peculiar advantages for such a trial, inasmuch as the system could be tested first, on a small scale, in the election of State legislatures, where it would involve no very considerable complication. If found to work well in such a trial, it would, among such a voting population as our own, require but a few years to make it equally applicable to the election of members of Congress.

If such a system, once established, should do no more than to help in making the interest of voters in elections a more active, intelligent, and conscientious interest, such an object would be worth undergoing much trouble to attain. At present a voter has two or three candidates presented for his support by the managers of the several parties, each of whom has, very probably, been nominated from very questionable qualifications, which may generally be summed up in the one word *availability*. Outside this list of candidates, with all of whom, in many cases, he may reasonably be dissatisfied, he has no influence whatever. His vote, if cast for any other than one of these, is a scattering vote, and of none effect. His only way of action lies in choosing the least of two evils or of three, and voting, under protest and with infinite discontent, for the least objectionable. What system could be invented which would tend more directly to produce apathy and disgust among all honest voters? But if the voter can, by looking outside his own district, outside the little list of unworthy or unsatisfactory candidates to which he has heretofore been confined, be allowed to find other candidates of whom he can approve and for whom he can conscientiously

give his vote, he will do a service to his country, as well as save his own self-respect, by ignoring the local nominations of his own district, and voting for the man whom he can honestly support. In practice, it would generally, we apprehend, be found that the support would not often wander very far from home; and that a member would seldom owe his election to widely separated districts, or find himself expected to represent the interests of varying geographical portions of the country. Even if this should often happen, the evil would be more than counterbalanced by the directness and genuineness, so to speak, with which the members would represent their constituencies.

Besides the privilege which this system would confer upon all voters, of voting according to their preferences, Mr. Mill argues very forcibly, that its adoption would, by emancipating the electors from the control of the party managers, force parties into making their nominations on other and higher grounds than that of availability.

"Majorities would be compelled to look out for members of a much higher calibre. When the individuals composing the majority would no longer be reduced to Hobson's choice, of either voting for the persons brought forward or not voting at all, — when the nominee of the leaders would have to encounter the opposition, not solely of the candidate of the minority, but of all the men of established reputation in the country who were willing to serve, — it would be impossible any longer to foist upon the electors the first person who presents himself with the catchwords of the party in his mouth, and three or four thousand pounds in his pocket. The majority would insist on having a candidate worthy of their choice, or they would carry their votes somewhere else, and the minority would prevail. The slavery of the majority to the least estimable portion of their numbers would be at an end; the very best and most capable of the local notabilities would be put forward by preference, — if possible, such as were known in some advantageous way beyond the locality, that their local strength might have a chance of being fortified by stray votes from elsewhere. Constituencies would become competitors for the best candidates, and would vie with one another in selecting from among the men of local knowledge and connections those who were most distinguished in every other respect." — p. 145.

We cannot lay too much stress on the influence which a system of complete representation, once made practicable and

operative, would exert in curing the great and fatal apathy into which the mass of voters have most naturally fallen, in regard to the qualifications of office-holders. Mr. Mill has some remarks on national content, as opposed to that active spirit which continually seeks to improve on the existing condition of affairs; and he alludes to the people of the United States as among those happy in possessing the latter temperament. In some respects he is perhaps right; but if by content he means acquiescence by the vast majority of even the most intelligent citizens in the political arrangements which are made for them by small knots of interested political managers (men for the most part corrupt, selfish, and vulgar beyond comparison), — complete acquiescence in the line of policy which such men, assembled in primary meetings, in State and city committees, and in bar-rooms, mark out for the people to follow, — complete acquiescence in, and ready support of, the candidates whom such men put in nomination for State and city governments, for Congress, and for the Presidency; — if that is the national content which Mr. Mill implies, let no one ever accuse the Americans of any lack of that most peaceful and accommodating attribute. The good-natured and unquestioning subserviency of every constituency in the land to the active and interested will of the party managers is too notorious to be denied. It is indicated by the character of the primary meetings of voters in the city, where it is rare that fifty voters can be assembled, unless they have their private ends to serve, — by the character of the men who are commonly nominated at those meetings, — and in general by the acknowledged readiness of nine men out of every ten to vote for the nominees of the party without further inquiry, and without interest except for the success of the party ticket, — by the closeness and strictness with which party lines are retained and party watchwords made effective, long after the party has ceased to have any principle of action higher than the advancement of its leaders. It is strongly aided by the influence of the political press, — by that anomaly through which a single man of no more than average moral and intellectual standing, — oftentimes of less, — speaking through the leading columns of a party newspaper, exerts a power

wholly independent of his personal character or attainments, — a power which belongs not to himself, but to the organ, and which, speaking face to face with any single man of his readers, he would be utterly impotent to exert. The position of the leading editor of a journal of established name and large circulation, in a country where the expression of opinion is as free as it is in the United States, is one of the most magnificent positions, in respect to the opportunity for usefulness, in which a man can be placed; but it is also one of the most responsible, — a fact which is too often forgotten by all parties. Various causes conspire to make the influence of the press greater in this country than in Europe; and at present, in taking account of that influence, we are forced to express our belief that the evil influence very largely preponderates over the good. The very possession of a power so enormous tends naturally to corruption and falsehood in the use of it; especially when, as in our own country, the laxity of public judgment is such as to make the power practically irresponsible. The editors of newspapers enjoy, if not from each other, at least from the community, an exemption from personal criticism quite unknown in any other calling. A cheating tradesman, an unfaithful mechanic, a lawyer who betrays the cause placed in his hands, — these feel at once both the professional odium and the social disgrace which come of their dishonesty. But a journal may come forth from its press every morning reeking with calumny and venom, with every argument directed to the support of palpable wickedness, every criticism to the abuse of good men and their acts, and the tolerant public, even if it contemn the journal, has no special indignation for the man from whose bad heart all the malignity springs. We do not say that the political press is more venal in this than in other countries, (though it is unquestionably meaner and more vulgar,) but only that in proportion to the strength and spread of its influence is the importance, first of recognizing its true character, and next of reforming it, if such a thing be possible. Whatever should tend in the smallest degree to lessen the power which such newspapers exert over the political opinions and the votes of the community, whatever shall encourage the people to

look about them for respectable candidates in political elections, instead of confining themselves, as a matter of course, to the names which stand in large letters under an American flag at the head of the columns of their morning newspaper, ought to receive the hearty support of every man who feels any interest in maintaining the dignity of his country. Patriotism is but a name, when men are willing to intrust the honor of the nation and the conduct of its affairs to the hands of whomsoever they are told to support. The value of free suffrage depends wholly upon the extent to which the people are willing to accept the responsibilities which it imposes, as well as the privileges which it confers; and there is small sense of responsibility in the action of the man who can abase himself so low as to throw a contented vote for a candidate whom he either does not know or does not respect. It is a matter which touches the interest of every citizen. If we in America fancy that our republican institutions are to save us from the decay and ruin which are the inevitable and just successors of popular apathy, without the most careful fostering and wide diffusion of liberal and progressive principles of thought and action among the whole people, we overrate the active power of good institutions as much as we underrate that of the insidious and fast growing abuses which they conceal.

Though the representation of minorities does not necessarily imply universal suffrage, but might logically coexist with a very limited and exclusive enjoyment of that right, yet it would seem that a people whose principles had become sufficiently enlightened to admit of the former improvement would not long hesitate in adopting the latter. Accordingly, Mr. Mill advocates making the suffrage universal, (with a provision excluding paupers and persons wholly illiterate,) but is careful to anticipate the dangers which he, with his distrust of the people, naturally apprehends from equality of political power, by advocating at the same time what he calls a "graduated suffrage," by which a man should have the right to cast one vote or several, in any election, according to the degree of his intellectual capacity and cultivation, this being previously ascertained, registered, and certified by the proper authorities;

— a scheme which we do not remember to have seen recommended by any previous writer, and which Mr. Mill proposes with more appearance of hesitation, and with less confidence in its feasibility, than is usual with him. It seems objectionable on two grounds; — the impossibility, amounting almost to absurdity, of fixing with any accuracy the relative intellectual capacity of every voter in a population so infinitely diverse as, spite of the lack of individuality, must always be the case with a civilized nation of the present day; and not less for the reason that intellectual position cannot justly be made the exclusive, or even the principal, ground for judging of the fitness of a man to exercise the right of election. Mr. Mill proposes, with a good deal of apparent misgiving, several methods of getting at the intellectual condition of voters; — such as the nature of a man's occupation; the employer of labor being in general more intelligent than the laborer, a foreman than the workmen under him, and a laborer in skilled trades than one in unskilled.

"A banker, merchant, or manufacturer is likely to be more intelligent than a tradesman, because he has larger and more complicated interests to manage..... Two or more votes might be allowed to every person who exercises any of these superior functions. The liberal professions, when really and not nominally practised, imply of course a still higher degree of instruction, and whenever a sufficient examination, or any serious conditions of education, are required before entering on a profession, its members could be admitted at once to a plurality of votes. The same rule might be applied to graduates of universities, and even to those who bring satisfactory certificates of having passed through the course of study required by any school in which the higher branches are taught; under proper securities that the teaching is real, and not a mere pretence..... All these suggestions are open to much discussion in detail, and to objections which it is of no use to anticipate. The time is not come for giving to such plans a practical shape, nor should I wish to be bound by the particular proposals which I have made..... Let me add, that I consider it an absolutely necessary part of the plurality scheme, that it be open to the poorest individual in the country to claim its privileges, if he can prove that, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, he is in point of intelligence entitled to them. There ought to be voluntary examinations, at which any person whatever might present himself, might prove that

he came up to the standard of knowledge and ability laid down as sufficient, and be admitted in consequence to the plurality of votes." — pp. 168 – 170.

The hesitation and uncertainty which are to be observed in these suggestions attach, however, only to the practical application of the principle. Of the correctness and importance of the principle itself Mr. Mill is firmly convinced, — so firmly, indeed, as to be unwilling to make the suffrage universal, until its operation can be controlled and modified by it.

"Until there shall have been devised, and until public opinion is willing to accept, some mode of plural voting which may assign to education, as such, the degree of superior influence due to it, and sufficient as a counterpoise to the numerical weight of the least educated class, — for so long the benefits of completely universal suffrage cannot be obtained without bringing with them, as it appears to me, more than equivalent evils." — p. 171.

And further on: —

"The American institutions have imprinted strongly on the American mind that any one man (with a white skin) is as good as any other, and it is felt that this false creed is nearly connected with some of the most unfavorable points in American character. It is not a small mischief that the constitution of any country should sanction this creed; for the belief in it, whether express or tacit, is almost as detrimental to moral and intellectual excellence as any effect which most forms of government can produce." — p. 174.

Mr. Mill is a believer in the perfectibility of human institutions of government, — an end worth striving for, certainly, whether we believe or not in the probability of its accomplishment; but it seems to us that his whole scheme of "graduated suffrage" rests on a false estimate of the qualifications necessary for intelligent voting. If a man has to vote upon *measures*, he must of course understand whatever relates to their propriety, their probable usefulness, and their adaptation to the end which they are intended to effect. Therefore it might seem eminently just and proper to gauge the capacity of members of Parliament or of Congress, and to "graduate" their votes, though this we do not understand Mr. Mill to propose. But in voting for men, it seems to us that the main requirements are common sense and common honesty; and

that, these being granted, the tradesman's vote is as intelligent as that of the merchant or manufacturer, and the choice of the university graduate no wiser or safer than that of the man of moderate education. The men eminent for character and ability in a community are in general as clearly recognized by the humbler classes as by the higher, and though it might sometimes happen that a man of showy but shallow attainments would pass among the former for genuine, we should not apprehend more serious evils from this possibility than from the class feeling which is at least as strong among educated as among uneducated men, and which would be certain in many cases to outbalance in a favorite candidate many shortcomings not less important and dangerous than those of the intellect. The examining committees which our author proposes, even if they were like to accomplish their object, (which, from Mr. Mill's remarks on the examination of candidates for civil offices, may well be doubted,) could take no account of moral qualifications; and it would be by no means edifying to see a man of simple honesty and of modest intellectual culture confined to a single vote, while his neighbor, an educated knave, was invested with the dignity of a triple vote; — an anomaly which would be certain to occur with considerable frequency. And, moreover, intellectual superiority has its dangers. A peculiar conservatism (as we may call it, for want of a more definite term), a peculiar timidity and distrust, are apt to attach to the political views of the classes which possess most of the wealth and the education of old communities, — qualities which may be, and doubtless are, at times very useful in restraining the eccentricities of the men who are at the other extreme of temperament, but which should not be allowed a larger proportional influence than belongs to them in virtue of their actual extent. From the political experience of this country, we should by no means say that its interests would be advanced by giving more power to the educated classes in the cities, and less to the men of moderate education in the country towns. In England, we suppose the nobility to have, as a class, more education and culture than any other. Does Mr. Mill think the members of the House of Commons would be more safely chosen by the

nobility, than by the great middle classes who now elect them? Even if it were possible to ascertain each man's qualifications with sufficient exactness, the system proposed takes no account of the element of progress in education. Suppose a voter were examined on coming of age, and assigned a single vote. How long would it be before he should be allowed to present himself for the privilege of another? Education is progressive, or should be so; to meet this difficulty, a man should have the right to a second or third examination whenever he should believe his progress sufficient to entitle him to a plurality of votes. Thus we should come to have "cramming" for special elections, and it might well happen that a closely contested canvass might be decided by the raising of a dozen single voters to the rank of double voters. The evils of bribery also, of which the English complain, doubtless with sufficient reason, would not be lessened by the existence of committees of individuals whose single voices possessed such influence in determining the privileges of great bodies of men. But we do not wish to multiply objections, a task seldom difficult, even in the case of the most beneficent political or social projects. Mr. Mill's scheme, springing as it does from a most worthy desire to perfect the system of voting, and to realize all the benefits while avoiding all the dangers of universal suffrage, seems to us, nevertheless, equally impracticable and undesirable;—impracticable, as involving a fixed register of attainments which it is at any time difficult to measure, and which are, or should be, constantly changing; and undesirable, as establishing a rule of qualification which recognizes only half the true and legitimate grounds on which real qualification is based.

We have said that this work is especially interesting to Americans, from the frequent reference and illustration which its author draws from the working of the American system of government. Let us add to the quotations we have already made two extracts, which are perhaps as important in their bearings as any we could select, and which, though advancing only views with which we have long been perfectly familiar, give an added weight to those views, which is not the less desirable that it comes from a source which all may believe to

be disinterested. The first relates to the appointment and removal of officials.

"The entire business of government is skilled employment; — the qualifications for the discharge of it are of that special and professional kind which cannot be properly judged of except by persons who have themselves some share of these qualifications, or some practical experience of them. The business of finding the fittest persons to fill public employments, not merely selecting the best who offer, but looking out for the absolutely best, and taking note of all fit persons who are met with, that they may be found when wanted, is very laborious, and requires a delicate as well as highly conscientious discernment; and as there is no public duty which is in general so badly performed, so there is none for which it is of greater importance to enforce the utmost practicable amount of personal responsibility, by imposing it as a special obligation on high functionaries in the several departments. All subordinate public officers who are not appointed by some mode of public competition should be selected on the direct responsibility of the minister whom they serve. . . . . The functionary who appoints should be the sole person empowered to remove any subordinate officer who is liable to removal, *which the far greater number ought not to be*, except for personal misconduct, — since it would be in vain to expect that the body of persons by whom the whole detail of the public business is transacted, and whose qualifications are generally of much more importance to the public than those of the minister himself, will devote themselves to their profession, and acquire the knowledge and skill on which the minister must often place entire dependence, if they are liable at any moment to be turned adrift for no fault, that the minister may gratify himself or promote his own interest by appointing somebody else." — p. 249.

The second extract, and the last which we shall permit ourselves, relates to the Supreme Court of the United States, with special reference to the Dred Scott decision.

"Complete reliance has been felt, not only on the intellectual preeminence of the judges composing that exalted tribunal, but on their entire superiority over either private or sectional partialities. This reliance has been in the main justified; but there is nothing which more vitally imports the American people, than to guard with the most watchful solicitude against everything which has the remotest tendency to produce deterioration in the quality of this great national institution. The confidence on which depends the stability

of federal institutions has been, for the first time, seriously impaired by the judgment declaring slavery to be of common right, and consequently lawful in the Territories while not yet constituted as States, even against the will of a majority of their inhabitants. The main pillar of the American Constitution is hardly strong enough to bear many more such shocks." — p. 305.

Perhaps no passages could be chosen which would better illustrate the spirit, at once lofty and practical, in which all the writings of this great author are conceived. If it is a thought on which we may in England and America justly felicitate ourselves, that we have advanced to that condition of physical and mental freedom in which such writings are profitable and timely, we are not, in our self-gratulation, to forget the responsibility which we are under of not suffering our progress to stop. The foremost men in all the oppressed nations of Europe look to us as guides in the path which they hope one day to follow. It rests with us to show them that we do not stop when we have reached the comfortable point of physical and mental security, but that we have sufficient regard for the principles of liberty to follow them out, whithersoever they may lead us. This responsibility Mr. Mill, for one, has fully met. He has given his life to the support of liberal principles, with a devotion and an ability which have made him the acknowledged leader of the liberal thinkers and writers of the age. If it is a proud position, it has been nobly earned. That its influence is as nobly used, that his interest and his efforts are not restricted to the limits of the politics or institutions of his own country, he has proved, with a completeness which deserves our gratitude, in the paper which has been reprinted from Fraser's Magazine on "The Contest in America," — a paper which we would gladly believe has been so generally read among us as to make it needless for us to do more than simply to recognize the perfect consistency with which, in a time of great popular excitement in England on a topic well calculated to bias the opinions and judgments of the most candid of Englishmen, Mr. Mill could calmly recognize and assert other claims than those of his own government, other titles to respect than that of his own people. The extreme merit and value of this little

paper consist not only in the generous and friendly tone of its remarks on the Trent controversy, but also in such a full and warm recognition of the justice of the national cause in this great war, and of the utter meanness and atrocity of the rebellion, as is indeed sufficient to make us forget, as completely as we have hitherto despised, the spiteful criticisms of Blackwood and the Times.

We shall close this article with a single extract, which will serve to show how little sympathy Mr. Mill has with those English writers who justify the South in its revolt. The most audacious of the Northern defenders of slavery will hardly venture to charge the author with being either a sentimentalist or a fanatic; and yet we find in these manly words a strong resemblance to those of the men who are most hotly characterized as such to this day. After sweeping away, in a few terse and contemptuous sentences, the cobwebs of reasoning by which certain British writers have attempted to prove that the South rebelled, not in the interest of slavery, but in that of self-government, he proceeds thus: —

"Let me in a few words remind the reader what sort of a thing this is which the white oligarchy of the South have banded themselves together to propagate and establish, if they could, universally. When it is wished to describe any portion of the human race as in the lowest state of debasement, and under the most cruel oppression in which it is possible for human beings to live, they are compared to slaves. When words are sought by which to stigmatize the most odious despotism exercised in the most odious manner, and all other comparisons are found to be inadequate, the despots are said to be like slave-masters or slave-drivers. What, by a rhetorical license, the worst oppressors of the human race, by way of stamping on them the most hateful character possible, are said to be, these men in very truth are. I do not mean that all of them are hateful, personally, any more than all the Inquisitors or all the Buccaneers. But the position which they occupy, and the abstract excellence of what they are in arms to vindicate, is that which the united voice of mankind habitually selects as the type of all hateful qualities. I will not bandy chicanery about the more or less of stripes or other torments which are daily requisite to keep the machine in working order, nor discuss whether the Legrees or the St. Clairs are the more numerous among the slave-owners of the Southern States. The broad facts of the case suffice. One fact is

enough. There are, Heaven knows, vicious and tyrannical institutions in ample abundance on the earth. But this institution is the only one of them all which requires, to keep it going, that human beings shall be burnt alive. The calm and dispassionate Mr. Olmsted affirms that there has not been a single year, for many years, in which this horror is not known to have been perpetrated in some part of the South. And not upon negroes only: the Edinburgh Review, in a recent number, gave the hideous details of the burning of an unfortunate Northern huckster by Lynch-law, on mere suspicion of having aided in the escape of a slave. What must American slavery be, if deeds like these are necessary under it? — and if they are not necessary, and are yet done, is not the evidence against slavery still more damning? The South are in rebellion, not for simple slavery, — they are in rebellion for the right of burning human creatures alive. . . . . .

"I am not frightened at the word rebellion. I do not scruple to say that I have sympathized more or less ardently with most of the rebellions, successful and unsuccessful, that have taken place in my time. But I certainly never conceived that there was a sufficient title to my sympathy in the mere fact of being a rebel; that the act of taking up arms against one's fellow-citizens was so meritorious in itself, was so completely its own justification, that no question need be asked concerning the motive. It seems to me a strange doctrine, that the most serious and responsible of all human acts imposes no obligation upon those who do it of showing that they have a real grievance; that those who rebel for the power of oppressing others, exercise as sacred a right as those who do the same to resist oppression practised on themselves. Neither rebellion nor any other act which affects the interests of others is sufficiently legitimated by the mere will to do it. Secession may be laudable, and so may any other kind of insurrection; but it may also be an enormous crime. It is the one or the other, according to the object and the provocation. And if there ever was an object which, by its bare announcement, stamped rebels against a particular community as enemies of mankind, it is the one professed by the South. Their right to separate is the right which Cartouche or Turpin would have had to separate from their respective countries, because the law of those countries would not allow them to rob and murder on the highway. The only real difference is, that the present rebels are more powerful than Cartouche or Turpin, and may possibly be able to effect their iniquitous purpose."

Art. II. — THE PALESTINIAN WORD.

1. *Des Doctrines Religieuses des Juifs pendant les Deux Siècles antérieurs à l'Ère Chrétienne.* Par M. Michel Nicolas. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1860.
2. *De la Part des Peuples Sémitiques dans l'Histoire de la Civilisation.* Par M. Ernest Renan. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1862.
3. *Das Jahrhundert des Heils.* Durch A. Fr. Gfrörer. Stuttgart: E. Schwezerbart's Verlagshandlung. 1838.

We have placed the titles of these books at the head of this article that we may acknowledge our indebtedness to them, especially to the works of Nicolas and Renan, for many valuable suggestions and much incitement to thought on important themes kindred to those which are treated in the pages of these authors. And we wish also to mention, as a testimony to the faithfulness and ability of one of our American scholars, that a translation of the Book of Job published in 1862 by M. Renan, the incumbent of the chair of the Semitic Languages and Literature in the College of France, agrees in almost every particular with the translation of that philosophical religious poem by our Cambridge Professor of Hebrew, Rev. George R. Noyes, D. D., the second edition of which was issued in 1838, and a third in 1861.

The present pamphlet of M. Renan contains the Address which he delivered on taking the chair that he now occupies. A criticism of this Address does not come within the province of this article, and we will only say here, that, while we dissent from some of the learned author's positions, the force of the circumstantial evidence is such as to compel us to accept the general theory which he propounds. The Address contains the following famous passage, which nearly cost M. Renan his seat in the College, because of its supposed anti-Trinitarian tendency: —

"In the midst of the enormous fermentation into which the Jewish nation found itself plunged under the last of the Asmoneans, the most extraordinary moral event of which History has preserved the souvenir was passing in Galilee. A man incomparable — so great that, although here everything ought to be judged from the point of view of

positive science, I would not contradict those who, struck with the exceptional character of his work, call him God — effected a reform of Judaism, a reform so deep, so individual, that it was, to speak truly, a creation of all the parts anew. Reaching a higher religious stage than ever man before him had attained, coming to regard himself as sustaining with God the relations of a son with a father, devoted to his work with a total forgetfulness of all rest, and a self-abnegation which has never been so loftily practised, victim at last of his idea and deified by his death, Jesus founded the eternal religion of humanity, — the religion of the spirit, disengaged from all sacerdotism, all cultus, all observance, accessible to all races, above all castes, — in a word, absolute: 'Woman, the time is come when men shall no longer worship upon this mountain, nor at Jerusalem, but the true worshippers shall worship in spirit and in truth.'"

The work of Nicolas we commend to our readers as treating, in a very thorough and interesting manner, the doctrines of the Jews during a little known but highly important period, the two centuries immediately preceding the advent of Jesus Christ. Nicolas goes deep into his subject, accepts and propounds only those theories which rest upon a basis of facts; and though he assaults some of the previously established positions of Jewish scholars, he never makes an attack without a battery of reasons whose fire it is difficult to withstand. He exhibits both *dash* and strategic ability. With the precision of French thought Nicolas unites a soundness and depth, a thoroughness of research, which render his work not only attractive, but trustworthy, and make it a model for the student of theology.

The monotheistic spirit of the Hebrew nation attained to full consciousness beneath the walls of Babylon. There it ceased to confound the Divine unity with human ideas of manifoldness. Upon whatever other points the theories and practices of the different Jewish schools may have varied, the idea of the One God, firmly fixed in the heart of the nation before Cyrus opened the way for its return to Jerusalem, has never been abandoned. In the earliest time of which we have any tradition this idea appears, in one or another form, among the ancestors of the Semitic races, — always a spontaneous product. But the struggle was long between the teaching of

Moses and the Prophets representing the providential tendency of the race, and external polytheistic influences conspiring with the self-willed, stiff-necked disposition of a people inclined to rebel against authority and refusing steadfast obedience. But the seed-truth of inspiration God had not sown in unfruitful soil. The triumph of Mosaism in the Hebrew branch of the Semitic races dates from the Captivity at Babylon. The calamities and sorrows which attended that national disaster produced a deeper revolution in the religious consciousness of the descendants of Isaac, than the voice and authority of Moses and the Prophets had been able to effect. Sunk to earth beneath the burdens of Babylon, the Israelite turned to the God of his fathers for deliverance. From exile amid hostile pantheists, he came back an indomitable monotheist. Mosaism, which in the Hebrew period had never obtained an entire acceptance with the nation, now became incarnate in it; the Law, continually violated by the Hebrew, has become to the Jew the single code by which he regulates his life.

Reverence for the sacred teachings filled the Jewish mind. There arose a superstitious regard for the name of the Deity, whose worship they inculcated. The Essenes and Alexandrians began to speculate on the first principle and the production of things. The Chaldaic paraphrases and the renderings of the Seventy indicate the growing pressure of a supposed necessity for doing away the theophanies and the anthropomorphisms of the Hebrew text of the sacred books, which gave an air of too great familiarity to the relations existing between the Divine Majesty and the creatures of his power. Insensibly, the God of the Jews became an abstract God. He is more God as he is more different from humanity, and less in connection with its miseries and the imperfections of created things. An abyss lies between God and the world. It must be filled by intermediate beings or powers, a doctrine concerning which now developed and formulated itself. That Power which was the chief of all, and, so to speak, the *Résumé* of all, was called the WORD. To this Being are attributed nearly all the attributes of God. He would be God, were he not subordinate to the ineffable Spirit. God alone has the

unenviable privilege of sitting far removed from all things which he has caused to be created and to be moved through the instrumentality of intermediate beings, himself immovable.

It is a generally diffused opinion, that the doctrine of the Word was peculiar to Alexandrian Judaism. Not so. The tendencies to this doctrine are plainly discoverable in all the different branches of the Jewish family, and the doctrine itself is met with in those writings which are of Palestinian origin, as well as in those works which were composed at Alexandria. However various may have been the form and color which it received from the philosophical or critical influences of the schools of different localities, the Word of Philo and of the Palestinian doctors is essentially the same.

At Alexandria, designated by the significant titles of Second God,* eldest son of God,† first-born of God,‡ image of God,§ God of imperfect things,‖ the Logos fulfilled these four functions: —

1. He is the Creator of the world, under the authority and power of God: "By the Logos, the first-born of those things which have had birth, God made the world, using that instrument for the irreproachable structure of the things produced." ¶

2. He is the Providence, governing the whole, and taking care of the minutest details, acting as Preserver from disorder, discord, and dispersion,** and as Dispenser of all meed. "He is," says Philo, "that which the crowd of ignorant men call Chance." ††

3. He is the Revealer of divine things. He descends like a river from its source into the hearts of those who love "heavenly productions." ‡‡ "It is by his Word that God gives to the children of men the knowledge of what he is." §§

4. He is the Intercessor, ἱκέτης, of men with God; ‖‖ the

* Δεύτερος θεός, Phil. *Opera*, Tom. VI. p. 175.
† *De Migrat. Abrah.*, § 1. *Quod Deus immut.*, § 6.
‡ *De Somniis*, I. § 37.
§ *De Mundi Opificio*, § 8.
‖ *Leg. alleg.*, III. § 73.
¶ *Ibid*, I. §§ 8, 9.
** *De Posteritate Caini*, § 32.
†† *Quod Deus immut.*, § 36.
‡‡ *De Posteritate Caini*, § 37.
§§ *De Cherubini*, § 9.
‖‖ *Quid Rerum Divin. Heres*, § 42.

true high-priest;* and hence the real Consoler, παράκλητος.†

We can trace dim outlines of this doctrine in the Wisdom of Jesus, Son of Sirach;‡ but in the Pentateuch Targum of Onkelos, and in that of the Prophets of Jonathan, which are the only two Targums dating anterior to the Christian era, it bears clearly the same characteristic marks which distinguish it in the writings of Philo. The Chaldaic מֵימְרָא דַיְיָ (Word of God) corresponds exactly, in function as well as in title, to the Alexandrian λόγος τοῦ θεοῦ. It is this Word of God which created and arranged the world,§ which guides its course in constant harmony,¶ reveals God to men and intercedes for them;** and it is this Word which appears, instead of God, in the theophanies of the Pentateuch.††

The doctrine of the Word is, then, common to the two grand branches of Judaism. Leave out of view the philosophical development which Philo gave to it, and with which the nature of the Targums does not comport, and there is in the writings of the Alexandrian philosophy and in the Chaldaic paraphrases the same idea of a being intermediate between God and the world; and more, the same idea is represented in the two languages by an entirely corresponding terminology.

Of course, there is no necessary union, no inseparable connection, between a doctrine and its final terminology. But here is a doctrine and its formulæ existing in Egypt, identical with a doctrine and its formulæ existing, at the same period of time, in Palestine. This identity in essence and terminology necessitates the supposition of a single origin. Whence this origin? From which country, and to which, did the doctrine pass?

The probable anterior date of the Wisdom of Jesus, Son of Sirach, and of the Wisdom of Solomon, will not avail to decide

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* *De Somniis*, I. § 37.

† *De Vita Mosis*, III. § 14.

‡ Ecclesiasticus i. 1, 5; iv. 11–19; xxiv. 3–12, 30–32.

§ Targ. Onkel., Gen. i. 27; Deut. xxxiii. 27. Targ. Jonath., Isa. xlv. 12; Jer. xxvii. 5.

¶ Targ. Jonath., Isa. xl. 15.

** Targ. Onkel., Gen. xxxi. 5; Deut. i. 32, 33.

†† Targ. Onkel., Gen. xx. 3; Exod. xxv. 22; and Num. xxiii.; Deut. iv. 14, &c.

the question; for the doctrine was yet in the first processes of formation when those books were written. It was well formulated only after a period of development in the Jewish schools. We must seek a decision in other quarters.

Let us see in what relations the Jews of Palestine stood with those of Alexandria. Evidently not the same as they sustained with their Babylonian brethren; for while many distinguished men came from Babylon to dwell at Jerusalem, we have no record that a single Alexandrian doctor "moved" to the Holy City. Moreover, the Talmud does not number Egypt among the countries where Judaism flourished.* Indeed, the Alexandrian Jews regarded themselves as exiles, even when they no longer cherished the idea of returning to the Holy Land.† Thus, with Philo, "to go down into Egypt," signifies, "to sink from a spiritual to a sensual condition." ‡

Nor were the Alexandrian authors, the Pseudo-Aristeus, Aristobulus, Philo, — who wrote not as instructors of the Jews in general, but altogether as apologists of their religion to their Greek fellow-citizens, — known to their brethren in Judæa. The Talmud makes no mention of them. In fact, the Alexandrian Jews formed a little colony, as it were, which experienced some action from the mother country, but felt no impulse to react upon it.§ They were concerned only with the Greeks by whom they were surrounded.

These facts render a general movement of ideas from Alexandria to Jerusalem altogether improbable; and, if they do not make it certain that the doctrine of the Word originated in Palestine, and passed thence to Egypt, at least the burden of proof thrown is upon those who, with Gfrörer ‖ and Dähne, advocate the theory of a passage the reverse of that which we believe to have taken place.

Thus far the circumstantial evidence is plainly in our favor. But when we come to consider the generally received opinion, that this doctrine was formed under the influence of the Pla-

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* Lightfoot, *Opera*, Tom. III. p. 929 et seq.

† Biet, *Essai Histor. et Crit. sur l'École juive d'Alexandrie*, p. 227.

‡ *De migrat. Abrahami*, § 6; *De Josepho*, § 26, etc.

§ E. Reuss, *Hist. de la Théol. Chrét.*, Tom. I. p. 225.

‖ *Das Jahrhundert des Heils*, Abth. I. 311.

tonic philosophy and the Zoroastrian religion,* the circumstantial evidence which is then brought forward seems to lend an air of probability to this prevalent theory.

There was in Mazdeism a doctrine of the Word (*honover*), and the Logos played a prominent part in Platonism; the Jews had had relations with the Mazdeans in Babylon, and with the Greek philosophy at Alexandria; subsequently the Jews held a doctrine of the Word; therefore, they received this doctrine from Zoroaster and from Plato: such is the argument. But the color of probability thus given to this theory is not natural. It is rather the hectic flush of hope in the face of the invalid for whom hope is vain. This diagnosis of the case has been obtained by a superficial examination. The investigators who have arrived at this conclusion failed at the outset to compare these three doctrines of the Word with care, and to show that there was sufficient resemblance between them to render it probable that the last was derived from the two which existed previously to it. And had they proved a real resemblance, it would then have been necessary to show in what manner the supposed influences were exerted, "to legitimate the claimed relationship by facts, or at least by some probable historical conjectures." This last indispensable link in the chain of their reasoning is wanting; nor can material for its manufacture be discovered, dig deep as we may.

Upon examining the various forms of this mongrel Mazdean-Platonic theory several difficulties appear, which prevent its acceptance.

1. How could two elements so different in kind, and coming the one from the East and the other from the West, unite to produce, in Judæa or in Egypt, a doctrine with which it will presently be seen that either original had but a remote resemblance?

2. If both philosophies, the Mazdean and the Platonic, were known at Alexandria, the home of refugees, the court of all philosophies; and if it be possible that they there blended in one and the same doctrine of the Word, — how did this

* De Wette, *Biblische Dogm.*, p. 157; Lücke, *Comment. über das Evang. des Johannes*, 2d edit., Tom. I. pp. 211 - 228.

doctrine, born at Alexandria, become domesticated in Judæa?

3. We have already shown, that the same doctrine of the Word, expressed by precisely the same formulæ, existed at Alexandria and at Jerusalem. If it be supposed that Mazdeism operated only in Palestine, and Platonism in Egypt, in the development of the Jewish doctrine of the Word, who can believe it likely that two different doctrines, coming from diverse regions, could at the same time, in two different places, produce *one* doctrine with identical terminology, — a doctrine to which neither of the originals bore any more than a very superficial resemblance?

But let us particularize.

1. Did Mazdeism exercise any influence in the formation of the Jewish doctrine of the Word?

If we rely on the translation of the Zend-Avesta by Anquetil-Duperron, it will not be difficult to find in Mazdeism a doctrine analogous to that of the Jewish Word.* But Orientalists now agree in rejecting the rendering of this imperfect scholar, and prefer that of M. Spiegel, which does not give the same idea of the Mazdean Word. According to this translation, the *honover* is not the first manifestation of the Deity, which fact is sufficient to distinguish it from the Jewish Word. Nor is Creation, or any other of those functions which characterize the latter, attributed to it. Besides, not only is the passage in which the *honover* is mentioned so as to suggest the distant relationship of the Jewish Word unique in the *Vendidad*,† but its genuineness is, in the opinion of M. Spiegel, to be suspected.

Surely it will not be urged that the Jews borrowed only the term Word from the Mazdeans to designate a doctrine of their own, when the same term lay at hand in their own sacred books.

We conclude, with Nicolas, that it is "impossible to find in the Mazdean religion direct and positive antecedents of the Jewish doctrine of the Word."

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* Kleuker, *Zend-Avesta*, Tom. I. pp. 107–110; Bohlen, *Das alte Indien*, Tom. I. pp. 159, 212.

† Fargard XIX., v. 42–57.

2. Can we trace the origin of this doctrine to any analogous Platonic theory?

In considering this supposition, we have first to guard against an error oft repeated, — that of identifying the Logos of Plato with the Logos of Philo. The slightest acquaintance with the writings of the Greek philosophy should enable one to see that there by no means exists that resemblance in the ideas of these two writers concerning this being, which there is in the words by which they represent those ideas.

With Plato, the Logos acts neither as agent in creating, nor as creator; nor is it the preserver, revealer, intercessor, but simply the reason in general. So Plutarch.* And the Stoics do not differ. They represent it, in its various offices, as ὀρθὸς λόγος, the right reason; κοινὸς λόγος, the common sense; λόγοι σπερματικοί, the laws which govern the world.

The advocates of the Platonic origin of the Jewish doctrine of the Word cite two passages in support of their theory. But the first, from the Epinomis, must be detached from the passages which precede and follow it, if we wish to make it bear any other interpretation than that which coincides with the usual meaning of the term Logos as employed by the Platonic school, — that is, the reason in general.

The true date of the authorship of the sixteenth letter, attributed to Plato, from which the second of these proof-texts is drawn, is shown by M. Cousin† to be posterior to the Christian era. What bearing, then, upon this discussion can a passage from that letter have?

But the Greek philosophy, as well as the Alexandrians and the Chaldaic paraphrases, admits a being intermediate between God and the world. Is there any resemblance between this intermediate being and that of the Jews?

According to the Timæus, God, before the creation of the perishable things of our earth, formed "the World," which he animated by a "Soul." This Soul had three essences, one indivisible and divine, the second divisible and allied with matter, the third a fusion of the other two. The World, thus animated, and composed of all the heavenly bodies, — the

* *De Is. et Osir.*, § 68.

† *Œuvres de Platon*, trad. par V. Cousin, Tom. XIII. p. 229, *Rem.*

planets in their unchanging round, the celestial family of visible deities and their descendants, — and assured of immortality by the Supreme Creator, is "the Being" of Plato charged with the creation of perishable things and the mortal part of man. Plato, led by his intellectual speculations to believe that imperfect things could not be created by the Supreme Being, imagined this "World" as a sort of "go-between."

We grant, that the consciousness of a similar difficulty was one of the causes which led to the theory of an intermediate being among the Jews. Without possessing fully and exactly the philosophical motives of Plato, they wished to preserve the Divine Majesty from what seemed to them compromise.

We admit, then, that the Platonic theory of the Soul of the World and the Jewish theory of the Word had these two points in common: they were attempts to solve analogous difficulties, and to solve them by the supposition of an intermediate being.

But otherwise, the intermediate being of the Jewish theology and the intermediate being of Plato are entirely different. Plato's Soul of the World was not immortal nor indissoluble by virtue of its essence; the Jewish Word was purely divine in its nature, only distinguished from God as the thought and act from him who thinks and acts, and immortal as God himself. Not less different are the functions of these two intermediates. The starry hosts, the assembly of gods having a visible and contingent existence, — all animated by one Soul, — create the perishable beings and things. The Divine Word creates all things.

But may there not have been a transmutation of the Platonic doctrine of the Logos into a different form? May it not have become adapted to Hebrew habits of thought in passing into Hebrew theology? Not only does this supposition begin with crediting the Jews with more philosophical subtilty and profundity than any of their writings display, but its propounders fail to show how and when this transmission and transmutation could have taken place. Was it not effected through Philo? The doctrine of the Word preceded that philosopher. Besides, Philo never took pains to adapt to his own theories any idea

which he adopted from the Greek philosophy, as might be proved by instancing several flagrant contradictions in his scheme arising from this introduction of foreign elements unchanged. As to the conjecture that the doctrine was introduced into the Philonic philosophy by Aristobulus or some unknown Jew in the second century before Christ, no historical fact can be adduced in its support. It is pure conjecture. Even admitting that such a supposition could be made to assume an appearance of verity, it would still be necessary to explain how that doctrine, imitated from Plato, passed from Alexandria to Jerusalem.

A last supposition remains. It is surmised that, seduced by the philosophy of Plato, the doctors of Jerusalem either had discovered the doctrine of the Word in their Scriptures by the light of this philosophy, or had taken advantage of certain Scriptural expressions to give a sacred color to a foreign philosophical theory, and thus to introduce surreptitiously this heathen doctrine into the synagogues. No hypothesis is more daring. It completely misconceives, or else wholly disregards, the spirit which the Palestinian Jews brought to the interpretation of their sacred books. Moreover, although some few of these Jerusalem doctors even at that time undoubtedly possessed an imperfect knowledge of Greek philosophy, to their comrades it was generally unknown and almost universally hateful.*

We say, then, that the Jewish doctrine of the Word was born in the schools of Palestine, under the general action of the laws of human thought, and in the course of the regular march of the beliefs of the family of Israel. Having, in their reaction against the anthropomorphisms and theophanies of the ancient national traditions, rendered impossible the direct and immediate contact with the world and intercourse with men which those sacred traditions attributed to the Supreme Deity, the Jews still felt the necessity of some communication

* The son of Douma asked his uncle Israel if he would not permit him, after he had mastered all the law, to study the wisdom of the Greeks. Israel, after having quoted to him the passage Joshua i. 8, said to him: "Find, I pray you, the hour which belongs neither to the day nor to the night, and devote that to the study of the Greek philosophy." Menachoth, fol. 99.

with the Divine, in order to maintain the belief in a Providence. If God was separate from the world, the basis for the fundamental theocratic idea of their religion was lacking, unless a substitute appeared to take the place of the Deity. The necessity pressed upon the Jewish doctors. They lacked the philosophical spirit of the Greeks, but we have only to instance the Talmud to show that these Jews were amply possessed of that suppleness and subtilty of mind so useful to a theologian who wishes to explain a written revelation.

There were not wanting expressions in the sacred books to which a doctrine of the Word might attach itself, nay, which even might suggest such a doctrine to a literalistic interpreter. One of the writers of the Book of Proverbs* had described, as a poetic image, a divine being under the name of Wisdom, produced before the world, and assisting the Creator in the formation of the universe. Jesus, son of Sirach,† imitated this passage, giving a slightly increased appearance of reality to his personification. A literalistic interpreter was prepared to see under a figurative expression a divine reality. And if that half-conscious need of an intermediating being was affecting unperceived the minds of the Jewish readers of these Scriptures, what further influence was necessary for the formation of the very doctrine of the Word which we find immediately to exist? The natural tendency of these poetical descriptions under these circumstances is aided by certain energetic expressions in the earlier Scriptures in which all the hosts of heaven are represented as being created by the Word of God. That Word is praised as his minister and agent. It doth not return unto him void.‡ It, like him, is eternal. It descends from heaven;§ it is like a lamp which lights and guides;‖ like a fire which purifies.¶ More than all, even in the sacred Genesis the Word is subject to *human* personification and incarnation.** So says our subtile literalistic interpreter, abhorring the idea that God came to earth; "it was the Word of God" which visited Abraham and partook of his hospitality.

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* Proverbs viii. 21 – 31.
† Ecclesiasticus i. 1 – 21.
‡ Isa. lv. 10, 11.
§ Ps. cxix. 89; Isa. xl. 8.
‖ Ps. cxix. 105.
¶ Jer. xxiii. 29.
** Gen. xv. 1, 4; Jer. i. 4; ii. 1.

Nothing more was needed to authorize Jewish theologians to believe and to teach that it was always the Word of God which appeared to their ancestors, and which, as God's agent, guided and governed the Hebrew nation. Nor should we be surprised, that a poetical figure of speech thus should be transformed into a being real and concrete. The multitudinous personifications of the attributes of God which the Cabbala contains, testify how familiar was this proceeding to the Jews.

As to the terminology of the theory, it is true that Jesus, Son of Sirach, imitating the Book of Proverbs, generally* styles the intermediate being the Wisdom. But the term Word prevailed because consecrated by its employment in Genesis,† — a book reputed to be the most ancient of the sacred writings, intimately connected with the name of Moses, and reciting the account of the creation.

We say, then, that the doctrine of the Word resulted, not from a metaphysical speculation or importation, but from a literalistic and arbitrary interpretation applied to remove difficulties from the sacred volumes, and to deduce from their teachings a more or less systematic set of doctrines.

This doctrine passed, as we know did many other doctrines, from Jerusalem to Alexandria. Planted in a new soil, it grew there to a more philosophical form, but retained its original essence. We have already seen what it became under the cultivation of Philo. In after times it lost among the Jewish doctors its ancient terminology, and the intermediate being is known to the writers of the Talmud, not under the name of the Word, but as the Schechina.

The great current of history is formed by the confluence of two rivers, in comparison with which all other tributaries are but rivulets. To the Indo-European races (comprising the Hindu, Persian, Greek, Latin, Slavonic, Germanic, Keltic peoples) humanity owes the chief elements of its politics, art, poetry, philosophy, science; to the Semitic races it owes the predominant characteristics of its religion. The one furnished

* He uses the term Word in Ecclus. xlii. 15; xlviii. 3, 5.

† Gen. i. 3, 6, 11, 14, 20, 24, 26, and 29.

the human, the other the divine, factor of the grand product. The prevailing method of progress in the one is national development; in the other, it is inspiration. In the one, individual conception and general practical acceptation march with nearly equal step; in the other, the highest idea appears side by side with conflicting practice.

To us, as Christians, the Hebrew nation is the nearest related and best known representative of the Semitic races. To it, in the providence of God, we are indebted for the monotheism of our religion.

With deep reverence for the One Invisible Being, and in extreme revulsion from every form of polytheism which the religions of nature around them had developed, the Israelites sought God above all contact with created things; they contented themselves with saying "He is," and began that perpetual tautology, which their cousins, the Ishmaelites, can only repeat: "God is God." It is as though the word had been spoken to those Semitic races, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

But if God is separate, by the very purity and difference of his nature, from all created things, how then shall he govern the world? How shall the craving of the Hebrew heart for a special and intimate Deliverer and Protector be satisfied? In order to preserve the idea of a governing providence, so essential to the Semitic mind, the doctrine of the Word developed itself, as we have seen, in the Palestinian schools, through the contemplation and literalistic interpretation of certain figurative expressions in the sacred books. This doctrine, a correlate to the strict monotheistic idea of God, was, like that, the result of an interior development through the natural action of the Hebrew mind. In the sacred books, and especially the Mosaic, God is represented as effecting everything by *speaking;* hence it is his Speech, his Word, through which every action is performed. This intermediate and intermediating agent, no more separate from God than the speech from the speaker, and yet not God, is the minister of God's will, the medium through which God acts upon nature as he does on the heart of intelligent beings. It is the Word which has created and systematized the world, which preserves its con

stant harmony, which governs the Jewish people, and intercedes for them with the Deity, and which appears, instead of God himself, to Abraham and the Patriarchs, to Moses and the Prophets.

Thus the Semitic philosophy effected the reconciliation between the doctrine of a governing Providence and that of One God, who is utterly separate from man and the world. God reigns, but does not govern. "No man hath seen God at any time."

The Semitic race had reached its utmost limit in the comprehension and development of the divinely inspired idea of the One Invisible God. The time had now come, in the providence of God, for the transmission of the monotheistic idea from the race of Shem to races which should return "with usury" the talent given. But the transfer of this great trust of the ages was not to be effected till certain new elements had been divinely *interpolated;* for we can trace development in man *towards* Christianity, not up to Christ. The first of these elements was the introduction of a perfect character into the religious life of the world, by which men were to be drawn up to heights above the mists of passion to a clearer perception of the Godhead. In Mosaism, if we can ascertain what Mosaism was, we see an *attempt* to unite the idea — the spirit — and the life; in Prophetism, an elevation of the spirit above the life; in Pharisaism, which grew out of the intense contemplation of the Mosaic Law by the returned Babylonian captives, the subordination of the spirit to the life. In Jesus Christ we behold the perfect union of spirit and life. The assertion of Protestantism, that Christianity is a religion of the spirit, is one-sided, partial. The doctrine proclaimed from the well-curb of Samaria had a special application as opposed to the then prevalent Judaism and Samaritanism, and all kindred ritualism. The religion of Christ is a religion of both spirit and manifestation.

As a necessary correlate to this, the second element is the *Christian* doctrine of the Word, — the immanent presence of God in the world. The Christian Word is not only (as the Jewish Word was) the Creator and Preserver of the world,

the Revealer of divine truth, the Sanctifier, the Consoler, the Intercessor, but it is God himself manifested most divinely in the Messiah, — the Messiah suffering as well as the Messiah triumphant, descended as well as ascended.* God, ever present in his creation, became most intimately united with the human in Jesus Christ, that henceforth there might be a moral indwelling of God in humanity through the consciousness of the fact of the permanence of the one all-permeating Spirit, Power, Will, in that which it forms and fashions, under innumerable changes, according to its own divine purpose. The Jewish development had resulted in removing God from the world, and in denying the occasional theophanies in the flesh; Jesus Christ brought back God to the world, that he might bring the world to God.

A third element is the combination of Universality with Unity. God is the universal God, — God of the Gentiles as well as of the Jews. And he is one: there are no other gods.

In these three elements we find the philosophical basis of whatever Jesus revealed of the *moral* relation of God to his creation: a character which demonstrated a moral problem by the union of spirit and life, idea and manifestation; a correlate doctrine of the presence of the Creator in the things created; and the idea of a universality unlimited existing together with a unity which was absolute. We do not intend to say that there is to be found in the sacred books of Christianity any adequate philosophical statement of these doctrines. Their credited authors were men whose thought is rarely metaphysical in its form, but whose inward eye was opened that they might clearly *see* the things of the spirit.

The Indo-European races are naturally progressive; and the method of their movement is rational rather than spontaneous. Containing within themselves the germs of every other element of human progress, but lacking the one ingredient of *religious truth*, they uttered the cry, "Come over and help us!"

That cry was answered. Received into their thought and heart, through the corrective and enlarging medium of Christianity, Semitic Monotheism necessarily underwent cer-

* "The Jewish Word and the Messiah are never identified, in the Apocrypha of the Old Testament, or in the Chaldaic paraphrases, or in Philo." — Nicolas.

tain modifications. The idea of manifoldness and plurality had permeated the Indo-European mind. The characteristic method of their religions was the exaltation of the wonderful, mighty, or beneficent powers of nature to Godhead. Following this tendency, the Indo-European deified Christ; developed the doctrine of the Trinity; established the worship of saints; and in that religion which began with the Hebrew horror of graven images bred an idolatry which grew to be the horror of Ishmael. Saints were substituted for heroes; and then images of saints for images of heroes. True to his Semitic instincts, Ishmael revolted from this elevated Paganism, and became a Mohammedan. There came another revolution. The Indo-European spirit still feared not to place God in contact with the world, but it individualized and limited him; the most evident and highest manifestation of God it took to be God. We trust that it is freeing itself from this littleness.

And so, at the present day, the great opposing forces — pure Monotheism, as represented by the yet more numerous Jews and Mohammedans, and the modified Monotheism of Christendom — stand with confronting faces. Out of the conflict will come the victory and peace of truth.

We ought to venture, even in the most general terms, no rash predictions for the future. But we have no belief that any system of unqualified Monotheism, as held by the Jews, will ever prevail or have a continued existence among the Indo-European races, with whom the idea of plurality is no weaker now than the idea of unity. We are speaking of facts. Read the history of Christendom. The idea of plurality mingles everywhere with the idea of unity. Nor were all the various forms of this idea of manifoldness which have existed or do exist in Christendom foisted upon Christianity. Preparation for their development was made by its Founder. Believing as we do that the hand of God guides the progress of Christianity, we cannot suppose that his Divine plan has been thwarted for twenty centuries. Christianity, based upon eternal religious principles, has been developing itself continuously in the comprehension and consciousness of humanity.

Modern thought, unfolding and embracing, through science, the unity of nature, the unity of the universe, amid

such varied manifoldness, hopes, and may be able, to reach a true conception of the Christian doctrine of Monotheism. God is not divided, but the universe is made one in him. He is present in all, but specially manifest in part. The doctrine of Trinity in Unity is rooted in the life of the Indo-European races. Will it ever be eradicated? Can it be more than corrected, and placed as a Christian doctrine upon its true philosophical basis?

The Semitic races, clinging exclusively to the strictest Monotheism, and shutting the door against science and civilization, seem destined to perish. The Indo-European, receiving from the Semitic the only element in which they were deficient — religious truth — develop a modified Monotheism, and advance in civilization. The Indo-European is now the historic man, bridging the gulf that lies between the experience of the Past and the needs of the Present, and marching to the dominion of the world. In the progress of that march, what further union and change may be effected we cannot foresee. This we know, — the conquering race contains within itself the powers of invention, art, philosophy, and holds in trust for the world that most inestimable treasure of all, the doctrine of the one omnipotent, omnipresent, indwelling, providential Spirit, as declared by the Revealer; and, through all change and seeming disaster, humanity as a whole must move onward to freedom from error, ignorance, and superstition.

Art. III. — BUCKLE'S TREATMENT OF HISTORY.

History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vols. I. and II. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Literature has met with no light loss, though philosophy is less bereaved, in the death of Henry Thomas Buckle. A scholar in earnest, whose stores of information were wonderful in extent and wonderfully under command; a vigorous writer, fluent, perspicuous, copious; a thoroughgoing liberal in poli-

tics and theology, hating bigotry, cruelty, and strong governments, believing with ardent faith in political economy and the popular catchwords; an enthusiast in his patronage of to-day as against all past time, an enthusiast no less in behalf of outward and material progress; an admirable popularizer, easily putting into good, firm, every-day English the ideas of thinkers abler than himself; an admirable hoper, sanguine, sure, putting into his statements just that one-sidedness and extravagance which would at once render them piquant, and better assimilate them with popular modes of thought; courageous in thought, bold in utterance; gifted with great self-assurance, and rich also in that easy, native, unembittered superciliousness, and that confident blindness to all ideas going beyond his depth, which make him seem always to be entire master of the situation;—he had many qualifications for the making of books that should be in a very high degree attractive, and in no inconsiderable degree instructive. On the other hand, he is limited strictly to the outsides of things,—has no inwardness, no intuition of interior principles; while discursive, with great surface-reach, he is astonishingly deficient in Aristotelian stable breadth and coherency of thought; keen and eager in immediate reasonings, he can deal only in the narrowest linear logic, and this lies in broken unrelated lines, so that the attempt to pursue his argument is like following a road which is now firmly beaten and now suddenly disappears, and when again found runs in another direction. He wants all that constitutes a great thinker, and he attempts what the greatest of thinkers might find too severe a task; yet his faults are so overlaid with merits, real or apparent, that only he who carries some large categories in his mind will discover them without assiduous study.

Such a man is sure to receive all the credit he deserves. Fiercely blamed he may be; yet the chances are that the outcry against him will be raised on a ground of mere prejudice, and will therefore react with double force in his favor. Sufficiently credited and praised he is sure to be; the only danger is, that he may not be censured with fairness and discrimination. If, therefore, in the following paper, we dwell chiefly on the grave defects of his work, let the reason be understood.

Let it be understood that we do not deny to him the possession of remarkable merits, and that we have no sympathy with those who clapped their hands over the news of his death, or raised them to heaven with thanks. We believe fully in his soundness as a man; we do not believe in the soundness of his thought. We admire his boldness, and wish his ability had been equal thereto. But because we admire so much in him and in his book, we are the more bound, and the more fitted, to point out that his thought is false in its main lines; that his book is baseless, good in secondary and bad in primary respects. And because of this favorableness to him, we shall put forth our censure without euphemism, in words, if possible, as plain as his own.

History, as defined with imposing precision by Mr Buckle, deals only with two classes of topics. It recounts, first, the ways in which man has been influenced by physical phenomena, by the outward world; and, secondly, it shows the effect on such phenomena which the wit and toil of man have been able to produce. Whether, now, a narrower and more meagre definition of history has ever been made, one may question; but there is hardly room for question, supposing such curiosity to have appeared, whether it proceeded from a man of such ability and of equal pretension to philosophical breadth. Man's effect on the material world, — think of this as the sum-total of his efficacy and activity! Why, if this were so, the influence and importance in history of Shakespeare would be incomparably less than that of any backwoodsman who has cleared the trees from a space of land; than that of him who has drained a marsh or reclaimed a moor; or even than the influence of an ordinary farmer or gardener. Mr. Buckle's friends may, indeed, claim for him that he has been wholly, or largely, untrue to this definition in his subsequent work. This merit cannot be denied him; but to have made, and published at the beginning of an elaborate work, a statement so feeble and foolish, argues an infirmity of intellect which his inconsistency, flagrant as it is, may in one aspect relieve, but in another confirms.

To the first part of his definition he more adheres, and proceeds, first, to set forth the influence upon man of his sur-

roundings. Yet this topic is treated in a way singularly partial. Nothing is taken into view but those influences which are negative, — which, in their strength, preclude civilization. The matters treated under this general head are Food, Soil, Climate, and those Aspects of Nature which, by creating the impression of danger, oppress the imagination. But the statement is summarily this: where soil is fertile, climate propitious, and therefore food very abundant, there the demand for industry becomes small, which causes an equal smallness in its remuneration. Wealth, therefore, says Mr. Buckle, accumulates in few hands; this causes knowledge and culture to do the same; and civilization, which under these bountiful skies had quickly started, has but fairly started when it is brought to a stand. To this add, that very powerful and impressive aspects of outward nature generate superstition; superstition wars upon intellect; and here, also, civilization, to which a free action of reason is essential, fails to begin, or comes early to a pause. The outcome of all is simply, that only in Europe is a civilization possible; and in arriving at this conclusion, Mr. Buckle reaps the fruit of this entire discussion. Whether under the term "Europe" he intends to include all or any of America, we are unable to determine; but Asia and Africa are expressly set aside; nor has our author any aim in treating of the influence upon man of physical phenomena other than the exclusion of these broad lands from the province of such a history as he writes. In a history of *civilization*, therefore, Mr. Buckle ignores the influences of outward nature; his argument is, that these are to be considered only in the history of uncivilized life. He draws the circle of civilization, and pushes all this outside it. *Only where nature is a nullity can man be civilized*, — this is the substance of his assertion. Accordingly, he has excluded from the history of civilization the first part of his definition of history in general, and left himself, according to the limits of his own statement, nothing else to treat of than the effect of man's activity upon physical phenomena; and this he has already pronounced the less important of the two grand topics. But this portion of his definition, as was intimated above, is treated by himself as an impertinence, and may, therefore, be so passed by in this paper.

Quitting, therefore, wholly, as he himself quits, the ground which he has begun by laying out, we follow him as he professes to make the history of civilization a science. And here his all-including aim is to show, that in historical progress the understanding is the only agent, — that all the rest of man's spirit, imagination, the moral sense, and the like, is, like outward nature, a nullity. Understanding the sole civilizer, — his book is chiefly a piece of polemics to this point. He does, indeed, begin his second volume with laying down four propositions to which he argues, but the foundation of them all is in this.

Such, then, is the scope of this work. He proves, by his own design, first, that civilization can exist only in Europe, and at its highest only in England; and, next, that it is the product, not of man's spirit as a whole, but only of a fragment, a particular faculty. That he still further narrows his ground, that he binds the understanding to a special mode of action, and stigmatizes as futile other modes of its natural activity, should be mentioned in a full account of his position, but must here be passed without further notice. Let us now proceed to scrutinize more closely his observations under the two principal heads.

It will not be denied that soil, climate, etc. do influence the accumulation and distribution of wealth, and that many of the results follow which our author alleges. Doubtless, also, great and capricious danger, with which men find themselves wholly unable to cope, does unman them, and foster superstitions that unman them more. It stimulates selfish fear to an inordinate extent; it drowns affection, and disintegrates society; it quenches industry, discourages precaution, and makes recklessness the companion of cowardice. Niebuhr had already made very impressive observations upon the destruction of social wealth wrought by pestilence, — observations more suggestive than those of a similar nature with which our author has followed him, simply because more sound and guarded. Niebuhr had reflected profoundly upon the conditions of generative force in society; he was no partisan, no adventurer; he was not hampered by a low and crude philosophism; and his observations have the weight which our au-

thor's lack, though they want somewhat of the assurance and vivacity in which the latter's abound. Yet Mr. Buckle submits important considerations throughout this discussion.

When, however, the negative effects, upon which he descants, are assumed as the whole influence of outward nature upon man's spirit, they are at once connected with an enormous untruth. The foot is a part of the human body, but he who assumes that it is the entire body will include a falsehood even in statements upon the foot's uses that were otherwise just and valuable. Is not outward nature in alliance with man? Does not every step of his progress owe something to its aid? Does it not come into deep and fruitful intimacies with his spirit? How shallow and unsound to look upon this simply as a hinderance, to be "triumphed over," to be made a nullity, before civilization fairly begins! Relations of antagonism exist, no doubt; but so do relations of affinity, which are of the greater importance, and, for that reason, of greater subtilty. Only the antagonism, however, does Mr. Buckle perceive, and he states this as the whole. Even this he but half, or less than half, understands. Danger and awe are essential to man, having their honorable place in the economies of his existence; and the elements which bring them are not to be reckoned simply hostile and impoverishing.

We can approve no history of civilization as complete, though profound to the measure of one's wish in other particulars, which considers the aspects of outward nature simply as a block before the wheels; for among the first of civilizing forces is to be named the foodful and productive relationship between man's spirit and the objects about him. It is through this relationship that they become to him *symbols*, uniting with his soul, first of all, in the consequent production of language. Of this fructifying relationship it is the imagination, to disparage which is an aim with our author, that acts as the medium. Language arises from an imaginative sympathy between the eye and the objects it beholds. The objects about us have, to begin with, relationships with us that are purely physical, and in consequence may excite fear or desire, as they do in animals; but so far they do not even *tend* to originate speech. But when they impress the

imagination, then is this faculty moved, by another step of action, to symbolize this impression in sound. The simplest name of a physical object is a purely imaginative and artistic result, — imaginative in respect to the impression received, artistic in the shaping and symbolizing of that impression by means of a vocal sign. Suppose some first man, looking on the wide blue stretch of ocean, and uttering the word *grand*. But what has *grand* to do with the sea? The word is not salt nor spacious; you cannot drown in it, nor float upon it; it does not result from any physical relationship of the beholder with the object seen; just as little does it result from any analysis of the sea, or other labor of the understanding. That which mediates between this object and the soul is no other than the imagination, and to this the word answers. Analyze all original naming, and you will find the process invariably the same. Imagination is the word-maker, the articulating, or, as its name signifies, the imaging faculty; and without it man were dumb.

As language begins, so it grows, and so it is continually vitalized. They draw from the fountains of speech, they utter living words, who feel the symbolism of nature; they but half articulate who speak only from custom and the dictionary. To many, their own vernacular is a dead language; to all is it so, in whom words have not connected themselves with the native sources of their life.

But if the simplest naming imply the agency of imagination, mediating between soul and sense, infinitely more so does the second degree of language, namely, the application of physical terms to spiritual facts. Every term, indeed, by which we designate some fact of man's immaterial being, borrows the name of some physical object in passing into speech. Rectitude, *straightness*, — what connection has rectitude with straight lines? Is it answered, as a person once did answer us, that a just man does not resort to indirect and tortuous courses? We reply, that you are using the word *tortuous* here in a wholly imaginative sense, and can, by the understanding, trace no jot nor tittle of analogy between this and its physical use. It is not even true, that just men take the shortest course to their ends, — meaning by "shortest course"

(which again is an imaginative application of words) those means which consume least time. A robber's way of coming at your purse is far more direct than the laborious approach of an honest man. In fine, the understanding, which Mr. Buckle worships, cannot trace to its origin a single word; no farther can it go than to the Delphos of imagination, and there must implicitly accept oracles. When we say that we are *struck* by a thought, that an object *impresses* us, that a person *interests*, that is, *is between or within us*, we are proving at once the mind's affinity with outward nature, and its dependence solely on imagination to interpret that affinity.

This has expressions other than language, and of hardly less importance; but one instance must here stand for all. One instance shows clearly enough that it is a sadly poor and partial account of the influence of nature upon civilization, which considers that influence as negative and obstructive only, as belonging strictly only to the history of non-civilization.

If we pass to the constructive portion of our author's work, our satisfaction will be little more complete. This part assumes, and at first glance seems, to be constructive and affirmative; but is it not really negative? For if Mr. Buckle say that the intellect is an agent in civilization, he says what everybody knew. If he say that it is an agent of great power and importance, — that it is indispensable, — still he goes not a hair's breadth beyond the present information of all people. What, then, does he teach? Merely that the moral sentiment and imagination are *not* civilizing forces. With all possible success, he does no more than exclude from our respect some of the grandest powers of man's spirit. Of course, if this be true, we ought to know it, and we owe debts to the writer who gives us the information. But the exact scope of his assertion should be understood: it should be understood that he exhibits no powers of intellect which were previously unknown; he only disparages the uses of other faculties.

Let us now proceed to examine the argument by which he would establish the autocracy of intellect; and we shall find this one of the most luckless pieces of logic ever let slip by an able man. First, he divides the mind, by what he digni-

fies, not too modestly, with the name "analysis," into two departments, intellectual and moral, — or, as he, with his characteristic lugging in of the word *laws*, chooses to phrase it, into "intellectual laws and moral laws." The adequacy of this division will be better estimated by remembering that he uses the word *intellectual* in a very limited sense. It does not include imagination; it does not include moral and religious intuition; so that those powers which produced the poetry, the art, the sculptures and greater philosophies of the nations, and, in fine, the broadest and most fertile provinces of man's spiritual expression, with the faculties that preside over them, are ignored altogether by Mr. Buckle's "analysis." But let this pass; since to trace all the errors in a single chapter of his work would require a chapter of equal length.

Having thus divided the mind into "two parts," neither more nor less, our philosopher proceeds to inquire which of these parts has the greater force; for, he says, that which is stronger must be assumed as sole! This assumption is so cool and curious, that the reader shall be pardoned if he hesitate to credit it upon other testimony than the *ipsissima verba* of the author himself. "As soon," writes our creator of scientific history, — "as soon as we know the relative energy of these two components, we shall treat them according to our usual manner in the investigation of truth; that is, we shall look at the joint product of their action as obeying the laws of the more powerful agent." Every word of this quotation should be pondered by those who incline to take our author too seriously. This, he declares, is his "usual method in investigation of truth." We fear that it is; we fear he does not accuse himself too severely. But what an accusation! Let us apply his law in mechanics. Suppose that A strikes a ball and drives it north with a given degree of force; B, with half as much force, simultaneously strikes and propels it towards the east; our philosopher assures us, with academic gravity, that the ball will "obey the laws of the more powerful agent," that is, will proceed due north! The great ball of human society is propelled, so our author argues, more powerfully by intellect than by moral sentiment and

perception; *ergo*, moral laws have no effect upon it whatever. This, the reader will perceive, is to establish a science of history. Other historians, Tacitus and Carlyle, botch and bungle; they follow their private notions, whims, and fantasies; but that is now past, other books are opened, and history is no longer to be written on parchment, but upon brass.

So far so good. But now it is to be shown that the moral energy *is* the weaker of those two into which the mind has been divided. This our author proceeds to do, — or rather, with an inconsequence which is characteristic of him, he no sooner has laid out his ground than he forgets it, and makes an argument that, in parts at least, has no logical relation to it. So here he reasons that moral laws are inoperative in their very nature, rather than that they are less efficacious than intellect. At any rate, this characterizes one half of the argument; for the logic itself has no homogeneity, but fights the one portion against the other.

First, Mr. Buckle reasons that moral laws can have no effect to forward civilization, because moral truths do not increase; they are always and everywhere the same; and he gives a feeble recital of moral commonplaces to enforce his assertion. Intellectual truths, on the contrary, are ever on the increase. In the provinces of intellect alone is there movement, variation; therefore movement in history must be due to this. Here, therefore, the inferiority of the moral element is argued from the alleged fact that it is absolutely invariable. Our author deems this logic conclusive; assumes that the point is proved, and passes on.

But at the opening of the next chapter he makes a *résumé* of his previous statement; and by this time he has apparently forgotten what his previous argument was, and urges this point upon grounds not only different, but exactly contrary; so that his two statements upon the same point threaten each other with nothing less than entire destruction. Here he says that moral feelings are so utterly variable that those of one individual, or one moment, cancel those of another, and leave Nothing as the result. His terms in the two cases vary so far as this, that in one case he speaks of moral "truths," in the other of moral "feelings." This gives to

each statement a degree of plausibility, or even of truth, and makes each prove what he wishes. But his two arguments remain diametrically opposite none the less. What he is arguing about is the moral activity or energy in history. And this, he says, cannot promote social progress, —

Because it is absolutely invariable;

Because it is absolutely variable.

Now there is a measure of truth in both these statements; and had it been possible for Mr. Buckle to see two sides of a matter, — could he have taken the correlative facts in this case, and embraced in one view their joint action, — he might have arrived at results which, though making nothing for his general argument, would have possessed the higher merit of being true. Undoubtedly it is the case that moral truths, as written in books and verbally acknowledged by men, are nearly the same in successive ages the world over. Undoubtedly it is the case that the sensibility to these truths, the comprehension of them, the affection for them, the trust in them, differ very greatly in different times and places. Moral progress is therefore quite as possible as progress of any other description; and our author himself has, if not adduced, yet shouldered and elbowed the very facts which prove this to be so. Moral feelings are not indeed variable in the manner asserted by Mr. Buckle; and his statement would have lacked plausibility, had he not resorted to the somewhat disgraceful expedient of mixing his statement thus: "Moral feelings and *passions*" vary, &c. But their variability in a larger way is precisely that fact which cancels his argument for the imbecility of the moral element in civilization. Moral truths partake always of the infinite, and appreciation of them may differ infinitely, — may be lip-deep, or deep as heart of eternity.

In precise speech, intellectual truths do not multiply; it is only our knowledge of them that increases. Our appreciation, therefore, of truth for the intellect makes advances chiefly in respect of the numbers of things known; our appreciation of those more vital truths that are named moral, grows chiefly in respect of the height, depth, and breadth of our knowing and trusting. So that, if progress, whether for individuals

or societies and nations, be less possible in the latter than the former case, we have yet to learn why; the logic of Mr. Buckle breaks down totally.

And his logic here breaking, his book becomes a failure. He proposes to establish a science of history; and the one discovery by which he would do so is that which we have just had in hand. If he does not show the impertinence to a progress of civilization of all faculties save understanding alone, he leaves the whole matter where he found it, so far as his mistakes do not add confusion.

But he does not rest here. He professes to prove his doctrine by a wide induction from history. In doing so, he offers a vast deal that is true and important; he shows much curious reading, much right feeling and acute observation; he offers many thoughts that are to be treated with respect. But his argument to his main point continues futile. For what he proves is either, —

First, that intellectual progress is due to intellect; or,

Secondly, that a persecution and suppression of the intellect is fatal to civilization.

Both of these are unquestionably true; but the first must be evident even to an idiot, and the second to all who are not idiots.

He speaks to the first proposition in pointing out the ignorance, the errors, the superstitions of former times, which are now cast aside; and he speaks to the second in adducing instances wherein the advance of knowledge has mitigated evils, and in showing a decadence of nations as resulting from intellectual torpor or servitude.

Mr. Buckle has failed to establish history on a scientific basis, — failed utterly. Whether this task is one that can ever be accomplished, we do not now undertake to say; but, supposing this possible, its achievement will require mental powers to which this able and fluent writer could lay no claim. It will require, first of all, profound intuitive genius, together with wonderful interpretative power; and this must be accompanied, not only by a Newtonian breadth and steadiness of mind, but by a large coherency and congruity of thought, which with an imperial ease preserves logical relationship

between facts of countless multiplicity and antipodal remoteness. It must be able to meet the highest intellects of all time on their own level, and be capable at the same time of a Shakespearian condescension. Mr. Buckle's ambition was far beyond his powers. A man of fertile, acute, ingenious understanding, quick at expedients, capacious of memory, facile in generalization; ambitious of scientific precision, and easily running his thoughts into the mould of logic and exact statement; possessing a good deal of superficial breadth and discursive speed; he yet had no profound and penetrating genius, no regal power of intellect, no grand liberation upward and downward, but was wholly confined to popular levels and customary acceptations. With abundance of logical seeming, he has no logical coherency, but shifts and slips about in a way that, despite his assured tone and *immediate* precision of statement, sometimes comes near to making the impression of imbecility. He is peculiarly wanting in that ability, without which just generalization is impossible, to educe a joint and common result from diverse and correlative facts. With all his republicanism and popular sympathy, he is in matters of thought a tyrant, and conceives no way to obtain order but by establishing one fact or principle in violent domination over all others. In this way, he, at the outset, clears his ground, sweeping out of man all powers which do not instantly subordinate themselves to his primary notions, and then placing the individual in abject dependence on a supposititious "State of Society." When he comes to consider the relations between man and outward nature, his resort is again to this despotic course. Either Nature "triumphs over" man, and forbids him to accomplish his destiny, or else man "triumphs over" Nature, and annuls or ignores her influence. Any conversion of opposites, any affinity and co-working of diverse powers, any chemical combinations, by which many facts unite to produce another different from all, he cannot conceive of. He begins by identifying freedom with absolute disorder, and, to the last, he is thoroughly Russian in his way of thinking; to the last, he can obtain regularity only by setting up one principle or agency to be autocrat, and making all others its ministers and puppets. His

attempt to annul in civilization all powers of man's spirit but those of understanding, is but one instance of this infirmity of thought, and consistent with his procedure throughout the work.

But while as the inventor of a new style of history our author fails unspeakably, as a commentator upon history, chiefly of the polemical and pamphleteer type, he quite succeeds. A commentator who is never dull or frivolous on the one hand, and never profound on the other; yet often weighty, always acute and full of matter. His praise is, that, in respect to questions of general conduct, he represents in their best form the best popular persuasion of the time; without philosophical discrimination, mixing truth and error as they are mixed in the popular mind. He is the popular parliamentarian gone up to the next grade. He is Manchester arrived not only at wealth, but at scholarship, polite culture, and a place among the *savans*, — self-confident, utilitarian, materialistic, magnanimous; believing in free speech, free trade, and the divine mission of steam and machinery; hating slavery, bigotry in the ecclesiastical form, and theological intolerance; contemptuous toward Plato and priesthoods, and substituting contempt for those old forms of intolerance which it loves to denounce; admiring modern, despising ancient times; seeking always outward results, and setting value on conditions and opinions rather than a wealth of pure personal quality; fond of its own voice, within the limits of decorum; without humility or reverence, and complacently blind to that which is profoundest in history. Consistently with this, Mr. Buckle thinks in what might be called the best Manchester fashion, — one grade, remember, above Parliament. He is emphatic in favoring freedom of thought, but does not value thought otherwise than as subservient to outward ends; he vindicates the uses of doubt, and is himself dogmatic; he affects cosmopolitanism, but always comes round to England when he seeks a type of civilization and *normal* condition.

His cardinal terms Mr. Buckle always employs in vague popular fashion, carrying no firm and profound definitions in his own mind. He lauds scepticism as a source of knowledge, but makes no distinction between that rare and noble scepticism

begotten of a love of truth, and making constant war upon itself by its efforts to advance toward belief and assurance, and that other more common scepticism which comes of mere coldness of nature, found in churches as well as out of them, or that third form which is merely symptomatic of limitations in the customary formulas. This last is a form of scepticism that is indeed significant in its way. If received statements, demanding common belief, are less than wholly true, some man will be born to view them at the angle of their untruth; and if he be a man of only ordinary nature, all belief will, to his mind, be brought into discredit in consequence. This scepticism passes into denial by due addition of heat; but is merely symptomatic, and no more fruitful than passive belief. But our author does not discriminate.

He attributes many mischiefs to superstition; but what is superstition? Is it belief not approved by Mr. Buckle? He appears sometimes to confound it with reverence, or to make it differ from this only in degree; and talks in an unscholarly way of "too much reverence," as bringing hurts upon society.

He is not pleased with priesthoods in general, and always speaks of the priesthood as a primary fact, causing or prolonging superstitions; as if the priesthood itself were not a mere expression and symbol of national condition, — a mere part of that mechanism of institution by which society — for good or ill on the small scale, but for good only on the largest scale — propagates its force.

He denounces the "protective spirit," mostly in a way that obtains our consent, but here again fails to discriminate. Sure it is that he who does not desire to lend his higher knowledge to those beneath him, who does not seek to protect others from the evils that they cannot themselves see, fails ignobly of a man's duty. But if, when the best instincts of human souls are incarnated in institutions, they borrow evil from the flesh that surrounds them, what will you do? Just what to do may often be a serious question, and test the prudence and penetration of wisest men; but, at any rate, no one professing philosophy should make an indiscriminate onslaught upon the protective spirit itself.

If now we seek to sum up our author's doing and not doing in this work, the statement should be somewhat as follows: he has succeeded, first and best of all, in making a generous and liberal failure. This is not ironical; the attempt to exhibit a large order in history is the prime attraction of his book, as his ardent faith in the existence of such order was its inspiration. Besides this, he has succeeded in urging impressively three things; — the great uses of the understanding in civilization; the legitimacy of doubt; and, lastly, the evils of that *false* protection which robs men of the natural disciplines of their life in seeking to supersede the action of individual thought and will by the determinations of society as a unit. Curious it is, too, that this writer, who began at the outset by reducing the individual to helpless, imbecile dependence upon a supposed "state of society," proceeds to find the chief of all ills in the suppression of individual freedom, and fears nothing so much as that total action of society which expresses itself in government. But it is this hearty sympathy with individual thought and freedom which largely helps to make his work valuable. So much, and perhaps more, may be said in his favor. On the other hand, no less must be said than that our author not only fails to throw history into moulds of scientific order and shapeliness, but he falls short of sound discrimination and sound logic in the discussion of every minor topic; so that he has not written a page which can be read with *entire* satisfaction. Accord to him the highest degree of pamphleteer merit, and you have done him full justice. Consider him as a philosopher, and you must call his work a medley, a jumble, a hotch-potch. Measure it by far lower standards; begin by disclaiming for the author all that his admirers chiefly claim for him, and you may then read him with pleasure, and even approach, now and then, to admiration.

Art. IV. — DE QUINCEY.

The Works of Thomas De Quincey. Twenty-two volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

Thomas De Quincey, as he himself tells us in his "Confessions," was the son of a plain English merchant, who died when he was about seven years old, leaving him to the care of four guardians, and heir to a moderate estate. We have not the means of knowing the place or year of his birth. His father was strongly attached to literary pursuits; but from his mother, whom he calls a truly intellectual woman, he may have inherited a large portion of his mental powers.

Sent to various schools, he was early distinguished for his classical attainments. At fifteen, he not only composed Greek lyric verses, but could converse in Greek fluently, and, in the language of his master, "could harangue an Athenian mob better than others could address an English one." And this implies a knowledge not only of the classic language of the masters in literature, but a familiarity with the most idiomatic Greek. The results of these early acquirements appear in the Hellenisms with which his writings are studded, in his happy use of derivatives from Greek roots, and in his fondness for the disputations, not to say sophistical habits, of the Attic authors.

At the age of seventeen, in consequence of a dispute with his guardian, he ran away from school, and began a career of vagrancy, poverty, and suffering. For some time he wandered about in North Wales, subsisting on berries, or such chance sums as he could earn by writing letters for the Welch cottagers. We next find him a stroller of the still more solitary streets of London. For upwards of sixteen weeks he suffered the physical anguish of hunger to an intense degree, a few fragments of bread from a breakfast-table constituting his whole support. To this enforced abstinence he ascribes a painful affection of the stomach in after years, which drove him to the daily use of opium; and to these early sufferings we owe two of the most pathetic episodes of his writ-

ings, his boyish intimacy with Ann, and with the lonely child-housekeeper of his protector's town residence. "From this forlorn child I learned, that she had slept and lived there alone, for some time before I came; and great joy the poor creature expressed when she found that I was in future to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house was large, and from the want of furniture the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious staircase and hall; and amidst the real fleshly ills of cold, and I fear hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more from the self-created one of ghosts. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of cursed law papers for a pillow, but with no other covering than a sort of large horseman's cloak."

After various negotiations with Jews, and bickerings with his guardians, who had cut down his allowance to £100 per annum, he was finally reconciled to his friends and sent to the University. For years after he had quitted "stony-hearted Oxford Street," and was living in prosperity, he tells us that he looked into myriads of female faces in the great London thoroughfares, in the hope of finding his youthful and unfortunate benefactress, Ann. "I now wish," he adds at a later period, "to see her no longer, but think of her more gladly, as one long since laid in the grave;—in the grave, I would hope, of a Magdalen,—taken away before injuries and cruelty had blotted out and transfigured her ingenuous nature, or the brutalities of ruffians had completed the ruin they had begun."

In the autumn of 1804, during his college life, he first took opium, to relieve a toothache. That his pain was mitigated was a trifle compared with the immense positive effects it produced in his mental state. To this unfortunate accident, and more unfortunate dream, is to be traced the formation of the habit of opium-eating, to which he yielded for many years. Many misconceptions have existed as to the reasons of his indulgence. An honest review and fair estimate of these circumstances is but justice to a great man. He tells us, in his "Confessions," that it is well that

"nothing is more revolting to English feelings than the spectacle of a human being obtruding on our notice his moral ulcers, or scars,

and tearing away that 'decent drapery' which time or indulgence to human frailty may have drawn over them. Guilt and misery shrink, by a natural instinct, from public notice: they court privacy and solitude; and even in the choice of a grave will sometimes sequester themselves from the general population of the church-yard, as if declining to claim fellowship with the great family of man, and wishing — in the affecting language of Mr. Wordsworth —

'Humbly to express
A penitential loneliness.'"

Yet the interests of society should be allowed to outweigh the feelings and preferences of the individual, and the record of so dearly bought an experience as the opium-eater's is of too great possible benefit to others to justify concealment.

De Quincey adds: —

"Infirmity and misery do not, of necessity, imply guilt. They approach or recede from the shades of that dark alliance, in proportion to the probable motives and prospects of the offender, and the palliations, known or secret, of the offence; in proportion as the temptations to it were potent from the first, and the resistance to it, in act or in effort, was earnest to the last."

With these deprecatory remarks, we shall call attention to three circumstances in the opium-eater's history, which seem to have been overlooked by many reviewers.

Firstly, that in the beginning he became acquainted with the seductive effects of opium accidentally.

Secondly, that he was driven to its *daily* use by severe physical suffering.

Thirdly, that by superhuman efforts he twice succeeded in leaving off the habit; and also, that if he relapsed, so far as we have any record, he descended, at least, from eight thousand drops of laudanum a day to eighty, and never ceased to struggle, though with shattered strength, against his mighty adversary.

After his first unlucky discovery of the pleasing mental exhilaration produced by opium, De Quincey, for some years, indulged only occasionally in a debauch, — as he well calls it; generally on Saturday night, or some convenient evening, when he could enjoy the divine combination of psychical bliss produced by the drug, and by listening to the Italian opera.

When twenty-eight years old, a painful malady of the stomach forced him to the daily employment of increasing doses of laudanum for relief. The habit thus fully formed, he went on for ten years, in fair health, and much of the time in a state of mental exaltation, or ecstasy. Finally his visions began to grow terrible instead of pleasant. "Horror shed its sad funeral blights upon the gorgeous mosaics of his dreams."

Convinced that his sufferings were due to opium, and that they were steadily advancing to an inevitable doom, he succeeded, after a period of terrible suffering, in freeing himself from his chains.

"Think of me as of one, even when four months had passed, still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered; and much, perhaps, in the condition of him who has been racked. If the opium-eater has been taught to fear and tremble, enough has been effected. But he may say, that the issue of my case is at least a proof, that opium, after a seventeen years' use and an eight years' abuse of its powers, may still be renounced. One memorial of my former condition still remains; my dreams are not yet perfectly calm; the dread swell and agitation of the storm have not wholly subsided; the legions that encamped in them are drawing off, but not all departed; my sleep is tumultuous, and, like the gates of Paradise to our first parents when looking back from afar, it is still — in the tremendous line of Milton —

'With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.'"

Yet this much-abused body was but lately octogenary, and the brain subjected to such fearful strain produced essays and criticisms abated in no wise from the vigor of his earlier compositions. With respect to two much-disputed points, then, we can draw only the following conclusions, — that the immoderate, habitual use of opium is not essentially destructive to body or mind, and that the peculiar power and charm of De Quincey's writings are not due to opium alone, but to the innate genius and wide-reaching scholarship of their author. That his style has been rendered discursive and dreamy by the drug, we do not deny.

The versatility of genius rarely confines itself to single, sustained efforts. That faculty, if we may so call it, is to be measured by the breadth as well as the depth of its powers,

by its ability to overlook narrow bounds, and take a comprehensive view of all subjects, as well as to reach by intuition the centre of an individual thought. Measured thus, we shall find De Quincey discursive to a rare degree. Few scholars have attacked more branches of knowledge, and few written well upon more various topics, than the English opium-eater. If critics wonder that, with his splendid talents, he has not done more, we may wonder that, under so many depressing circumstances, he has done so much.

It will be advantageous to view his productions under different lights, and to attempt a classification of them. So far as we are aware, De Quincey has written only two complete stories, of considerable length: "Klosterheim" and "The Avenger."

While his versatile pen leaps from Charlemagne to Joan of Arc, from Sophocles to Shakespeare, from the pagan oracles and sphinx's riddles to orthographic mutineers, and to murder as one of the fine arts, we shall find most of his writings reducible to the class of essays on some of the following topics, which we shall consider in their order: — autobiographical sketches; reviews of literature, poetry, and philosophy, ancient, modern, and contemporaneous; essays on the classics, on abstruse subjects of antiquity, and on the daily life of the ancients; didactic, practical, religious; dramatic, humorous, and pathetic pieces.

The personal narrations, which furnish us with all we know of this remarkable man, are full and numerous. The "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," and "Suspiria de Profundis," "Life and Manners," the "Literary Reminiscences," and "Selections Grave and Gay," comprise the sum of his autobiographical writings. They contain many interesting particulars of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, and of life at Grasmere and Rydal Mount, mingled with charming descriptions of the scenery of the lakes, and anecdotes of the early days of the author. In the latter there is some repetition, which is inevitable from the disconnected manner in which the articles were written for different reviews. His youthful reverence for Wordsworth, and his subsequent intimacy with him, are among the most interesting incidents. The Opium-Eater and Suspiria form one of the most beautiful

and unique volumes of his writings. We would gladly quote his ingenious comparison of the human brain to an ancient palimpsest, but we must confine ourselves to a short extract on the private life of the opium-eater.

He describes his cottage-library as a modest room, containing about five thousand volumes.

"Therefore, painter, make it populous with books; and furthermore paint me a good fire; and furniture plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And near the fire paint me a tea-table, and two cups and saucers; and, if you know how to paint such a thing symbolically, or otherwise, paint me an eternal tea-pot; for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four in the morning. And, as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or pour it out for one's self, paint me a lovely young woman sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's. . . . . Paint a glass as much like a wine-decanter as possible, and into this you may put a quart of ruby-colored laudanum; that, and a book of German metaphysics placed by its side, will sufficiently attest my being in the neighborhood."

His reviews of literature, poetry, and philosophy extend through a number of volumes, and include essays on Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, Keats, Shelley, Goethe, Schiller, Homer, Plato, Cicero, Foster, Hazlitt, Lamb, Landor, Southey, Wordsworth; on Hamilton, Mackintosh, Kant, Herder, Jean Paul, Lessing, Bentley, Parr, Coleridge, and many others. His mature knowledge, ripe scholarship, and delicate perception evolve some new fact, or some beauty which had failed to impress before, from every subject he touches. His appreciation is generous, his criticism good-natured, and his satire softened by that familiarity with infirmity and suffering which gives to most of his compositions their tender tone.

De Quincey has a peculiar fancy for metaphysical investigation. Spinoza amuses his weary hours, and Kant refreshes his mind, as some men are rested by a mathematical problem. Political economy, too, has been among his favorite lighter studies, as he terms them. A good acquaintance with German literature has made him keenly sensible of its defects, as well as its excellences; and he does not hesitate to tell us

that no German prose-writer has any conception of style. His mind is too Saxon and straightforward to follow the lead of such indiscriminating admirers as the modern German enthusiasts in England, or to sanction the corruption of our vernacular with those double words and long-winded phrases which were rendered fashionable by Carlyle.

His essays on the classics are mainly on Homer and the Homeridæ; Greek tragedy; the Antigone of Sophocles; Plato's Republic; the philosophy of Herodotus, and of Roman history. His early proficiency in humane studies, and especially his intimate knowledge of Greek, — that master-key of all succeeding learning, — have been corrected and confirmed by an acquaintance with the mediæval writers. The narrowness of a verbal critic he avoids, by his talent for generalization. Though almost a Scaliger in minute classical knowledge, he has all the philosophy of Niebuhr in his estimate of events and their causes. The papers on the unity of the Iliad, and the causes of the neglect of tragedy among the Greeks, are masterly productions.

Yet this singular mind is constantly overstepping the common bounds of inquiry, and seeking the essence of such ancient mysteries as the pagan oracles and the Sphinx's riddles; or searching for the hidden connection between the Essenes and modern secret societies. The essays on Judas Iscariot, the toilette of a Hebrew lady, and the knocking at the door in Macbeth, are subjects which would hardly be thought of by other men.

But it is his power of reproducing in modern dress the private manners and daily life of the ancients, that constitutes to us the great charm of De Quincey's classical pieces. Of this his essays on "Dinner, Real and Reputed," and on "The Cæsars," are examples in different ways. Few men, comparatively, possess this power. It was, in a good degree, the characteristic of Becker, in his Charicles and Gallus, though his careful collation of authorities constitutes the chief value of his immortal works to the scholar. Still more do the smooth narrative of "The Last Days of Pompeii," the truly classic chasteness of Landor's imaginary conversations, and the brilliant imagination of Kingsley in his "Hypatia,"

revive for us the habits, the looks, and the thoughts of a Grecian or Alexandrian citizen. "Probus" and "Zenobia" are fine examples of careful or impassioned writing on similar subjects, by a native author. Yet De Quincey has the happiest faculty of translating the slang of the ancient world by that of the modern, — the cockneyisms of Rome by those of London. We seem to see the poor Roman take his frugal *jentaculum*, or *prandium*, and while away the day until the grateful hour of *cœna* arrived.

"Thus we have brought down our Roman friend to noonday, and to this moment the poor man has had nothing to eat. But meantime what has he been about since perhaps six or seven in the morning? . . . . . Why, reader, this illustrates one of the most interesting features in the Roman character. The Roman was the idlest of men. 'Man and boy,' he was 'an idler in the land.' He called himself and his pals, '*rerum dominos, gentemque togatam*,' — 'the gentry that wore the toga.' Yes, and a pretty affair that 'toga' was. Just figure to yourself, reader, the picture of a hard-working man, with horny hands, like our hedgers, ditchers, weavers, porters, &c., setting to work on the high-road in that vast sweeping toga, filling with a strong gale like the mainsail of a frigate. Conceive the roars with which this magnificent figure would be received into the bosom of a poor-house detachment sent out to attack the stones on some new line of road, or a fatigue party of dustmen sent upon secret service. Had there been nothing left as a memorial of the Romans but that one relic, — their immeasurable toga, — we should have known that they were born and bred to idleness. In fact, except in war, the Roman never did anything at all but sun himself. *Ut se apricaret* was the final cause of peace in his opinion; in literal truth, that he might make an *apricot* of himself. The public rations at all times supported the poorest inhabitant of Rome, if he were a citizen. . . . . .

"With the lark it was that the Roman rose. Why did he do this? Because he went to bed at a very early hour. But why did he do that? Because his worthy mother earth could not afford him candles. She, good lady, would certainly have shuddered to hear any of her nations asking for candles. 'Candles!' she would have said, 'who ever heard of such a thing? And with so much excellent daylight running to waste, as I have provided *gratis!*' The Roman, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting round a table in the dark, went off to bed as the darkness began. Everybody did so. Old Numa Pompilius himself was obliged to trundle off in the dusk."

In his essay on the Cæsars, — long enough to form a volume by itself, — the genius of De Quincey displays its powers in illustrating "that imperatorial dignity which was, undoubtedly, the sublimest incarnation of power, and a monument the mightiest of greatness built by human hands which upon this planet has been suffered to appear."

Many new ideas are advanced to explain the inconsistencies and the cruelties of the Roman Emperors. The vastness of their empire, comprising all the known world, is well set forth.

"Rome laid a belt about the Mediterranean of a thousand miles in breadth, and within that zone she comprehended, not only all the great cities of the ancient world, but so perfectly did she lay the garden of the world in every climate, and for every mode of natural wealth, within her own ring-fence, that since that era no land, not part and parcel of the Roman empire, has ever risen into strength and opulence, except where unusual artificial industry has availed to counteract the tendencies of nature."

And the capital was worthy of the empire: —

"Of Rome in her palmy days, nothing less could be said, in the naked severity of logic, than the Nation of Rome; — a city which counted, from one horn to the other of its mighty suburbs, not less than four millions of inhabitants. As was the city, such was its prince, — mysterious, solitary, unique. *Ubi Cæsar, ibi Roma*, was a maxim of Roman jurisprudence."

The illimitable power, the divine attributes, the ubiquity — almost omnipresence — of the Roman Emperor are placed in a new and more striking light by the brilliant comparisons of De Quincey.

"The Cæsar of Western Rome — he only of all earthly potentates, past or to come, could be said to reign as a *monarch*, that is, as a solitary king. He was not the greatest of princes, simply because there was no other but himself. There were doubtless a few outlying rulers, of unknown names and titles, upon the margins of his empire; there were tributary lieutenants and barbarous *reguli*, the obscure vassals of his sceptre, whose homage was offered on the lowest step of his throne, and scarcely known to him but as objects of disdain. . . . . And these withdrawn from the comparison, who else was there — what prince, what king, what potentate of any denomination — to break the universal

calm, that through centuries continued to lave, as with the quiet undulations of summer lakes, the sacred footsteps of the Cæsarean throne?"

The Emperor is to be viewed under two aspects: the office, and the man. The first was sacred and inviolable; the second, surrounded with personal dangers in proportion to the altitude of the first.

"Gibbon has taken notice of the extraordinary situation of a subject in the Roman empire who should attempt to fly from the wrath of the crown. Such was the ubiquity of the Emperor, that this was absolutely hopeless. But the same omnipresence of imperial anger and retribution, which withered the hopes of the poor, humble prisoner, met and confounded the Emperor himself, when hurled from his giddy elevation by some fortunate rival. All the kingdoms of the earth, to one in that situation, became but so many wards of the same infinite prison. . . . . Such, amidst the superhuman grandeur and consecrated powers of the Roman Emperor's office, were the extraordinary perils which menaced the individual, and the peculiar frailties of his condition."

The Roman Imperator, placed in this extraordinary position of unlimited power, and ruling a populace which, gathered from all nations to the great centre of the empire, had lost the virtue of the republic, and added to the luxury of the Asiatic the cruelty of the barbarian, — obliged to supply them with largesses and the shows of the amphitheatre to quench their thirst for blood, — shared before long in the same passions as his degraded subjects, and, being under no restraint, exhibited to the world excesses which have been unparalleled for atrocity in subsequent times. So may be mildly judged the wickedness of the Cæsars. The theory of insanity, which De Quincey advances to palliate the terrible crimes of Caligula and other monsters, is the most grateful explanation to our shuddering humanity, which is forced to recognize such beings as men. The sketch of the career, talents, and personal peculiarities of Julius Cæsar, "that sun-bright intellect," is a fine specimen of our author's critical and appreciative, as the death-scene of Nero is of his dramatic powers.

De Quincey has neither the stately narrative of Gibbon, nor the studied antithesis of Johnson; yet he possesses a happy combination of fire and dignity. Splendor of imagination and pomp of diction are tempered by accurate scholarship

and classic purity of style. We have space only for one more extract, on the Emperor Commodus mingling in the sports of the amphitheatre.

"Invitations — and the invitations of kings are commands — had been scattered on this occasion profusely; not, as heretofore, to individuals or to families, but, as was in proportion to the occasion where an Emperor was the chief performer, to nations. People were summoned by circles of longitude and latitude to come and see — things that eye had not seen, nor ear heard of — the specious miracles of nature brought together from arctic and from tropic deserts, putting forth their strength, their speed, or their beauty, and glorifying by their deaths the matchless hand of the Roman king. There were beheld the lion from Biledulgerid, the leopard from Hindostan, the reindeer from polar latitudes, the antelope from the Zaara, and the leigh, or gigantic stag, from Britain. Thither came the buffalo, the white bull of Northumberland, the unicorn from the regions of Thibet, the rhinoceros and the river-horse from Senegal, with the elephant of Ceylon or Siam. The ostrich and the camelopard, the wild ass and the zebra, the chamois and the ibex of Angora, — all brought their tributes of beauty or deformity to these vast aceldamas of Rome: their savage voices ascended in tumultuous uproar to the chambers of the Capitol; a million of spectators sat round them; standing in the centre was a single statuesque figure, — the imperial sagittary, beautiful as an Antinous, and majestic as Jupiter, whose hand was so steady and whose eye so true, that he was never known to miss, and who, in this accomplishment at least, was so absolute in his excellence, that, as we are assured by a writer not disposed to flatter him, the very foremost of the Parthian archers and of the Mauritanian lancers were not able to contend with him..... He was the noblest artist in his own profession that the world had seen, — in archery he was the Robin Hood of Rome; he was in the very meridian of his youth; and he was the most beautiful man of his own times. He would therefore have looked the part admirably of the dying gladiator; and he would have died in his natural vocation. But his death was destined to private malice, and to an ignoble hand."

What we have styled De Quincey's didactic and practical pieces are those on orthography, language, rhetoric, style, and conversation, on War and Duelling, and the Letters to a Young Man. We would single out that on War, as containing the best ideas on what is now recognized as a great national necessity to purge away indolence, cowardice, and

want of purpose, and to tone, with rough hand, the lax strings of civil life. The hopeless inutility of peace-societies is well illustrated also.

De Quincey ever shows himself a believer in revealed religion and a firm adherent of the Established Church. The articles on the false antagonism between the Bible and science, on Hume, and on Casuistry, are ample proof of this. The paper on the meaning of the Greek word *æon* — commonly translated *eternity* — exposes the true ground of distinction between Calvinistic and more liberal expounders, and shows the real sense of *eternal*, as applied to after-punishments, to be an indefinite period adapted to the needs, and good or evil *status*, of each individual. We would particularly commend this article to Biblical scholars and divines, for it seems to us both exact and conclusive.

The pieces entitled "Three Memorable Murders," and "The Flight of a Tartar Tribe," have in them much of the dramatic element. The appalling details of cunning and wary crimes find an able chronicler in De Quincey. The flight of a nation across the weary steppes of Asia in search of a new home, the dangers which harass, the solitude which oppresses, and the horrors which encompass them, are narrated with thrilling and graphic power.

A huge, grotesque, elephantine sort of humor gambols through the queer papers on "Murder as one of the Fine Arts." These are certainly curiosities of literature, as quaint and odd as amusing.

But we should rather place the peculiar powers of De Quincey in his pathos, than in any other characteristic of his writings. Gifted with a sensitive nature by inheritance, his pensive tendencies have been strengthened by his sufferings. He thanks God that "in my childhood I lived in the country; that I lived in solitude; that my infant feelings were moulded by the gentlest of sisters; finally, that I and they were dutiful children of a pure, holy, and magnificent church." A spirit of inexpressible sadness broods over many of his opium visions. Pathetic leave-takings, "everlasting farewells," and endless sorrow, mingle their tender influences with the terrible imagery of his dreams. "The Mail-Coach" and the

"Vision of Sudden Death" contain many wonderful passages of this mournful nature. The stories of "The Spanish Nun" and "The Household Wreck" are embodiments of anguish wrung to the last extremity of endurance. For quiet, natural pathos we know of few things superior to the mournful tale of the loss of George and Sarah Green in the snows of the mountains near Grasmere, and the patient waiting and childish fortitude of their bereaved little ones in their cottage at Easedale.

The loss of a sister two years older than himself, when he was six years of age, affected De Quincey with a grief whose furrows were not effaced through his whole life. Under the title of "The Affliction of Childhood," he describes his sufferings in so touching a manner, that we cannot forbear quoting the following passage.

"On the day after my sister's death, whilst the sweet temple of her brain was yet unviolated by human scrutiny, I formed my own scheme for seeing her once more. Not for the world would I have made this known, nor have suffered a witness to accompany me. I had never heard of feelings that take the name of 'sentimental,' nor dreamed of such a possibility. But grief even in a child hates the light, and shrinks from human eyes. The house was large; there were two staircases; and by one of these I knew that about noon, when all would be quiet, I could steal up into her chamber. I imagine that it was exactly high noon when I reached the chamber door; it was locked, but the key was not taken away. Entering, I closed the door so softly, that, although it opened upon a hall which ascended through all the stories, no echo ran along the silent walls. Then, turning round, I sought my sister's face. But the bed had been moved, and the back was now turned. Nothing met my eyes but one large window wide open, through which the sun of midsummer at noonday was showering down torrents of splendor. The weather was dry, the sky was cloudless, the blue depths seemed the express types of infinity; and it was not possible for eye to behold or for heart to conceive any symbols more pathetic of life and the glory of life..... From the gorgeous sunlight I turned round to the corpse. There lay the sweet, childish figure; there the angel face; and, as people usually fancy, it was said in the house that no features had suffered any change. Had they not? The forehead, indeed, — the serene and noble forehead, — *that* might be the same; but the frozen eyelids, the darkness that

seemed to steal from beneath them, the marble lips, the stiffening hands, laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish, — could these be mistaken for life? Had it been so, wherefore did I not spring to those heavenly lips with tears and never-ending kisses? But so it was *not.* I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell upon me; and, whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow, — the most mournful that ear ever heard. Mournful! that is saying nothing. It was a wind that had swept the fields of mortality for a hundred centuries. Many times since, upon a summer day, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising and uttering the same hollow, solemn, Memnonian, but saintly swell: it is in this world the one sole *audible* symbol of eternity. And three times in my life I have happened to hear the same sound in the same circumstances, namely, when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer day."

In his private life De Quincey displays the sublime spectacle of humanity warring against a devil in its own heart, and casting him out at length, but by an effort which rent and defaced the walls of his physical stronghold. The aspiring, sincere, yet mournful scepticism of Shelley, the drooping sensitiveness of Keats, or the bold, defiant death of Chatterton, presents no more melancholy phases of human suffering than the life-long agony of De Quincey. We use the term *agony* in its true sense, — for such it was, — not simply anguish, but struggle; no passive endurance, but active, deadly combat with a mighty foe.

When, after long dallying with the tempter, the opium-eater was daily admonished by the ever-increasing torture of his visions, and the hourly sinking of strength and nerve, that the time for the death-grapple with his shadowy enemy had arrived, with what agonies of remorse must each fatal indulgence have been contemplated? How must each relapse have been regarded as the new era of an almost hopeless repentance? Like Jacob wrestling with the Almighty in the darkness of the night and the desert, and refusing to yield without learning the name of his God, so were De Quincey's struggles none the less real because he contended only with a *form*, and not with a fleshly foe. Such hand-to-hand combats go on in many human hearts in the battle of life, of which the world knows nothing, unless the enemy prevails. In such

cases we can extend but little aid. Each must fight for himself. So did Coleridge, and so did De Quincey. We can only sympathize with their agonies, admire their triumphs, or deplore their loss.

But when we turn from the opium-eater as a man to the opium-eater as an author, we are justified in pursuing a far different course. In judging of the merits of De Quincey as a writer, we must ever bear in mind the influence which opium may have had upon his intellect, his fancy, and his productions. This key will unlock for us the secret of many of the discrepancies of his genius. De Quincey's brilliant, but lengthy and uncertain paragraphs, though offset by occasional well-cut lines of logic and satire, exhibit the painful vacillations of his life.

If any man ever had such dreams as De Quincey, certainly no one has possessed the faculty of reproducing them on paper. This is a talent we must regard as peculiar to him alone; and it is one of the most singular and wonderful features of his kaleidoscopic mind.

Let not the inexperienced imagine, however, that it is opium, independent of the mental power of the subject, which, "from the anarchy of dreaming sleep," can call into being that awful, though magnificent, train of imagery which distinguishes the English opium-eater; nor even that, had they such splendid auguries, it would be easy to commit them to paper. Most men's sleeping partake of the bias of their waking thoughts; many would "dream dreams" sensual and devilish.

De Quincey thinks that Homer, and the dramatist Shadwell, among authors, were acquainted with, and perhaps employed, opium as a stimulant to the imagination. He also tells us, — on what authority we know not, — that Dryden and Fuseli were in the habit of eating raw meat to dream on. We fancy it might be as efficacious as the school-girl's recipe of wedding-cake. It is notorious that opium-eating is somewhat in vogue among professional and literary men, to raise the fancy or intellect to the level of great efforts.

Tennyson has much of the dreaminess of De Quincey, though we would not ascribe it to the same cause. His

"Lotos-Eaters" is peculiarly applicable to the present subject.

"In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

. . . . .

"A land where all things always seemed the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

"Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

. . . . .

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!

. . . . .

To hear each other's whispered speech;
Eating the Lotos, day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender-curving lines of creamy spray:
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy."

With all his physical infirmities, De Quincey walked miles bareheaded among the mountains and lakes near Grasmere; and, we are told, took very regular exercise, even at an advanced age. He was both manly and brave. And he resented a libellous attack upon himself with dignity and spirit.

De Quincey possessed that rare talent of being a good talker. Coleridge and Johnson were argumentative, arrogant, and, to some degree, egotistical. The opium-eater is said to have been most charming in a sustained conversation; bringing all his peculiar powers to bear with almost equal fa-

cility upon any subject, and, while impressing by his logic and learning, delighting with his brilliancy of imagination and fluency of speech. In religious belief he was a firm Churchman, whose wide reading and liberal culture served to quicken his faith rather than to awaken scepticism.

He wrote hastily, both from a certain nervous irritability, — which all writers feel when thought outstrips the mechanical power of committing it to paper, — and also to meet the unyielding requisitions of the Reviews. Many of his essays, he says, were written away from libraries, or any accessible books. No stronger proof could be needed of the extent of his reading and the tenacity of his memory. It would be difficult, also, to find any other author who embraced so wide a variety of topics, and treated them with such uniform ability.

While his works will readily bear the test of time, they are to be judged, in some measure, by the standard of the age in which he lived. De Quincey was brought up in what we shall term the Ideal period of English literature; a time when matter is more thought of than manner, — ideas, than their expression. A time, too, when the tendency is to refine our general notions in accordance with some fancied spiritual direction. Not only would this general tendency affect any author, but the opium-eater was intimate with the gigantic, but vague Coleridge; and with Wordsworth, essentially an ideal poet. Add to this his familiarity with German literature, and the influence of opium, and we have a sufficient explanation of De Quincey's inclination for the spiritual and æsthetic, rather than practical every-day life; and of his tendency to fall into modes of expression sometimes rambling and incoherent. While we laud his genius, we are not blind to his faults. Though he never twaddles, nor becomes so far involved in mysticism as to be transcendental, yet his logical acumen does not always prevent him from wandering from the point, straying into weary parentheses, and losing his reader's attention in labyrinthine foot-notes, which would better form an *excursus* by themselves. To his honor be it spoken, however, that he has not also drifted into the exaggerated sentimentalism of the Continental schools, but has preserved so healthy a tone both in æsthetics and in religion.

His fanciful thoughts are meteoric, and unlike anything seen before or since; and they attract the gaze, like the comet, by their brilliancy, singularity, and erratic course.

De Quincey addresses the intellect through the medium of scholastic, but pure language. His diction is ornate, but not laborious, learned, but not pedantic. At the same time, he uses many idiomatic expressions. Familiar with the Greek of Aristophanes as with that of the tragic writers, he can employ the slang of the classics as well as that of the street. Hellenisms, rich in meaning, crop out among the strata of his native tongue. He draws from every source, and coerces the thousand foreign springs which have fed the great stream of the English language, to illustrate his meaning and obey his will.

His language is like the prism, breaking up single rays of ideas into their primitive elements, multiplying and coloring them until they dazzle with their new variety of hue and form. His thoughts run off into so many single *arias* of expression, that the common reader loses many of them before they reunite in the choral chord of the concluding symphony.

He excels in broad, far-sighted generalizations, which, like the revelations of the telescope, though sublime, are often indistinct and nebulous; affording glimpses of potential worlds, rather than defining clearly the objects in its field of vision.

How shall we speak of the more impassioned and wonderful portions of De Quincey's writings, which are contained in the "Confessions" and the "Suspiria de Profundis"? Here is an exaltation of imagination, a tropical exuberance of fancy, a pomp and majesty of diction, which defy description.

Near the Campo Santo of Pisa, — which has ever been deemed of peculiar sanctity, since its earth was brought from the Holy Land, — stands that celebrated Campanile, whose apparent insecurity and aerial aspect have made it the wonder of all times, and the single seeming exception to the laws of gravity and architecture. Time, which has reassured the observer as to the chances of its falling, has yearly rendered it more uncertain whether its peculiar inclination was originally the result of accident or design. And the eye, satiated with all the common lines of column, dome, or spire in other edifices, is struck as with a new beauty in the unique position of the "leaning tower."

So De Quincey, ornate with learning, but bowed by suffering, stands among other authors peculiar and alone. When the first feeling of fear for his fate is over, we almost wonder, as we admire him, whether the terrible bent which opium has given to his genius is really due to his habits, or to the influences of his singular mind; and we hesitate long before we admit that we do not like him better as he is, than if he were straight like other men.

Art. V. — MODERN ROMANISM AND MODERN PROTESTANTISM.

Protestantism and Catholicity compared in their Effects on the Civilization of Europe. By the Rev. J. Balmez. Translated from the French Version by C. J. Hanford and R. Kershaw. London: James Burns. 1849.

We quote the title of a work classic in its way, and deserving not only of the study of theologians, but to take its place on the shelves of general scholars and historical students, beside the works of Guizot and Hallam. The historical periods which it sketches, and the social revolutions of which it treats, deserve a more broad and impartial study than is usually given to them, or than can be given by the knowledge of Protestant books alone. It is the interest both of philosophy and morals, as well as of scientific theology, that a voice in the discussion should be had by that Church which claims to be the only and complete representative of the great Catholic power of the Middle Age. And a book written like this of Abbé Balmez, expressly to guard and forewarn the strongholds of modern Romanism from the encroachment of dissent, has a particular claim on us for attentive study and fair appreciation.

A large portion of this work, it is needless to say, consists of the stereotype and *ex parte* statements of Romanists respecting the Protestant movement of the sixteenth and seven-

teenth centuries, and the motives of its leaders, such as deserve neither notice nor repetition from anybody now. It is just to say, however, that it is free from that temper of scandal and aspersion and personal vituperation to which Papist polemics have been too often prone. The whole of it is characterized, of course, by the constant half-conscious assumption — in which Romanism is so radically different from any form of Protestant dissent — that religious truth is a thing to be dictated on one part, and accepted on the other, like the military code of an army, or the official routine of civil magistrates. This is a state of mind as to which it is impossible to argue, or to hope for a common understanding between the parties in debate. The writer, also, closes his work by professing that he has written it in strict submission to the Church dogmas, as he understands them, and that he will instantly retract anything that shall be condemned by official authority,— a profession which does not prepossess one in favor of the argument. Still one is glad to hear what can be said, even in behalf of such questionable matters as inquisitions and bull-fights; and we are not in the least prejudiced against a fair presenting of the Romanist view on the whole ground of controverted social morals. The chief value of the work, however, we think will be found, first, in the lively view it gives of the social changes which took place in Europe in connection with the decline of the Empire and the rise and fall of Feudalism; and, secondly, in the citations it gives from the great theologians of the Middle Age — the Schoolmen, whose works are not often included in the course of a Protestant education — to illustrate the Catholic view of such matters as the Divine foundation of human society, government, and morals. Arbitrary in their foundation, and technical in their style of expression, as these writings may be, the essential truth they vindicate is expressed often with much nobleness and force. And it is a special advantage, that the historical survey before us is made by an author whose priestly training has made him more familiar with them than most compilers and critics of mediæval annals are likely to be.

The volume is interesting to us in another way, — as an illustration of that vast vitality and power still inherent in the

name and the spiritual dominion of Rome. In one sense, the limits of that dominion are broader than ever; and though it is no longer, in any fair sense, "Catholic" or universal, the number of its nominal subjects is probably far greater than in the day of its stateliest pomp and pride. A new life, a new era of existence, was won for it in the great struggle that threatened its annihilation. Its sphere of secret influence and invisible strength, its prestige with the imagination, faith, and reverence of half of Christendom, has remained almost unimpaired. A subtler and deeper policy, a craft of profounder dissimulation, a nicer skill in dealing with men's motives and fears, a theology more orderly, logical, and complete, an organization shaped with shrewder and more practical wisdom to meet the actual ends and needs of its being, have been developed, along with the strifes, dangers, and experiences of the last three centuries. This change is briefly indicated in a single phrase: for mediæval Catholicism we have the modern Romanism, — a form of ecclesiastical power which but partly represents the great Christian empire it claims to be, and plays its part in history side by side with that modern Protestantism which has succeeded to the heroic struggles of the Reformation.

It is only one or two points of characteristic difference between these two rival powers that we propose to speak of now, — by no means to sketch even an outline of their history or their character. In doing it, it is convenient to fix our eye, for a starting-point, on some one name, that stands as a type of a period, and contains in itself a hint of those forces which history has expanded into events. For such a name we have not far to seek. Perhaps no one point in chronology more strongly arrests the student of the "Reformation Period," than that which brings for a moment into contact the names of the leaders of the two contending hosts. On the day when Martin Luther appeared before the Diet at Worms, and spoke the memorable words that forever cut him off from the ecclesiastical body, and made the Reformation a fact in history, there was, newly arrived, at a monastery in Spain a man in the prime of life, of exalted birth, and knightly training, who had come up thither to consecrate himself as the soldier of the Holy

Mother of our Lord. Ignatius Loyola (as we now know his name) was the younger son of a noble house among the Pyrenees. His knightly accomplishments were learned at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. His desperate defence of Pampeluna — where one leg was shattered by a ball, and the other lacerated by a splinter — had won the chivalrous homage of his foes, who sent him to heal his wounds at home. Twice he submitted to operations of intense and frightful pain to reduce the unsightly lameness of the fractured limb; then, as he slowly gained health, — as he believed, from the direct vision and help of the Virgin Mary, — his mind was fed and fired by legends of Catholic devotion, and he resolved to live the life of a saint himself. He threw away his fortune; stripped himself to absolute beggary; addressed himself to the first elements of scholarly learning, when the influence of his ardent, subtile, imperative mind was already felt upon a wide circle who knew him; braved the censure of the authorities by preaching in the streets and becoming a guide of souls; set out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, one foot bare and bleeding, the other swollen, bandaged, and lame, scourging his bare shoulders thrice a day as penance for his sins; braved the sea, the Turk, the plague, and the risk of absolute starvation, to fulfil his pilgrimage; and began to be widely revered for austere sanctity, and respected for the singular subtilty and skill of his dealing with men's motives and shaping of their will. This gay, ambitious, intrepid cavalier, this clear-headed, sagacious, experienced man of the world, this fanatic, enthusiast, visionary, devotee, this patient endurer of hardship, this marvellous reader, director, and controller of the obscurest motives of the human breast, became the founder and master of an Order which revived the decaying strength of Romanism. Under him, the Society of Jesus became the implacable, impenetrable, invincible rival of the Reformation, and has had ever since the most powerful influence on the character and fortunes of the Papal Church. That wonderful Order — more sagacious, more deep and subtile in policy, more absolute within its range of power, more daring and at the same time wary and perplexing in its ambition, than perhaps any other organization upon earth — embodies in itself the plans, schemes, and

agencies that make the secret dread of the Roman name. Distrusted, persecuted, exiled, dishonored, abolished, time after time, by kingdom after kingdom, and by the highest authority of the Church itself, it has yet lived on, in its wonderful way, the professed, zealous, indispensable, dreaded, distrusted, hated champion of that Church. Under the guise of loyalty, it has even been charged with establishing a rival power to the Papacy itself; and if the choice must be made,— so its enemies accuse, — would doubtless leave the Church to perish, so that the Order should survive.

We need not echo the suspicion, dread, and hate, that seem not all unfounded, which in all Protestant and in most Papal countries cling to the name of Jesuit. We are justified in accepting the general verdict as to the leading aim and ambition of the Order; — which is, to establish a perfect and absolute dominion over the thought, belief, affection, act, and will of its subjects; to found an invisible, spiritual police, as crafty and as powerful as the state police of Napoleon's imperial rule, — a power dealing with the secret motives and interior life of men with as perfect control as that over their outward acts. All other belief, hope, principle, faith, may be surrendered, but what cluster about the organization itself. To that, fealty must be entire and complete, — the man "as a corpse" in the hands of his superiors, to do their will to the uttermost, whatever that will may be. Its system of ethics, so far as we may judge, is based on bare despotic authority, and the denial of all natural grounds of virtue, honor, or faith. Absolute obedience and absolute reserve are the basis of its rule. A secret and desolating scepticism, an utter ravage of all that is humanly noble and true, makes the levelled field on which its structure is to be reared. Every man of its enormous muster-roll is a secret spy on every other. Every confession of the sensitive conscience, made under the sacred seal of secrecy, may be a key, used with infinite skill, to lay the penitent open to the uses of the Order. Its ascetic discipline is shaped to mould the character, pliant and yielding, to the one end. So that, in theory, the chief master has spread before him like a book a vast registry of souls; and, ranging the world over, can handle them as tools to frame and

threads to weave the enormous structure which its ambition contemplates.

This power behind the scenes, this invisible spiritual police, dealing with the most secret motives, thoughts, hopes, and passions of its subjects, best represents to us the modern position and character of the Roman Church. Outwardly, there is nothing of austerity, bigotry, domineering pride. The Jesuit is a man of the world, — scholarly, refined, he may be, free in intercourse, plausible in manner, sleek, courteous, enjoying the good things of life, and mingling easily in cabinet, court, or camp; or, on the other hand, patient, meek, self-denying, the friend of the poor, the companion of the wretched, the toiling, suffering, perishing missionary among savage tribes. Splendor or squalor, refinement or torture, he adopts and embraces alike, from no personal choice, but simply as a live tool, polished, tempered, adroitly fashioned, to be handled by the master's hand. Probably the Order of Jesus is, in its own sphere, the most perfect embodiment the world has ever seen of what we may mean by the phrase spiritual power, — having naught to do with the freedom and nobility of the higher nature of man, but despotic, absolute, in the sphere of affection and will.

The name of Loyola, and that of his most eminent disciple, Xavier, suggest the second grand sphere of spiritual activity in the Church of Rome. The last three centuries have been marked by its vast missionary enterprises. Trains of Catholic priests followed the steps of the first Spanish conquerors in America. Mexico and Peru were (in their fierce and cruel way) regarded as missionary ground. Indians were enslaved, inquisitions were established, as missionary work. The Mississippi and the Great Lakes, Niagara and the St. Lawrence, were first explored by faithful, devoted missionaries of the Roman Church. Paraguay was the most famous of Jesuit settlements: its numerous population of grown-up children made a sort of ideal Christian state after the Jesuit type, — lived as mere children, were trained as mere children, under the discipline of flatteries and whips, — perished and passed away by premature decline, without the first hint of the strenuous virtue of manhood. Then too the celebrated missions

to India, China, and Japan, — whole populations at a stroke converted and baptized, — frightful tortures undergone with the same calm patience as the most arduous fatigues, — zeal and perseverance equal to the conquest of the world. These missions were a monument of religious heroism and devoted obedience such as the world has scarce seen anywhere, and on a scale to which Protestantism has nothing to compare; yet barren of any lasting fruit, sterile of all true civilizing influence, and foiled by the direct agency of the Devil (thought these pious men), who had prepared in those regions an elaborate system, that, in ritual, costume, hierarchy, and even doctrine, seemed a parody of their own: the holy orders of Buddhism seem to have foiled and baffled their antagonist in these densest populations of the world. Still the great College of Rome trains and sends forth its missionaries, men of almost every dialect and tribe and hue; and still, unwearied, makes the task of the world's conversion the grand field for the exercise of her power.

Next to missions, which spread world-wide the boundaries of that shadowy dominion, are the offices of spiritual rule at home: the sphere of education; the administering of charities; the conducting of religious ceremonial and the pomp of worship; the patronage of sacred art, in architecture, painting, and music; and, chief of all, the close, personal, subtle guidance of conscience and faith through the confessional. Each single act of authority so exerted may seem a very slight affair, but, taken in the mass, they build up a fabric of secret spiritual power, amazing for breadth, penetration, and strength. Rome may be no longer the head and leader of the world's civilization, but it is still undeniably one of the great forces that rule the world. Through the force of habit; through superstitious fear; through sagacious and gentle charities; through the infinite resources of its many-handed organization; through the undefinable, profound fascination it exerts upon a large class of minds; through its influence upon the young, the lonely, the grief-stricken, and pious, trustful women who throng to its altar, and crave the peace of its absolution; through the family divisions it fosters, and the wealth it skilfully extracts from burdened consciences and ten-

der hearts; through its imposing ritual and its consummate schemes of education in moulding instruments of its will; — through all these agencies, Romanism becomes as it were an omnipresent force in society; and its shadowy sceptre still wields a spell almost as potent as when its vassals were emperors and kings. And one who has beheld its glorious temples stand with open doors as a home for the worship of all the earth, — who has seen (as we have seen) king and beggar, pope and peasant, noble and slave, white and black, kneeling on the equal level of its floor, — who has paced the vast hospitals where its trained skill brings to the task of mercy the delicate hand of the rich and beautiful, as well as the humbler ministrations of the hireling and the poor, — who has felt the powerful magic of its choral service, which is as it were the echo of the voice of the mighty past, — still feels that here is the grandest earthly embodiment of the religious Unity of Man; that to this mighty organization is still given in charge an office which none other is yet competent to fulfil.

Its assumption to lead and control the destinies of mankind, history has declared henceforth and forever vain. Its arrogant claim of infallibility the intellect of the modern world laughs to scorn. Its shadowy threat of excommunication becomes a byword and a dream. No exclusive and sure salvation is reserved for those embraced within its fold and faithful to its creed; and so the fabric of its authority is hopelessly undermined. The Church, which was of old the embodiment of the world's best life, — boundless in its ambition, profoundly skilful in its policy, imposing in its creed and ritual, informed with the vital energy of a wonderful age, containing in itself the seed and forces of a new civilization, commissioned of God to subdue a barbaric heathenism, to guide for centuries the life of humanity, and to bridge the awful chasm between the ancient and modern world, — that Church proved herself unworthy, and forfeited her place and claim. Retaining the name without the substance, she has declined from her seat of power. She has disowned the glory of modern Intellect; challenged the impregnable advance of Truth; crushed with horrid tortures its faithful witnesses; and divorced herself from the free and earnest workings of an instructed conscience.

The highest life, whether of thought or morals, is no longer hers. The place of spiritual empire she held so long is empty. No worthy rival or successor of her greatness is found as yet. Still she keeps her supremacy in the realm of reverence and faith. In virtue of an historical position that finds no parallel, she is still one among the great political and social forces of the world, — such, that no equal is found among her rivals. In the great debate of the world's religious parliament, all others play but the part of a fragmentary opposition, while she holds the pride and prestige of the place of power. But her life belongs essentially to the past. It is not of the native, spontaneous, creative forces of the present day. Unseen and silent powers are working its dissolution. Its office, however important, nay, indispensable now, is yet provisional, and must pass away. The great Christian structure of the past figures itself to the imagination as one of those vast ice-mountains that float down from polar seas. It long keeps its stately shape, and loses nothing, apparently, from its mountain bulk. Yet slowly and irresistibly the forces of Nature are at work upon it. The tide of strange waters frets and chafes against it. The huge fabric parts in twain, and while one portion is presently broken up and floats freely in the dissolving stream, the other, which better keeps its coherence and outward shape, is softening and perishing within. The majestic unity with which this one Catholic Church of Western Europe floated forth from the mists of a darker age, is sundered into fragments, and dissolves in the turbulent flood that hides for the present the forming continents. And it is among these fragments of a mighty wreck that we seem to see, faintly, the gathering of what shall be the true spiritual power of the future, — that new revelation of the life of God in humanity which shall realize at length the strains of prophecy and the glorious visions of the past.

Or, to quit the figure, and return to fact. By the great shock of the Protestant Reformation, the Christian empire of the Middle Age was cleft in two almost equal portions, corresponding nearly with the Latin and German races of Western Europe, and of course mingling freely in the colonization of America. In the struggle of a hundred and twenty years that

followed, and in more than two centuries since, neither part has gained any lasting advantage upon the other; and the two stand now almost as nearly balanced as they were in the Conference at Augsburg, or on the morning of Lützen. Neither has inherited the dominion of that vast spiritual Power from which both alike descend; and the name Catholic is virtually no more extant. One portion, which still claims that name, but which we know more truly as Modern Romanism, we have spoken of already. It remains now to consider the other elements set free by the decomposition of that mighty structure, — the other agencies, living and powerful, which are at work to guide the conscience, shape the convictions, and influence the destinies of the race.

The Protestant Reformation was at first simply a protest, in the name of free conscience and individual conviction, against the oppression of corrupt and despotic authority. If we judge by that fact alone, it is simply the negative, dispersive, destructive element, — chafing and fretting upon the fabric of authority, like waves upon a sea-wall, until it is ruined and undermined. There will be as many protests as there are styles of mind and conscience. Each will take its own point of attack, and each is independent of all the rest. At first, Luther stands alone; and when he is no longer alone, but captain of a great host, he finds the errors of his allies as dangerous as those of the common enemy. Zwingli, Carlstadt, Calvin, have a conscience as well as he, and respect his decision no more than he the Pope's. So come protest, counter-protest, and an infinite subdividing of the forces, till in theory each man stands by his individual rights, and all unity is broken up. As the first Reformer stood alone, confronting the great Church of Catholic Christendom, and meeting the Pope's excommunication with an excommunication of his own, so Protestantism must at length find itself in the pitiful condition of mere jealous individualism, and have as many disputing sects as there are men to make them or names to call them by; and all its churches be cut down to the Gospel minimum of two or three.*

* We use the word Protestantism in its ordinary popular sense, as meaning the aggregate of religious sects opposed to Rome, founded on the profession of a distinct theological creed. Where it is used in a broader acceptation, the connection will show sufficiently.

This is the state to which Protestantism, merely as such, always tends. The tendency was seen clearly from the first. Luther himself was bitterly grieved, perplexed, and baffled by it. The enemies of Reform seized upon it as the weak point, the joint in the harness, where their keenest darts might strike. Bossuet, whose domineering temper attacked as haughtily the gentle spiritualism of Fénelon and Madame Guyon as the vigorous dogmatics of Calvin, considered that he had damaged fatally the cause of the enemy, by exposing some two hundred "Variations of Protestants," into which they had diverged, in parting from the Roman See. Yet still the spirit remains unsubdued, and the work of disintegration goes on. The variations may be by this time as many thousand; yet the essential nature of Protestantism remains unchanged. And if this one tendency were followed freely out, the result could only be — what some have anticipated and even longed for — that all bands of religious fellowship should be dissolved, and every man stand absolutely alone before his God.

But, if it were only to make an organized opposition possible, some check must be found to this centrifugal force; some common ground must be chosen, where men may waive their differences, and act together for the cause. Accordingly, the history of Protestantism is not so simple a thing as the history of opinions branching out more and more widely asunder, and tapering from dogmatism towards scepticism at one pole, and sentimental mysticism at the other. It is the history of a conflict between two opposite tendencies, and perpetual attempts at compromise. On the one hand liberty of thought, on the other the need of union; the dissolving and the organizing tendency, — these are what the history of Protestantism exhibits from the first. It is not crude and chaotic, as might seem at first, but is eminently dramatic, — all the more so, because of the free and open field in which the two contend. Leaving out the era of the Reformation, — when the mere need of self-defence necessitated some sort of armed union, and as it were a military discipline, — Modern Protestantism shows itself as a force acting perpetually in two different directions, and perpetually conflicting with itself: on the one hand, professing liberty of conscience and thought, the essential princi-

ple from which its very life must spring; and on the other, striving to suppress its own vagaries, to set boundaries here and there, and to rally the dispersive forces to act in one organism together. Its strength and its weakness are from the same source, — the liberty from which it springs. To foster that strength and overcome that weakness is the perpetual problem which Protestantism exhausts itself to solve.

It would be too long a task to trace the series of attempts, so familiar in our religious history and even in the range of our own experience, by which Protestantism has sought a substitute for the vast domineering, subtle, despotic authority, that excites at once its rebellion, hate, and fear. The process at first seemed simple. From the corrupt Church, fall back upon the Church in its simplicity; from councils and priests, fall back upon the Apostles; for the false Vicar of God, take the infallible Word of God. "The Bible, the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants," became the watchword of the Reformation. Luther's first great task was to give it to his people in their mother tongue; and the noble series of English versions was crowned, after the lapse of near a century, by that which, with all its faults of detail, is so sacredly and dearly associated with our own best thoughts and hopes. But soon it appeared that, aside from all the critical difficulties and doubts, the Bible might be read in almost as many ways as there were minds to read it. If Luther and Calvin differed as to some of the plainest words of the Gospel, what must be the effect of offering, as the creed of millions, the whole array of history, prophecy, proverb, appeal, and fervid inward experience, that goes to make up the Bible? Some confession, some creed, some formula of faith, seemed not a violation of Protestant principles, but a necessity of the position; and, the creed once defined and assumed for authority, then follows the whole long, sad story of bigotry, exclusion, persecution, religious hate, sectarian jealousy and feud, until, sick at heart, many despair of the cause of religious liberty itself, and yield to the still dread spell of Rome, or else abandon the hope of Christian fellowship altogether. The history of creeds, i. e. of Protestant theology, as a substitute for the grand and awful spiritual despotism of the Catholic Church, — from the bloody persecution

of the Arminians in Holland by the Calvinists, themselves scarce emancipated from the frightful tyranny of Spain, down to the small village rivalries between Orthodox and Dissenter, or the puny controversies on the limits of Christian fellowship, and the right of a man to adopt the Christian name, — shows through what melancholy straits the human mind must pass, in the historic evolution of a great idea. Dogmatic theology, from the incoherent mysticism of the Trinity down to the frightful assertions of hopeless depravity and everlasting perdition, is the shady side and the weak side of Protestantism,— its vain endeavor to rear a fabric of ghostly authority, which should have the charm to captivate, or the majesty to overawe, the emancipated intelligence of the human race.

Here are only weakness and failure. The strength of Protestantism and its glory have been the practical, positive work it has set on foot; not its religious organizations, as such, but the spirit it has emancipated and set to vigorous action by means of them. The great battle of religious liberty, so heroically fought; the laborious culture and evolution of religious thought, in schools of criticism, philosophy, and morals; the noble enterprises of conscience, in the founding of Christian republics, and in laying out the field of modern philanthropy; the grand religious enterprise of universal missions, which, even if a failure as to its main end (as some say), is yet a glorious attempt; still more, the courageous grappling with dark social problems, pauperism, slavery, crime; — these are the fruits that have grown, for the modern world, from the root of individual liberty of mind and soul, the life-root of the Reformation. Personal energy, personal conviction, conscience acting in direct obedience to God, resolute will that calls no man master upon earth, — these inspired the heroic protest of Luther; these have been the vital principles, since, of the world's best religious life. Say that it ran in the blood of the German race, foreordained from their day of savage liberty to the development of organized democracy; or say that it is the ripe fruit of Christian thought and life, to be appropriated wherever there is vitality enough, — this it is plain to see. The history of Protestant nations is the history of the enterprise, discovery, commerce, arts, science, invention, learning, and

philanthropy of modern times. This glorious inheritance we receive along with our birthright of religious liberty. The nobler energies of mankind, latent and suppressed under the dominion that weighed upon the soul, waited its emancipation, as great rivers wait the breath of spring, to give force and volume to their flow. There is scarce one great movement of the last three hundred years, of permanent and marked success, and affecting deeply the welfare of mankind at large, dating from the Roman Church, or any people under its control, to set off against the great political reforms of England, the colonizing of free states in America and Australia, the organizing of republican institutions, the revolution in commerce wrought by steam, and that conquest of nature inaugurated by modern science. All these are part of our modern inheritance of liberty of thought. They, of course, are not to be ascribed to Protestantism, consciously working out as such; they are not its product as an organized spiritual force; but they are the trophies of that emancipated energy, that free intelligence, that bold individual conscience, which it was the mission of Protestantism to herald as an agency in the world's affairs. As widely as the spell of Rome remains, so widely this energy continues latent, inert, and impossible.

The weak side of Protestantism is seen in this, — that it does not understand the energies it has invoked: it fears them, shrinks from them, and dares not even attempt to control them. Liberty of thought it has sought vainly, by every expedient, to pacify, overawe, and hush. The portentous birth of European Democracy, which sprang up at its side, it began to fear and hate as soon as it outran the cautious limits the Reformers had proposed. When the nobles scorned Luther's counsels of justice, and the peasants rejected his words of peace, he, even he, a man of the people, was sharp and implacable to side with authority against rebellion. "A pious Christian," said he, "should die a hundred deaths rather than give way a hair's breadth to the peasants' demands." Challenging the authority of the Church, Protestantism has leaned on the arm of the state. It is but a feeble barrier it has interposed to the ambition and pride of worldly powers. The English Church began by owning the king's supremacy

as its head; and he Henry the Eighth, who persecuted right hand and left at his caprice. It canonized Charles the First, who traded away the faith reposed in him, and died a martyr to the cause of absolutism. The Protestant Church of Germany has both hindered and betrayed the cause of popular liberty; so that in 1849 some democratic leaders said, in bitter rage, "Our mistake was in not cutting off every man who believes in God; we will remedy that mistake next time." In America we have seen the encroachments of a despotism as sordid, as stealthy, as unscrupulous as any in Naples or Vienna, and as deeply and openly steeped in crime; a despotism erected on the basest of all possible foundations, property in man; which, under forms of popular government, has insulted every instinct of liberty, and, under forms of law, violated every principle of justice; — yet how slightly resisted by the Protestant Church, spite of its birthright of liberty, how largely helped by the alliance of the so-called Catholic, with its instinct of servility!

Now it is not the Protestant Church which is to blame for this: at least, it is its position, not its disposition, that is to blame. It is not the fault so much as it is the weakness of Protestantism, that it fails to present any strong barrier to the encroaching powers of the world. As an organization, it has no basis except in deference to its dogma, or else in personal reverence for the right and true. Its motive energy is not in the collective body, but in the individual soul. Church forms only preserve and maintain; the free conscience must animate and create. The very task it accomplished in crippling the hierarchy of Rome was to rid the world of a spiritual power strong enough to meet and match the political forces of society on their own ground. It was against the very genius of Protestantism to provide a substitute.

This inherent weakness of Protestantism is especially seen in its failure to take in the religious and moral wants of society, — its failure, perhaps we may say, even to try to comprehend or meet them. We mean (of course) directly, in its religious organizations. It is the glory of the Catholic Church, that, with all its falsity and faults, it did meet the social problem of Christianity as a whole, so far as it could

be comprehended at the period; and with an honest courage attempted to solve it. That Church knew emperor and king, peasant and slave, alike, only as subjects of its spiritual domain. It declared the state of slavery impossible for a Christian; and did in fact abolish it in Europe by embracing all ranks and conditions of men within its fold. It established the Truce of God; thus setting a check to the rage of private wars, and winning society slowly towards a reign of peace. It organized charities on a scale with which the world has nothing to compare; and, in an age of hopeless strife, and ravage, and destitution, grappled with the whole dread question of pauperism; — on false principles indeed, by adopting and consecrating mendicancy; but perhaps no other way was possible then; and at any rate the Church did aim to meet the case. It assumed the charge of educating every child, at least so far as was needful to make him a subject of its empire or heir of its hope, and so of meeting hand to hand the vice, ignorance, and savagery of the streets. Now Protestantism — if we except individual efforts here and there, or voluntary associated action — has nothing to set side by side with this magnificent aim and pretension of Catholic Christianity. Not only its agencies are feeble, but its theory is at fault. The salvation of the individual soul, the culture of the individual conscience, has been the task to which it limited the sphere of Christianity. Its churches are voluntary associations; its missions leave great haunts and hordes of heathenism in the streets at home, while they carry their instruction or appeal thousands of miles away. By the very constitution of its churches, the intelligent, the conscientious, the well-principled, the respectable and prosperous, — those who best know the value of religious culture, and need it least, — are the ones looked to to sustain the institutions of Protestant Christianity; until the bitter satire of the reproach of the Apostle James falls literal and direct, that the rich are received and welcomed to the house of God, while the poor, for whom the Gospel was first preached, are kept away on system. And, busy with the task of conversion and culture within, or dissensions and rivalries of sect without, with costly pomps of worship, or itching ears for eloquence, the Church, in

its degeneracy and shame, turns aside from the great task given to it, and makes the name itself of Christianity a reproach. In the Catholic empire once, and in Papal countries still, every man, however rude or poor, is at least in theory to be met by the offices of the Church, for instruction, for comfort, for rescue from sin. In Protestant lands, more than half the population, numerically, stand in no acknowledged church relations at all; and are only approached, at hazard, as it were, and uncertainly, by the voluntary efforts of a few, moved by the power of the Gospel and by the love of man.

This would not be a matter of reproach, if the Protestant churches did not assume and claim the complete interpreting of Christianity. As simple voluntary associations for culture and worship, they may be useful, beautiful, indispensable; but then there should be no room for bigotry, no room for jealousy, no room for sectarian contentions, or threats of excommunication. It is just because Protestant Churches do assume to declare the whole counsel of God, and embody the whole aim of Christianity, that the error is fatal when they omit from their field these vast and most imperative claims. The scope of Christianity itself gets insensibly narrowed and lowered, to fit the standard which is found practicable within certain arbitrary limits. Protestantism has none of the infinite flexibility, skill, and strength, in dealing with all grades of character and condition, shown once, and in large measure still, by Rome; and a religious aim that cannot be compassed by its vastly inferior mechanism is held to be no part of Christianity at all. Thus we find the scandal and shame of Protestant churches, that many social questions are met in a spirit higher, gentler, truer, more religious and humane, by those outside of them than in them. Reform gets divorced from Religion. Social and organic sins find the Church noncommittal and neutral, and meet their rebuke elsewhere. And the singular spectacle is seen, on the one hand, of a petty jealousy which cavils, slurs, and hinders the free movement of thought and conscience towards higher forms of humanity and social justice; and, on the other hand, the inconsistency which owns as fellow-workers in the sphere of morals the same men whom it shuts out technically from the very pale

of Christianity. A and B stand together on the platform of philanthropy; while, by their theology, A execrates B as a dogmatist, and B condemns A.to perdition as an infidel. This helpless and equivocal position is the fatal result of the narrow and technical acceptation in which Protestantism has defined its work.

But thought and conscience play freely still, in wider channels, and still ever wider. There is an instinct in Protestantism higher than its theory or its creed. A thousand traditions and memories grave deep upon it the watchword of free thought, free conscience, political and religious liberty. That expansive, undaunted spirit, more bold to destroy than skilful to construct, still bursts all artificial limits, and compels those bred in the pale of sect and creed towards something broader than all sects, more comprehensive than all creeds. Entire individualism, perfect liberty of thought, is the mark towards which Protestantism always points. Willingly or unwillingly, its courses set that way. Liberal Christianity, on the one hand, where the devout and religious temper is retained; downright scepticism, on the other, where reverence is lost; absolute freedom, in either case, from all human dictation or control, — this is its last word, always and everywhere. It is greater in what it prompts and stimulates, than in what it is. No technical, prescribed, and limited form of faith can meet the world's want, or embrace the vast compass of the kingdom of God on earth. The boundaries which have been successively set up will one by one be broken down, that the Divine life may organize itself anew in larger and fairer forms. Let us thank God for our Protestant inheritance of liberty of soul. But let us not, through sectarian pride or narrowness of heart, refuse to see that all forms in which it is clothed hitherto are narrow and provisional; that a great work lies before us, which it has not so much as ventured to attempt; that religious liberty itself is but a shadow or a name, unless it signifies the spirit of loyalty and trust, with which we are to meet the larger issues of the time which lies solemn and shadowy before us.

We need the common faith. We need, in a thousand ways, the support of Christian fellowship. But even more, society

needs, not an arena for the strife of tongues, not a university of popular debate, not stray bands or solitary groups of theorists, to speculate about the past and future and metaphysics of Christianity. It wants banded and Christian men to do its work. It wants to have the broad way of truth thrown open, for the reconciliation of jarring sects. It wants its works of humanity undertaken by men who understand one another, and are united in religious principles and aims. It wants the more large and complete development of a spiritual power, acting through the free heart and conscience of earnest men, conformed to the wants, thoughts, intelligence, and enterprises of this age; — to control by a Christian humanity the antagonisms of a rude civilization and the bitter strifes of party. It wants the lines of old division to be broken up, that so men may meet on the broad platform of a liberal and practical Christianity. Not a hand raised to the good work, but shall have its blessing. Not a feeble few that gather for it, but shall have the cheer of those words of Christ, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

ART. VI. — THE PEACE POLICY: HOW IT IS URGED, AND WHAT IT MEANS.

1. *The President's Message, and Accompanying Documents.*
2. *The Programme of Peace.* By a Democrat of the Old School. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.
3. DR. PUTNAM'S *Thanksgiving Sermon.* The Boston Traveller, November 29, 1862.

TWENTY months of war have never once weakened, in our people's heart, the longing and the hope of peace. We are not a fighting people. The interests we have cherished, the glories we have sought, the successes we have won, have very few of them lain in the track of arms and conquest. It was with heavy hearts and reluctantly that we were dragged into

the present contest. Every demand but the last, — the surrender of private conscience and national honor, — we stood ready, even eager to make, to avert the horrible necessity of bloodshed. Nay, who knows how far these might not have been bargained and tampered with, had only one month more been given of delay? Those who were the first to accept the challenge made on the 12th of April, were the last to suspect of any profligate ambition, or any fondness for strife and blood. It was the chief of our armies who counselled caution, compromise, and peace. It was the great industrial classes of our land, the farmers and mechanics, the merchants and bankers, all whose interests and habits lay in the direction of peace, — it was the scholars and thinkers, the loyal, earnest, and devout, whose very profession and faith was peace, — that accepted with prompt and stern determination the necessity of fighting. With a certain patriotic joy and pride at the marvellous awakening of a spirit thought to be slumbering or dead, yet in the main with grief and dread, has this mighty burden been undertaken and borne. The passion of empire, and the frenzy of war, which strangers thought they saw in us, have been as far as possible from being the animating spirit of the conflict. Sadly, but with the sincerity of absolute conviction, all that is noblest in our nation has answered the summons and offered itself for sacrifice. We have known that the way to peace lay through strife and tears, and that the ransom of our liberties could be purchased only at the cost of blood.

"Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem."

A nationality was to be defended; a principle was at stake; a form of civilized society containing in its bosom all our hopes for the future and all the seeds of good we trusted in Providence to ripen for us, was threatened with assault, treachery, and the menace of divisions, exasperations, and terrors without end. It was for peace in justice, for that only, we took up arms. We believed the cause so sacred that it could claim the uttermost loyalty and the last sacrifice of every true citizen. The only question with a loyal man would be, what line of service and what form of sacrifice his country

might specially demand from him. And we doubt whether history shows a war in which the nobler conscience and the religious faith of a people have been more completely enlisted, or more fairly represented in the strife of arms. Like a mirage, the vision of peace has floated before our eyes, through all the dust and horror of the march; and each month of the conflict has only made more keen the desire and more passionate the hope. The first thought in victory was, not the exultation of triumph, but the joy that peace was so much nearer; the bitterness of defeat was, that another cloud had shut out that fair prospect, and the struggle must be longer and more dreadful than we had thought.

The twenty months have not been without their effect both to deepen and to shape this constant desire. We did not need the warning beforehand, how cruel an arbiter had been invoked when North and South took up arms against each other; and surely we do not need that warning now. The actual sacrifice of more than fifty thousand lives, the actual exposure, at this hour, of nearly a million more to the perils of battle, camp, and ocean, — the steady claim and drain upon our charities for maimed and sick men, and for families bereaved, — the thick darkness upon that path in which we can but feel our steps from day to day, — the griefs, the terrors, and the uncertainties into which we have plunged after long sunny days of prosperity and quiet, — these are things which we do not need to have forced upon our thoughts as if we had forgotten them. Nor are the broader charities in us chilled or deadened, that we should forget the misery to many nations that grows out of the calamity of one; that we should be hardened to the haggard want in other lands that comes from the choking of our streams of commerce; that we should deny our faith in those great gains and treasures for humanity, that can come only in the Messiah's reign of peace. Our cherished visions were never fairer than now, that they must be contrasted with the darkness and terror of the storm that is upon us. The blessing of security and quiet was never so dearly prized as now, that a bloody gulf behind and before still parts us from them.

This is the thought of peace which abides evermore in the

patriot's heart, and is his guiding star through the blackness of the waters and the terror of the storm. As we approach the threshold of the new year, the thought and the hope have ripened, with many among us, to a conviction that the day of peace cannot be very much longer delayed; at least that the present contest, in the form and vastness it has now, must be fast drawing to a close. A hundred ways may be thought of, how it might have been brought to a speedier decision. It is easy criticism, sometimes heart-rendingly easy and plain, to say how horrible mistakes might have been avoided, and how magnificent opportunities should have been improved. As a part of our nation's discipline, we may see hereafter that not a day of this stern teaching has been lost, and not a drop of the bleeding sacrifice could have been spared.

At present, it may be worth our while to look at the reasons which have induced many to believe that the return of peace may be near, and at those considerations of national duty, security, and honor which are involved in it. Successful or not in the winter campaign we are now passing through, there are obvious reasons for anticipating that it must be very soon followed by those adjustments which will determine the political future of our country. The maturer sense of Christendom will not endure the spectacle of lingering and resultless wars, such as were possible two or three centuries ago. The desires, counsels, and interests of foreign nations have already taken official shape in hints of mediation, which are likely to be pressed home upon us before another summer, in such a way as to forbid the longer derangement of our industry and sealing of our ports. The popular voice at the polls means, if not peace on any terms, at least a determination that it shall not be long delayed; if not by victory, then it must be had by composition. Again, it would seem as if the government had gone about as far as it dare or can in procuring levies for our vast armies; if it cannot succeed with the means now at its disposal, the reason will be apt to be found in its own incompetency, or else the impossibility of success. Besides, the powerful pacific instinct and habit of the people will make itself felt in compelling a settlement, just as the dead weight of the ocean waves is felt as a steady pressure, to con-

trol the violence of the storm, and restore the calm level of the sea. Entirely aside, therefore, from the unreal visions and phantasms of swift-coming peace, which have so perplexed our diplomacy, discredited our political prophets, and beguiled the popular heart in the weariness of the long struggle, there are sober reasons for believing that the war draws near its close. These whispers in the air, of intervention and reconstruction, may be worth little as showing from what source or in what form the result will come; but they may be accepted as hints and harbingers of some change approaching, in that violent and full tide of our troubled national life.

But we need not speculate on the chances of the future. The consummation we so devoutly wish is distinctly offered us. We have only, we are told, to hint a willingness that this strife should cease, and the door of reconciliation lies already open. Of course, this has been the assurance from the first of the seceded States, — that is, of the leaders in their great revolt. They only wished, they said, to be "let alone." They only wished their victory granted as soon as claimed, their dominion acknowledged as soon as sought. They only desired that all which had been won in the long campaign whose issue was announced two years ago should be let go by default; that the brilliant slave-empire of the South, with its "Golden Circle" embracing Mexico and the Antilles and the gorgeous Spanish Main, should take its place, unchallenged, among the great powers of the earth; that the American republic should be left a dishonored wreck and fragment, and the fabric of a free Christian civilization, slowly building here these two centuries, should be shattered and spoiled. That was all. On those terms, we might two years ago, we might since at any hour, have had such peace as it should please the successful conspirators to grant us. Troublesome questions of boundary might come up, — but they could be easily arranged by yielding up our wide territories, one by one, the refuge and the hope of freemen of every tongue; of frontier quarrels and slavemaster's rights, — but these could be hushed by waiving and conceding them; of certain natural highways of trade and travel, — but these might be composed, we were told, on the easy terms of accept-

ing the slaveholders' constitution, and being received back to the colossal empire, shorn of our political strength, and consenting henceforth to the lordship of the "master race." We said we might have had peace on such conditions: but no, — we had hardly begun to ponder them, and were only beginning to understand what new horizons of infamy were opening before us, when the shock of that first gun roused us, as if from an evil dream, and the question even, which it offered, never had time to shape itself clearly in the consciousness of the nation. The bribe was indignantly spurned, without so much as distinctly knowing how splendid or how base it was.

Temporary separation, compelled by a threat in one hand and bought by a promise in the other, — separation for the sake of after political arrangements, which should assure them the absolute dominion of the continent, — was the deliberate purpose with which the "Barons of the South" engaged in this conspiracy. The scheme they dignified with the name of State Rights and independence; the bribe they offered the nation's conscience was the name of peace. Judging by the precedents of the past thirty years, no wonder they expected to succeed. Employing the immense advantage of social position, political experience, and local pride, no wonder they persuaded their own people — possibly persuaded themselves — that they were striking for the righteous cause of liberty from constraint and redress of wrong. Where those who share in a great desire and passion must be counted by millions, — where, especially, the sacred name of home and domestic quiet and vested right give sincerity and ardor to the struggle, — we do not think so ill of human nature as to count men criminals from the mere fact that they are arrayed against us, even though our dearest interests and most sacred convictions are at stake. We have no quarrel with the Southern people. We know they have been taught, many of them, to hate us with a blind and passionate hatred, and that this has shown itself, in the present strife, in the most shocking forms. But we know that there has never been anything, this side, answering to it in the least degree, — unless as passion has been stirred, transiently, by the bitter and terrible incidents of war. The pathetic fidelity to an evil cause, — the passionate valor

that has resisted invasion of home and kindred, — the brilliant feats of military skill that have almost made good the enormous disparity of forces, — above all, the sad and tragic attitude in which that perishing structure of Southern society has stood, pining for the common blessings of corn and cloth and salt, dreading the vague horror of slave revolt, yet fighting with a desperate resignation, as it were, to the worst of horrors, rather than forsake its faith in the worst and fatalest of political creeds, — all this moves us with quite other feelings than animosity and revenge. If peace could be had, as we were told, by the naming of the word, it would not be for ourselves alone, hardly for ourselves first, we should rejoice; but to think that ruin and unimagined horror had been spared in those sumptuous valleys and those fair savannas, where the storm of war so pitilessly swept.

We need not reiterate what we have already illustrated at some length,* — how anxiously our government has sought from the first to secure peace, on the single condition of recognizing its lawful authority, and with as small a sacrifice as possible of existing institutions and legal rights.† If the first summons had been heeded, or the first campaign successful, it would have proved literally true, according to Mr. Seward's

* See Christian Examiner for September, 1861.

† We copy the following paragraphs from General Rosencranz's General Order of December 4 (No. 31): —

"This war is waged for the preservation of the Union of our fathers. To preserve that Union the rebellious States must be coerced into submission. This is the one great end we have in view, — and this end must and shall be attained. Without passion, from a sense of duty, trusting in the God who abhors pride and all injustice, we march onward to that end.

"That the people of the South have been deluded by ambitious demagogues, deceived by lying misrepresentations, — carried away, some by natural sympathies, others by an irresistible current of circumstances, — that many have even been forced into a participation in the rebellion, — we well know. We both know and deplore the cruel necessities of the situation made for them by their rulers. We abhor the grinding despotism which has devoured their substance, depopulated their valleys, converted peaceful neighborhoods into haunts of banditti, and substituted a reign of oppression and terror for the mild government under which, but two short years ago, they were so happily living. We pity them, — we have pitied them, — even while duty compelled us to unsheathe the sword against them; and though so long as they confront us in arms our swords shall never be returned to their scabbards, we yet will gladly hail the day when this desolating and unnatural war shall cease."

famous phrase, that the rebellion had come to an end, leaving the "rights of the States, and the condition of every human being in them, subject to exactly the same laws and forms of administration" as before. Surely, this was no menace of conquest or revolution. How such overtures were met is now matter of history. The government declared at the outset (June 8, 1861), that it "would, under all circumstances, insist on the integrity of the Union, as the chief element of national life"; and in its "acceptance of civil war as an indispensable condition," announced the "strong desire and fixed purpose that the war shall be as short, and accompanied by as little suffering, as possible." No doubt whatever exists, that the declaration was made in entire good faith. Granting that the government had the right at first to assert its authority, it could not without infamy have offered peace afterwards, on any other terms. When France repents of her long war against the Barbary pirates, and renounces her occupation of Algiers, — when England stands ready at the first challenge to abandon, on ethical grounds, we will not say her imperial colonies of Australia, Canada, or Hindostan, but such way-stations of trade and arms as Gibraltar, Jamaica, and Singapore, — then these nations may plead with us against the injustice or the hopelessness of the present contest.* Compromise with armed conspirators against the dignity and life of the nation would have been treachery, not only to the trust confided by this people in its rulers; it would have been also to betray the rights and welfare of humanity, of which every civilized State is in some special sense the guardian. To quote the words of an eloquent and noble Englishman, "The North fights for civilization against barbarism, for law against lawlessness, for the responsibility of public officers against the impunity of perjured treason, for humanity against cruelty, for coherent civilized institutions against interminable anarchy." † All this, aside from that high disposal of an historic

* "To pronounce it hopeless and destructive, is to encourage and almost justify the rebels. On no previous occasion have English statesmen taken on themselves to prejudge the ability of a friendly government to put down insurrection." — F. W. Newman's *Letter to Hon. W. E. Gladstone*, December 4, 1862.

† F. W. Newman, in the *London American*.

Providence, which has made the North in this contest — even, as it were, in spite of its own reluctance and protest — the champion of human liberty against a peculiarly gross, sordid, and brutal form of servitude. We know with what lingering and reluctant hand our government brought itself to strike at that hateful privilege which could claim the sanction and the forms of law, while it was used to sharpen the sword and impel the thrust that was aimed at our national existence. More than fifteen months of actual hostility had passed before the penalty of armed treason was made to include the forfeiture of slaves. So easy our government would make the terms of that union and peace which was the single object it sought. That claim, held in such strange and exceptional respect, — that the enemy of his country, forfeiting its protection and assailing its life, might employ its strong hand to help him hold his bondmen, — was torn at length from the scroll of our public liberties, and the offer of reconciliation was renewed. State rights should be respected, but the slaves of rebel masters must go free. This second offer was repudiated and mocked. And now a third time, beaten back from half the area they claimed, shorn of political prestige and strength, with ruin and revolution looking them in the face, the rebellious States are warned that the downfall of the institution for which they made this tremendous sacrifice is irrevocable and fixed; the same price is demanded as at first, — submission; but submission will buy no longer now the undiminished advantage and privilege which was not enough for them two years ago, — only the pledge and the help of the nation, in relieving them of the formidable burden which they brought on themselves when they took up arms in an evil cause.

We do not propose to discuss the last declaration which has been made of the government policy in respect to slavery, in the President's Annual Message. The details of the plan which he suggests take the subject out of the region of general ethical discussion into the field of political expediencies and debates. The main point which has been so long contended for — the extinction of the system of slavery in this country — is already determined on. The precise form in which that great social revolution shall be inaugurated, the hour at which

the decisive blow shall be struck, the boundaries within which it shall take effect, the instrumentalities by which it is to be made effectual, — all has been announced as part of the Executive policy. Some doubt exists, at the present moment, as to the exact bearing which the two Executive documents, — the Proclamation and the Message, — may have upon each other. We shall take for granted that the terms of peace, now proposed, include them both.* Three months ago, it was impossible to predict that the Proclamation might not be heeded somewhere as a warning, and so some part of the seceding territory be saved from its effect. The hundred days are so nearly expired that it would seem nothing now can interpose. The first act of the new year will be, by solemn and irrevocable edict, to withdraw the sanction of national authority from slavery in rebellious States and districts. The first duty of our national legislature will be *to organize emancipation* in territories made free by military law. Happily, the subject has not the vague mystery and dread there might have been in it a year ago. Two grand experiments have been made already, under the authority and protection of the United States. The Sea Island plantations near Port Royal have been occupied more than a year by a colony of emancipated negroes, and have been cultivated at a clear profit to the government, as we reckon, of about a million dollars. The beginnings and some details of this experiment, — especially the element of Christian benevolence which was so prominent in it, — we have set forth pretty fully in this Journal.† Within the last three months a system of free labor on a much larger scale, and with still more remarkable results, has been set on foot in the sugar districts of Louisiana, under the energetic administration of General Butler, — as thoroughly successful, amidst a large hostile population, and under constant menaces of re-conquest, as the other in its forsaken islands, and under the guns of our forts and fleet. Half the State of Louisiana is already, virtually, an emancipated district. The great revolution is already peacefully inaugurated. The Rubicon is passed, — and no

* "Nor will the war, nor proceedings under the Proclamation of September 22, 1862, be stayed because of the recommendation of this plan." — *President's Message.*

† Christian Examiner, June, 1862.

convulsions or blood have followed. The way is shown, under competent guidance, to be as safe as it is necessary and right.

The policy of emancipation is vindicated by its results to be a policy of peace, not of conquest and bloody revolution. An aristocracy will be destroyed, but the nation will be saved. To resist the powerful movement which has been begun, — to stop that peaceful revolution in its middle course, — to take back the given word and forfeit the pledged honor of the nation, and attempt to force slavery again upon those who have already tasted the breath of freedom, — might be to bring on this people the same judgment that befell San Domingo, in vaster and more appalling proportions. To accept the new policy of freedom, and follow it up in good faith, firmly, unflinchingly, is the only safe, as it is the only honorable way. We will not consent for a moment to believe that the Executive will belie its word, or that the present Congress will prove unworthy of its trust.

But the Proclamation, broad as it is, does not cover the whole ground. We might wish that the emancipation it declares were universal, — that on the new year's morning the flag of freedom floated over a continent without a slave. And so it would be, if it were the proclamation simply of a republican theory or of a philanthropic sentiment. But it is also the proclamation of a responsible magistrate, whose powers are limited by fixed boundaries. In the case of a district which renounces its allegiance, those boundaries may be thrown down, or at least set a great way back. It has challenged the war power of the government, and "they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." But there are States which have kept their loyalty, and must claim their rights of sovereignty. There may perhaps be others — by a possible contingency, several others — which accept the terms of peace; and the government must keep faith with them. Slavery, we have always held, is a matter of municipal law, and is by eminence among the things to be controlled by State jurisdiction. Whether the war power of the President, or the legislative power of Congress, is competent to override this scruple, is a question to be decided elsewhere; for the present, it seems too long a step in the direction of centralization.

No other way is obvious to make the spirit of the Proclamation universal, and to inaugurate absolute liberty everywhere as the public policy of the nation, except by some method equivalent to that suggested in the Message. The President's propositions are these: by amendments in the Constitution to assure, —

1. The absolute liberty of all slaves emancipated by the contingencies of war, — that is, to ratify the effect of the Proclamation of September 22;

2. The aid of the public treasury to all such States as shall declare emancipation previous to the year 1900; and

3. Authority to colonize, beyond the limits of the United States, such of the emancipated blacks as shall desire it.

Now these are simply suggestions touching particular results, to follow when the Proclamation has had its perfect work. It is hardly to be expected, we should suppose, that these particular propositions, or any near equivalents, should find their way through all the difficult formalities, and become part of the Constitution. If they should, it would secure the single advantage of putting the policy of freedom beyond the reach of political changes and the contingencies of future legislation. A real and great advantage. Yet we own to a strong repugnance that that document, which ought to contain only the broad outline and the abiding principles of our national government, should be marred by legal provisions for a transient evil, and by the needless recognition of a state of things that we are fast leaving behind us in the dark. Enough that it once gave sufferance to the slave-trade by a provision which has been obsolete these more than fifty years. Let the blow of the first of January be struck firmly, and the policy of last March followed in good faith; there will be little need then of providing for contingencies thirty-seven years in advance of us. To fix the eye on some distant thing helps steady one in an uneasy balance; and so we do not regret that the President has widened the horizon of our debates, and helped us to see something larger than the passions and struggles of to-day. But the policy he suggests, however interesting as a matter of special legislation, is quite apart from those broader principles which are more and more clearly seen to underlie the present struggle.

As to these, we ask attention to a single statement. We do not, of course, assume to speak for everybody, in a population of twenty millions, that with so astonishing unanimity embarked in it a year and a half ago. Still less do we pretend to assert that all the mixed motives which impelled men of so various parties and creeds were alike sincere or alike respectable. Indeed, it would not surprise us if something of vindictiveness, of sectional ambition, of love of empire, even of half-heartedness and bad faith, was eclipsed in the glow of that sacred heat, that seemed at the time to have fused every mean and disloyal thing. We are not apt to believe in sudden conversions; and it is not to be wondered at, if the war has shown us enemies at home more difficult to overcome than the open assailants of our peace, — men who coin the nation's blood for drachmas, letting our brave men perish half naked and barefoot in the frosty field, or are willing the war should linger, murderously, that public exhaustion may increase the chances of their political game. Such things it is as bitter to confess as it is impossible to deny. Let our enemies, abroad and at home, make the most of them. What we do say is, that *as this war was espoused in the beginning, so it has been sustained throughout, by precisely those classes which best represent the religion and conscience of the nation.* We believe that the soul of this people has never once wavered in its conviction that the contest is necessary and just, has never once shrunk from the sacrifice it must make for this cause, dread and terrible as the sacrifice might be. No words can overstate the awe, the reluctance, the grief, with which the alternative of war was seen to be approaching; or the absolute unanimity among Christian men in accepting it as a burden divinely imposed, and its cost as a solemn sacrifice. It is not too much to say, that every man among us who believes in a Divine law controlling human things, — in a destiny for States nobler than science or renown or wealth or power, — in a scheme of human obligation which admits such things as heroism, devotion, and self-sacrifice, — has felt that he was doing God's work in giving his aid to our nation in this struggle; and that the true destiny of this people, as ordained by Eternal Providence, — the true atonement for the wrongs

and errors of the past, — was to be won in this way, and no other.

Great populations are liable to great delusions; and some of our sincere friends abroad have considered this conviction of ours to be such. We are not careful to answer them in this matter. We desire them only to take note how sincere, how calm, how universal, the conviction is. The grounds of it we do not expect them to feel as we do. It would not be genuine, if it did not run in the veins, taste of the soil and air, and enter into the substance of the national life, in a way that must make it foreign and strange to them. It claims its place among the great faiths — the great delusions if they will — of history. It may be defeated, it may be betrayed; but without it we should forfeit whatever name and honor we aspire to hold among the nations of the earth. We need not recite the instances of humble heroism so countlessly multiplied and repeated in this war, or tell of that infinite and uncomplaining patience under all suffering, that eagerness to be at the post of duty if kept from it by wounds or sickness, that unhesitating devotion to the objects of the war, that pathetic trust in commanders whose unskilfulness or crime has shed such tides of costly blood, that charity steadily enlarging and deepening with the enormous drafts upon it, most conspicuous in our countrymen in the darkest hours of this struggle. We simply affirm, first, that it rests on an intelligent faith in our republican principles of government, for which no possible cost or sacrifice seems to us too dear; and besides, that the integrity of this nation, and the work appointed for it in the Christian civilization of this Western world, are elements in the religious faith we have been taught to cherish. This is our answer to those who have asked us a reason of our hope. With this conviction, it is precisely those most impressed with the dreadfulness of war who most distinctly repudiate the bribe of a false and treacherous peace.

For ourselves, during this long struggle, we have never for an instant wavered in our conviction as to its result. At times it has seemed just possible that the final issue might be thrown back, — indefinitely perhaps, — and preceded by years of restless throes, of deceitful compromises, of sharper divis-

ions and harder sacrifices; for this would be the only meaning to us of any political arrangement that should not settle, once for all, the points in controversy. But it has seemed more probable that a conflict so long maturing, entered on with such resolute purpose, developing passions and radical hostilities more and more deeply as it went on, must end by sweeping away, in its resistless flood, the one thing that has hitherto stood between us and peace. Hitherto, it has been unhappily true that there has never been a time when peace could have been had, except on terms that would have put this nation at the mercy of the South. Partition of territory would have been accepted by one party only as the last humiliation of utter defeat; would have been consented to by the other only with a boundary line that gave them virtually the control of the entire continent. If the South had been victorious, we should have heard no more of State rights and constitutional secession; then, the alternative to a chaos of warring states and sections would have been found in a military power, a centralized despotism, at deadly enmity with that popular freedom it had succeeded at last in betraying, defeating, and hunting into straitened and uncertain boundaries. Happily, that power was too disdainfully frank as to its designs beforehand. Happily, we knew that it would leave us only such rights as we could defend by force and arms; that our only hope of deliverance and peace was, to fight this fight through. Happily, the courage of the nation rose with its peril, and the popular heart has never lost its absolute assurance of triumph in the end.

Nor, even in the gloomiest period of our public fortunes, four or five months ago, do we think there was any serious abatement of this general confidence. Take it at its worst, what was the condition of things, as compared with a year before? A great army, of nearly half a million, mostly raised and disciplined within the year, one portion of it under the shadow of a serious repulse, and disheartened by strange jealousies and suspicions among its chief officers, yet loyal, fearless, and prompt for service, as soon as the way of service could be shown; witness South Mountain and Antietam within three weeks of Centreville and Chantilly; this, with a sec-

ond half-million gathering faster than they could be organized or employed or armed. A fleet fast getting ready, with powers of attack and defence never dreamed of by military engineers until the exigencies of this very war had developed the skill to invent them. A public policy announced, which must bear with crushing weight upon the rebellion, in a direction where no retaliation could be attempted. The powerful military positions of Norfolk, Newbern, Port Royal, Pensacola, New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, and Columbus, with the entire States of Missouri and Kentucky, and half of Virginia, Louisiana, Florida, and Tennessee,* all wrested from the rebellion within the year; while not a single lost post had been regained to it, or a foot of loyal territory held, except by a fortnight's foray in Maryland and Kentucky. A hundred menacing symptoms, from the Chesapeake to the Gulf, along the Mississippi, and in both Carolinas, showing that the system of slavery, which alone had made the rebellion possible, was a doomed and stricken thing, perishing by the flames it had kindled to consume its enemies, dissolved, as the ice-fields of the lakes soften to be swept over the cataract in spring. Against these immense advantages, to be set the signal but single failure of the second campaign in East Virginia. This was the account we had to register at that darkest and worst hour, when all those jealous and unfriendly towards us in other countries thought the day of our defeat and dissolution had come. If that was our reckoning in those months of disaster and fear, what wonder that we dreamed, even then, of no peace that should not be honestly earned by turning the tide of triumph the other way?

Besides the disasters of the summer, the elections of the autumn have been a motive to stimulate projects of compromise at home and mediation from abroad. At the risk of trespassing on the field of politics, let us say a word of explanation

* If to these we add the great central and valley States, and the Territories lying east of the Rocky Mountains, the area thus rescued from the anticipated control of the Slave Confederacy — from twelve to fifteen hundred thousand square miles — fully justifies the loose rhetorical estimate of "five or six times as great as all England and France, — as the world goes, no small result to show for a year of war." See *London Inquirer* of Nov. 20.

here, for the benefit of our European friends. Senator Wilson was right in the main, when he said, roughly, the other day, that the explanation was simply in the fact, that the Republicans, on whom the burden of the war rested, were not quite numerous enough to fight our enemies in the field, and at the same time vote down their political opponents at home. Such estimates as we have seen — if they have been discredited we have not heard of it — would show a clear majority of not far from half a million votes, from citizen soldiers in our armies, in favor of the general policy of the administration, — which, duly distributed among the opposition States, would have given them all overwhelming majorities the other way. Our battle-fields are too far off to let our defenders hold a tool in one hand for home use, while they handle a weapon in the other. Or analyze the vote a little differently; strike out the turbulent wards of the Empire City, and the State of New York shows more than twenty thousand majority against the party that had the suspicion of compromise upon them. Or else take the declarations of Western Democrats; and the elections are a demand, not for a new compromise, but for a more vigorous war and a solid peace, — a demand to which the government immediately made answer by changing its commanders and entering on a winter campaign in earnest. These, as far as we can gather, are the real symptoms of the public mind. So far, they give not the least encouragement to the counsel or the hope of those who would stay, with their petty and frail dikes, this Mississippi torrent of the nation's will.

We do not think we have misstated the temper of our people in the present controversy, nor the true lesson to be gathered from late events. A repetition of disasters like that just now at Fredericksburg might possibly cause rage and disgust, — might possibly raise among us the Roman cry for a six months' dictatorship, NE QUID RESPUBLICA DETRIMENTI CAPIAT; but it would not stem that current of events and passions which seems now strong as destiny. We believe that the general determination rests on a deliberate and full conviction, — which circumstances have greatly confirmed instead of weakening, — that the peaceable division of this Republic is not a

possible thing.* And this conviction has nothing to do — as our friends abroad argue — with the thirst for imperial dominion, which would threaten Canada and Mexico by the same claim that resists the secession of the South. A jagged, indented, doubtful boundary, traced by a paper treaty, — cutting across the great highways of trade and emigration, — violating all the national traditions and setting a deadly brand on the national pride, — parting not only two exasperated populations, but two systems of society that have been at open war these two years past, — what manner of "condition of peace" is that? Did not Jefferson Davis vindicate his conscription law by saying that, after peace should have been won in the "defensive war," the army would still be needed for "offensive purposes"; and thereby threaten in advance the doubly imbittered strife sure to follow on the ever-rising sources of

* "Would it *be* peace after all? Surely a peace paid for so dearly, obtained at the sacrifice of everything that manly nations hold most precious, — honor, fame, power, self-respect, the memory of the fathers, and all the traditions of a noble history, — surely it ought to be a real and a stable peace, seeing that it would be all that was left to us. If it is ignominious, it ought at least to be secure. But would it be? No, not for a month. There would be many hundreds of miles of an arbitrary boundary line, and along that whole line two angry and rival nations would stand facing each other; we hating them as the most proud and arrogant of nations, — a nation that has humbled us into the dust, and made us the scorn and loathing of mankind and of our own better selves; and they despising us as a thousand times meaner and weaker and more contemptible than they ever called us even in the old days of their truculent boasting and defiance. Would peace continue along such a border? There would be armies scattered along from post to post, on both sides, — great standing armies, almost as costly, and more demoralizing, than actual war. And then collisions must arise continually. The jeers and feuds of a rude soldiery would lead to them. The vexatious intricacies of traffic under a treaty would produce them. The escape and pursuit of slaves over the border would produce them. Everlasting intrigues, on both sides, to detach a disaffected state or country, and bring it over from one of the loose confederacies to the other, would produce them. Preferences given, or supposed to be given, to foreign nations in advantages of trade would produce them. Misunderstandings and mutual vexations about the use of those rivers, and other lines of traffic and trade which must be used in common, would produce them. We cannot number the causes that would be operating every day to produce collisions. And then all the old issues that produced the present conflict would remain unsettled, and ever ready to break into further wars. A treaty of peace would have to be more complicated than the old Constitution was. It would involve more questions of doubtful interpretation, lead to more misunderstandings and mutual imputations of bad faith. It would be absurd to expect that, if the Constitution could not preserve peace, a mere treaty could do it any better." — Dr. Putnam's *Thanksgiving Sermon.*

dispute? Would not every motive of pride and honor on one side the line demand the surrender of slaves as fiercely as it would refuse it disdainfully on the other? Would not the spirit of slavery itself be even more haughty and insolent than before, claiming its victories in open war, and boasting the extorted recognition and homage of the world? Would not a frontier crossed by twenty navigable streams, or lying along those great natural highways, make as certain and almost as vindictive a rivalry between the systems of protection and free trade? The Southern leaders know full as well as we, that such a boundary would be only a truce and a halt in the "irrepressible conflict"; and seek it — as we have shown before, by citations from their own speeches — for the leverage it would give them in the task of breaking the North to fragments, — for the sake of having the prestige of a recognized nationality in their schemes to control the continent. A real peace can be had only by retaining the prestige and traditions of that Constitutional Republic which has endured now for more than three quarters of a century; and — since the war, revealing the necessity, has also armed us with the power — by making its policy of freedom universal. Permanent division means anarchy and political dissolution. Little fear that our nation will consent to that. The real alternative lies between a reconstruction, which crowns the ambitious dreams of the leaders in this rebellion, and makes them masters of the continent, and a reassertion of the national authority and might, in such a way as to crush not only that daring scheme, but the despotic system of society itself out of which it sprang.

It is for this reason, and as sharing this deep conviction, that we hold the true peace policy to be the policy of emancipation. The Administration and Congress are alike committed to it, by every pledge on which their honor can be staked. It is assented to, we believe, by the overwhelming conviction of the people at large. It is the new and zealous creed of thousands whom the perils of the country have drawn to forsake old party ties, and joined to rescue the national life. It is attested as the sure and only way of victory, by increasing numbers of those citizen soldiers who went into the war hotly prejudiced the other way, and is urged by many among the ablest

and wisest officers, as a clear military necessity, if the government means and expects to conquer. We believe that facts have shown this policy likely to be the safest and humanest even for the days of peril that are now passing over us, and for that very period of transition which to the thoughtful has always seemed so full of dread. The slave aristocracy must fall, that the nation may survive. In its fall there will doubtless be suffering and terror. So there will be at any rate. That was inevitable when the first blow of open war was struck. But the South will be regenerated; its population, its industries, its civilization, will be renewed. And the nation will be saved. It will be delivered, for the first time, from the one great menace that since the beginning has cast its shade upon our prosperity. It will have won by the sword, and fortified on principles of eternal justice, the sure conditions of its true policy of peace.

We close, in the words of the powerful discourse from which we have already quoted: —

"It is evident, then, that the question between free and servile labor is now in immediate process of decision; and it can be decided in only one way. If freedom prevails in the present conflict, and slavery is removed, or put into a fair process of removal, the decision is once for all. That false system, once broken, can never revive or return in this age of the world. And then what shall hinder the perpetuity of union and peace throughout all our borders?

If, on the other hand, the slave system should conquer in this immediate conflict, it can be but for a season. The old issue will be forever presenting itself. The conflict will be renewed from year to year, or from generation to generation, till freedom prevails. The principle of freedom never tires, and never surrenders. When defeated and driven back, it rallies again. It agitates till it succeeds. It has the laws of nature on its side, and the deeper and mightier human instincts on its side, and God Almighty on its side; and its final predominance is only a question of time. This nation has postponed the fearful issue as long as it could, and now against our will it is upon us, and will push us till it is decided, and decided aright. Then, and only then, will there be peace. For myself, I believe that we shall not have even a temporary and precarious peace until it is decided, and decided aright. Predictions are idle, yet I cannot but anticipate that a few months shall bring the end, or at least show us the beginning of the end, and such an end that this whole continent shall be blessed in it, and universal humanity rejoice in it."

Art. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

When we are called to notice such works as that of Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch,* we are almost ashamed of our slack conservatism; we find ourselves to be timid and behind the time. Here is a book, written by a prelate of the English Church, which takes very boldly the ground which Rationalists have taken very doubtfully, and leaves far behind all the neological criticism of the "Essays and Reviews." The heretics Goodwin and Williams will be amazed to find a peer of the Bishops of Oxford and Salisbury uttering heresy so much more advanced than theirs. Our sturdy American iconoclast, Mr. L. A. Sawyer, has indeed anticipated, in his "Biblical Reconstructions," the conclusion of Dr. Colenso's work, and has pronounced the whole Mosaic account to be a tissue of "allegories"; but, unfortunately, in his small volume, assertion is more abundant than argument, and there is a total lack of references and authorities. Dr. Davidson in his new work has many startling critical heresies, and suggests more; but these are hidden in a bulky octavo, which, from its size and cost, is inaccessible to the mass of readers. We are wonted to "surprises" in the province of critical and scientific theology, but of all these surprises, this last is the most remarkable: — an English Church Bishop, continuing in his office, with no idea of resigning, and with no apology for his position, yet declaring deliberately that the Mosaic narrative is neither historical nor truthful.

In the Preface to his volume, Dr. Colenso describes the process of his thought, and the reasons which have constrained him to the publication of his views. The tone of this Preface is frank, honest, and manly, full of confidence in the power of truth and the candor of the audience which the writer solicits. It wins respect at the outset and disarms severity of judgment. It is the tone of one who prizes sincerity above all other graces, and not of one who loves to say startling things. There is no triumph in it, but at the same time no reserve or hesitation. As a practical man, a missionary to the heathen, Dr. Colenso holds it to be of the highest importance that all difficulties in the way of preaching the Gospel should be cleared away, so far as they can be without violence to truth; and he has found that intelligent Caffres were keen to see inconsistencies which enlightened sons of Japhet are either unable or unwilling to see. He does not wish that light should become darkness to those that sit in darkness. In all our theological reading we have not met with a piece more touching and more noble than this Preface of the Bishop of Natal.

The volume which Dr. Colenso has issued is only the first part, the first instalment, of what will probably be a work of considerable size.

* The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined. By the Right Rev. John William Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 229.

It does not offer any positive theory of the origin and composition of the Pentateuch, but is wholly critical, and, as some would say, "destructive." It simply cites and discusses instances from the several Mosaic books, where the statements, on the face of them, are shown to be incredible and impossible. Most of these instances have been considered by German critics, and several of them have been alluded to by English critics. As an original discoverer of inconsistencies in the record, Dr. Colenso has no claim to regard; yet he is singularly skilful in bringing into clear light inconsistencies which might readily escape the notice even of careful readers. His discrimination is very acute, and no fallacy in reasoning escapes him. Especially valuable is his volume in exposing the sophistries of Kurtz, whose honesty of general purpose is limited by the dogmatic necessities of his position, and whose work, in the English dress of the Edinburgh publishers, deceives the reader by its appearance of candor. We should infer, from the range of the authorities which he uses, that Dr. Colenso is not a practised German scholar, and that his acquaintance with German views is mainly through the medium of translations. His principal English witnesses are Kalisch and Thomas Scott, a strangely unequal pair. There seems to be almost a touch of humor in parading the verbiage of old Thomas Scott in a theological work in this year of the nineteenth century.

Of the incredible statements of the Pentateuch which Dr. Colenso discusses we can give only a dry and partial catalogue. He shows that the accounts of the family of Judah, sons and grandsons, are contradictory; that it would be physically impossible for the congregation ever to have got into the court of the tabernacle, at the time of sacrifice; that the story of Moses and Joshua addressing all Israel, six hundred thousand, at once, must be false, since the sound of so many crying children would of itself have drowned their voices; that it was impossible for the Israelites in their flight to have got the material for so many tents, or to carry these with them in their wanderings; that their flocks and herds could never have found in such numbers sustenance in the desert; that the extent of Canaan is wholly incompatible with the account of Israelite numbers; that the number of "first-borns" would give an average of *forty* children to every father and mother; that it would be impossible for *three* priests to have performed the duties required of them; that the war on Midian involves a slaughter and a crime not only morally monstrous, but beyond all physical possibility. These and similar instances seem to Dr. Colenso sufficient to prove that the Pentateuch cannot be literal or authentic history. He leaves aside all the questions of genesis and cosmogony.

The interest attaching to books of the class to which this volume belongs centres for the most part upon the manner in which they are received by those whom they scandalize or frighten. The English Church has become the diseased or infected sheep of the flock. The heresies developed in it are so numerous, so boldly avowed, and so ludicrously or vainly dealt with, that they have for the last three years wellnigh engrossed the attention of all who have time to spare for

heresies. The agitation caused by the "Essays and Reviews," so far from being transient and ineffective, as was predicted, has been steadily strengthening and extending. That volume has compelled proceedings and measures which must be followed up till they lead to radical changes, in the direction either of rigidness or relaxation. While the trials in the ecclesiastical courts are still waiting decision, a prelate of the Church gives forth a volume, the effect of which is to aggravate tenfold not only the annoyance and scandal caused by heresy in the Establishment, but the perplexity of dealing with it in a legal and practical way.

The Missionary Bishop of Natal goes to London to publish a book which he has written, and the Bishop of Cape Town, knowing the contents of the book, follows up his track to prosecute him for it. What is the book? We have given its title. As for its subject-matter, that has long been familiar to our more intelligent Sunday-school teachers. Dr. Colenso is a man we should judge eminently adapted to, and devotedly engaged in, his Christian work in a semi-savage diocese. If it is his duty, and that of clergymen like him, to resign their offices and emoluments in the Church, it is as clearly the duty of those who remain in the Church, and visit their rebukes upon the heretics, to vindicate their own consistency. The question which sagacious and candid men are now considering is, not whether a few professional scholars who have avowed their dissent from the standards of the Church ought at once to leave it, but how and why it is that, with such an exposure as these heretics make of the utterly untenable and fabulous matter wrought into those standards, any class of scholarly, honest, and professedly religious men should have the front still to maintain them. It is no fair answer to this demand, to allege that the majority of the clergy of the English Church still affirm their belief in its formulas and standards. Its honors and emoluments may have sufficient attraction to win to it thousands of ministers willing to subscribe its creeds. But we do not see how, as honest men, they are discharged from the responsibility of vindicating, before the age in which they live, their right to profess a belief in discredited theories and dogmas. The Church to which they belong is of itself just now a greater scandal to the interests of true religion and morality, than is any one of the incidental relations to it of some heretical members. It has come to be understood that, while the Essayists are awaiting judgment, and Dr. Colenso may be soon challenged, the English Church is itself on trial.

In stormy times of revolution, it is the more needful that the still, small voice in which the soul utters its secret aspiration and faith should not be all unheard. "The Imitation of Christ" was born amidst the throes of the same troubled era that gave birth to the Renaissance and the Reformation; the words of Tauler and the German mystics were especially dear to the heart of the great Reformer; the writings of the Quietists, English and French, are a soft and plaintive strain heard among the rough voices of the period in which Europe was passing from the wars of the Reformation to the great

secular struggles of the eighteenth century. Mr. Whittier does not suffer us to forget these things, or their obvious suggestion now, in the tender and graceful introduction with which he heralds to us a new and choice gem of Christian piety.* It is difficult, in general, to draw clear lines of characterization among writings of this class. The family likeness is always the plainest to trace, where the ground-tone is purely that of reverent and trustful meditation. And what we desire in such a book is, not the clear limning of its thought so much as the aroma of its presence and the contact of its spirit. The fond and incessant spiritualizing of Bible words and phrases, the pious, half-unconscious allegorizing that makes so striking a feature in this and similar works, submits to us canons of scholarly exegesis, and we try it by quite another test. We should be glad to illustrate it by many passages we have marked, of refined and delicate religious imagery; but we have space only for a single paragraph.

"*What they urge against Christianity is true.* The believer knows, already knows, all that the infidel can tell him; the eye of love can see as clearly as that of hate, and it has already mourned over all that the other exults in; has seen springs sink down suddenly among the sands of the desert; has looked upon bare and stony channels, now ghastly with the wreck and drift of ages, yet showing where once a full, fair river bore down life and gladness to the ocean. The Christian would fain explain, account for, these long delays, this partial efficacy, this intermittent working. He feels that he is in possession of the key which is to open all these intricacies, but at present he finds that, like that of the Pilgrims, 'it grinds hard in the lock.' He sees Jesus, but he sees not yet all things put under him. The world around him is the same world which crucified his beloved Lord, and he must listen from age to age to its insulting cry, 'If thou be the Christ, come down from the Cross, and we will believe.'" — pp. 135, 136.

The continuation of the passage we have quoted is a very profound and suggestive exhibition of the moral grounds of "sincere fanaticism"; and, as mere intellectual composition, is of a much higher order than we may have seemed to imply in speaking of the general character of the book. We do confess to a sense of something wanting, often, in the way of clear outline and distinct procession of thought. And it is for this reason, doubtless, that we prefer the expression of it under the strict constraints of verse. Mr. Whittier has done us the service of copying in his Introduction several very exquisite passages of poetry by the author of "The Patience of Hope." The lines entitled "Gone," on p. xvii., seem to us not simply "weird and striking," as he calls them, but religiously affecting and profound. The quaint and daring fancy that is often shown in these extracts is subdued utterly to the strain of pious thought, and affects one like strange and exquisite harmonies in the musical setting of a familiar hymn. We cannot forbear the pleasure of copying the two sonnets entitled "Ascending," and "Life Tapestry" (Introd., pp. xv., xvi.).

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* The Patience of Hope. With an Introduction by J. G. Whittier. (From the Edinburgh Edition.) Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

"ASCENDING.

"They who from mountain-peaks have gazed upon
The wide, illimitable heavens, have said,
That, still receding as they climbed, outspread,
The blue vault deepens over them, and, one
By one drawn further back, each starry sun
Shoots down a feebler splendor overhead.
So, Saviour, as our mounting spirits, led
Along Faith's living way to Thee, have won
A nearer access, up the difficult track
Still pressing, on that rarer atmosphere,
When low beneath us flits the cloudy rack,
We see Thee drawn within a widening sphere
Of glory, from us further, further back, —
Yet is it then because we are more *near*."

"LIFE TAPESTRY.

"Too long have I, methought, with tearful eye
Pored o'er this tangled work of mine, and mused
Above each stitch awry and thread confused;
Now will I think on what in years gone by
I heard of them that weave rare tapestry
At royal looms, and how they constant use
To work on the rough side, and still peruse
The pictured pattern set above them high;
So will I set MY COPY high above,
And gaze and gaze till on my spirit grows
Its gracious impress; till some line of love,
Transferred upon my canvas, faintly glows;
Nor look too much on warp or woof, provide
He whom I work for sees their fairer side!"

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

WE have already noticed M. Renan's Discourse on the Shemitic Nations, a translation of which is appended to his Essay on "The Book of Nabathæan Agriculture," lately published in English.* This Essay is an argument, seemingly complete and unanswerable, to theories which have been put forth as to the amazing antiquity of the Babylonish work of which they treat. It is a work which for some five centuries has been well known to antiquaries and Orientalists. In form, it is a sort of tedious and discursive encyclopædia of all the arts, as known to the dwellers by the Euphrates in the period when it was written. Without any direct mention of dynasties and historic events which would identify it with any particular era, it contains abundant reference to well-known opinions and processes found among the later Greeks, whose source it conceals with genuine Oriental vanity; and the circumstantial evidence seems, in M. Renan's statement of it, amply sufficient to decide its date, somewhere in the early centuries of our era. But the evidence is only circumstantial. So a learned Russian Orientalist, M. Chwolson, startles the erudite of Europe with a theory that it was written before the age of Homer or the Trojan

* An Essay on the Age and Antiquity of the Book of Nabathæan Agriculture. To which is added an Inaugural Lecture on the Position of the Shemitic Nations in the History of Civilization. By M. ERNEST RENAN. London: Trübner & Co.

war, — long before the time when we have any hint of a written literature, except in the assumed date of the Mosaic writings; and that it contains the genuine *débris* of arts and philosophies as old as the monuments of Egypt, in the written form given to them perhaps a thousand years before the great Cyrus. The question, so stated, has a keen interest for all who care to trace the records of human society back to its origins; but its interest fades when these endless genealogies are mercilessly constrained within the limits of "the vulgar era." The Essay of M. Renan extinguishes not only an ambitious theory, but with it, we fear, the value of the work itself, which had prospect of becoming a curiosity of the first magnitude.

If, as Lessing asserts, the title of historian is to be conceded to him only who has written the history of his own time, Gervinus has fully established his claim to it, however he may have failed to vindicate the truth of Lessing's remark.* The pupil and follower of Schlosser, — an earnest thinker and a vigorous writer, — in entire sympathy with those liberal principles in politics as in religion in which alone rest now the hopes of Europe and the possibilities of the future all over the earth, — no one was better fitted, perhaps, to continue Schlosser's task, — to expose the causes and to set forth the results of that period of reaction which followed the fall of Napoleon and the treaties of Vienna, — "that period of fraud and of lies, of audacious rulers and feeble officials, of congresses and protocols, of political persecutions and conspiracies, of hopes and disappointments," upon approaching which the aged Schlosser laid down his pen in despair. Beginning his work by the publication in a separate volume, in 1853, of a stirring yet philosophical introduction, which produced a profound impression by its masterly illustration of the character and tendency of the democratic progress of Europe in the late centuries, — which was greeted with applause by the people and with persecution by the government, — Gervinus has now carried it, in six volumes, — the first published in 1855, and the last two in 1861 and 1862, — from the year 1815 to about the year 1830. The first two volumes discuss mainly the European reactions of 1815 – 20; the third treats of the revolutions of the Latin races in Southern Europe and America; and the fourth, of their suppression. The last two volumes contain a new history, and an important one, of the Greek Revolution.

It is of these only that we propose to say a word. They claim to relate fully and at length, on the basis of voluminous documentary evidence now first made available in the original manuscripts, the diplomatic history of the regeneration of Greece, hitherto known only in an obscure or fragmentary manner. They are written with all that accuracy in detail, that large reading, that vigorous style, and that thorough comprehension of his subject, in all its bearings, which distinguish his great work on the history of German poetry. And it was

* Geschichte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts seit den Wiener Verträgen. Von G. G. Gervinus. Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann. [Vol. V. 1861. Vol. VI. 1862.]

by the latter work, we may add, — without exception the greatest of its kind ever written, the profoundest and most exhaustive, itself an epoch in the very history it illustrates, — that. Gervinus early and at once established his reputation as one of the foremost writers and most earnest thinkers of his age.

The story of the revolt of the Greeks, however enlivened at times by brilliant achievements or redeemed by heroic examples, is for the most part as dreary and painful as the recital of the diplomatic shuffling which preceded and followed it is monotonous and repulsive. Throughout, it was a war as well for plunder as for freedom, for private revenge as for the public deliverance. And not till the end of that long struggle of ten years did the term of Klepht cease to be a title of honor, or that of Asmatole begin to yield to the purer name of Hellene. Yet the peculiar character of the Greek people — that which early set it apart among the nations of the earth, and which has somehow kept it apart in all the weary march of the ages appears in its strongest light in every phase of that last desperate effort for self-preservation. It was the tenacious individuality of the Greek set against the devouring fanaticism of the Mohammedan. It was the inextinguishable vitality of faith wrestling with a barbarous and hopeless fatalism. It was the victory of intellectual over material power; and, more than all, it was the vindication of that Hellenic descent, the practical demonstration of that unity of the Greeks in which lie the mission and as it were the mystery of their race. The immediate disappointment, however, of those unreasonable hopes as to the success of the Greek Revolution in which the scholars of Western Europe were too ready to indulge, mingled with a secret fear that the empire of Europe was possibly to pass from the Latin and German races to that great Slavic people whose centre was at Moscow, in natural alliance with the Greeks, whose centre was to be at Constantinople, brought on a certain reaction, unfounded in its origin and unjust in its tendency, in the liberal sentiments of Europe towards the kingdom of Greece; — a reaction strengthened by the theory of Fallmerayer, which thus in its turn found ready welcome and diffusion, and has not yet ceased to be pernicious, that the present Greeks were not the descendants of the ancient Hellenes, but of modern Slavonians. As Gervinus, however, well remarks, in allusion to the controversy excited by that able and ingenious, but often one-sided and always passionate scholar, it was not by physical strength or purity of race, but wholly by intellectual power, that the Greeks either in ancient or modern times obtained or preserved their ascendency in the East. Throughout Turkey, now as of old in Persian Asia, they are the driving power of society; as ages ago also they won over the vast hordes of Russia to the faith and culture of the Greek Church. So that if indeed physically the Greeks were ever Slavonized, intellectually certainly the Slaves were Grecized. But in fact the Greeks have never been Othmanized by the Turks, nor Latinized by the Venetians, nor Romanized by the French or Catalonians. They have preserved their nationality and their language, and have remained what they were from the beginning, not Orientals, but Europeans.

The course of the war in Greece itself, however, is best narrated in the work of Mr. Finlay, which must ever remain the most authentic record of its events. The importance of this history of the Greek Revolution by Gervinus is chiefly in the unravelling of that complicated web of diplomacy in which from the beginning of their enterprise the Greeks were entangled. For their revolution was the first step in the disintegration of the Othman Empire; the great barrier to European progress and conquest eastward; and while the success of it might disturb the equilibrium of the European states, the principles upon which it proceeded and was justified were in direct contradiction to the dogmas of the Holy Alliance, in which, after so many convulsions, exhausted if not despairing, Europe had taken refuge from so many fears. The deceit and the cruelty, the merciless disregard of consequences, and the shameless sacrifice of honor, in which the support of the principle of legitimacy involved Metternich and the Austrian court in their relations with England and France and Russia, are illustrated with masterly clearness in these pages of Gervinus. With inexorable severity and with the keenest insight he has traced all the windings of this tortuous policy, till the conviction becomes irresistible, that European diplomacy, as it exhibited itself at this period in the affairs of the East, was something so baneful, so full of moral desolation and political death, that a blast from Sahara was not more to be dreaded in the fertile valley of the Nile, than the heartless dealings of European statesmen with the aspirations of a people struggling to be free. Never was there proof so appalling of the truth of that utterance of the poet: *Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht.*

Yet this policy was not without an effect, as little to be expected, however, as the quarter in which it appeared. It woke Europe from the lethargy into which it had fallen, and prepared the way for new revolutions, less violent indeed, because of the bitter experience which had taught the folly of desperate resistance, but not less necessary,—not less wholesome because more reasonable. It led to the discussion of the rights of nationalities and of the barbarism of conquest, of the decay of states and the wasting of nations, and all the retribution which waits upon oppression; and, more than all, it concentrated the thoughts of men upon the East and its possible future, which, if it is to reflect the failures, is also, it may be, to surpass the glories, of the West. It taught them also to respect the efficacy, if not to understand the permanence, of that system of government which has so long been able to compel the obedience alike of Slaves and Greeks, of Armenians and Turks, of Christians, Mohammedans, and Jews, with so little severity, and never a St. Bartholomew's night.

Mr. Livermore has done a noble service to a great and holy cause in preparing a mirror of truth which faithfully reflects the past, to be held up to the eyes and minds of the present generation.* He has

* An Historical Research respecting the Opinions of the Founders of the Repub-

called upon history to testify to the shame of all who have allowed themselves to drift away from the glorious principles which were recognized in the birth and baptism of our nation. He has invoked the patriot founders of the Republic again to sit in convention before the nation, and to tell us what to them was truth and policy and righteousness. By thoroughness of investigation, by candor and impartiality of selection, and by a sufficiently exhaustive draught upon his materials to present all the substantial elements of his theme, he has completed a most valuable work. Documents of prime value, of unquestioned authenticity, and conveying the minds of their writers or speakers with old-fashioned frankness, are spread before us in the beauty of modern book-art; and as we read them we learn to take wiser views, and to entertain brighter hopes of our distracted times. Mr. Livermore rightfully proceeds on the idea that the Constitution, being the work of men who had achieved their independence, was designed to be interpreted in consistency with the principles on which they declared their right to independence. Our own historical reading had long since satisfied us that, bating the acrimony and vituperation which some of the "Abolitionists," goaded by the abuse visited upon them, had mixed with their testimony, they had said nothing about the iniquity or the mischief-working effects of slavery which might not be over-matched in emphasis and intensity of denunciation by quotations from the speeches and writings of our great patriots, especially of those who lived in regions where slavery had visited its dreariest blight upon the land, its homes, and its people, and who were themselves slaveholders. Whether Mr. Livermore designed it or not, the series and collocation of his extracts touching the pleas and professions of most of the slaveholding members of several of the Conventions have the effect of exposing the cunning and duplicity with which, while seeming to coincide with Northern sentiment and the spirit of freedom, they adroitly secured aid and comfort to slavery. This portion of Mr. Livermore's volume is thus made to offer a striking commentary upon a passage in a sternly severe vein, which the reader will find in a letter from the venerable Nestor of the society, the Hon. Josiah Quincy: "Disgust at slavery was so general as to be little less than universal. Among slaveholders, the language and hope of putting an end to the evil as soon as possible was on all their tongues; but, alas! it was far from being in all their hearts."

In the second part of his Research, Mr. Livermore gives us a most admirable *résumé* of the historical materials afforded by the military annals of our republic for deciding the views of our patriots on the expediency of employing negroes, bond or free, as soldiers, and upon the consequent change in the *status* of slaves to which they were or ought to be entitled when actually employed as soldiers. It has become a matter of equal interest for both parties in our civil war to know the precedents on this subject. There were also two parties to

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lic on Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, and as Soldiers. Read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, August 14, 1862. By GEORGE LIVERMORE. Boston. 1862. 8vo. pp. 215.

be interested in it in the Revolutionary war, the English and the Americans. Mr. Livermore instructs us how cautiously the subject was first opened by both parties then, how deliberately it was treated, and how decidedly the English and American leaders alike accorded in the policy of making soldiers of slaves, and in the consequent righteousness of enfranchising all of any color who had fought in their ranks.

This work is not on sale at any publisher's, the author having, of his own generosity, made free distribution of it. But it ought to be within reach of the largest public.

MR. WHITING'S very able and effective argument, contained in a pamphlet of nearly a hundred and fifty pages,* in a certain sense completes the task which Mr. Livermore had begun. It is not merely a legal vindication of those extreme powers of the government which have been hitherto questioned, denied, or at least kept in abeyance; but also a pretty full exposition of the common law as to the penalty of treason, and a summary of the opinion and practice found in our own political history. No sane man will deny the importance of guarding with jealous vigilance those boundaries which protect the liberty of the subject in time of peace, stated with so much force in a recent pamphlet† by Judge Curtis; but when, in order to preserve the national existence itself, the highest and most perilous prerogative of government must be assumed, or else treason shall paralyze the arm raised to strike it down, then such arguments as that before us have a double value. They show that the necessary powers are also legal powers, and so reconcile us to them while the season of peril lasts: while they also fortify our respect for law, which is thus shown to provide in advance against such emergencies, and teach us how strict are the conditions which justify the exceptional and arbitrary uses of power. In a time of revolution, men must learn new lessons fast. And the public is well served, when the needed lesson of the time is taught by the well-considered words of competent and responsible men, such as the writer of this pamphlet. The most doubtful portion of his argument will probably be considered that which asserts for Congress constitutional jurisdiction over slavery in the States.

THE policy of emancipation, to which our government, as we trust, is at length thoroughly committed, is one that deserves the vindication of facts as well as argument. With full faith ourselves that that policy is not only just in itself, and required by the exigencies of the war, but easy and safe in comparison with any other treatment of our present difficulties, we are glad of every accumulation of evidence that shall convince our countrymen, and sustain our government in its responsible task. Nothing could be more timely than the publication, at this mo-

* The War Powers of the President, and the Legislative Powers of Congress, in relation to Rebellion, Treason, and Slavery. By WILLIAM WHITING. Boston: John L. Shorey.

† Executive Power. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

ment, of those portions of the volumes of M. Cochin* which bear directly on the argument. We have already borne our testimony to the uncommon merits of the original work. Of the results of slavery, which make up a large part of it, no illustration could be so vivid as that which is before our eyes every day in the newspapers, and acted out on the battle-field. The counterpart is convincingly traced in the compact and fair volume before us. All the better testimony from the emancipated West India Islands has gone to the same general effect; but the elaborate and trustworthy summary here set forth statistically, with the vivid and eloquent exposition of the bearing of the facts, gives both present and permanent value to this publication. We are glad to learn that it is already attracting attention in the Executive Departments at Washington.

Count Gurowski writes of our war† as a foreigner, who has served his apprenticeship to political life in the troubled period of conspiracies and abortive revolutions stretching thirty years onward from the Polish struggle of 1830, yet as a man who has a cordial and enthusiastic sympathy with the great North in its true tendencies and its uprising, and is as genuine an American as it is possible for a foreigner to be. The prominent trait in his book we esteem its touching and earnest espousal of the cause of our nation in this struggle, in which he considers all the hopes of humanity for this generation to be wrapped up. What seems in it to be the temper of cynicism, morbid distrust, or hurt pride, we easily pardon and forget in one who has grown old in the ardent service of republicanism. The personal judgments which he gives so frankly, and his almost despairing comments on the strategy and diplomacy which have signalized this long campaign, we have no materials to refute, still less to ratify. He must pardon us for our constitutional inaptness to share his keen emotions and his passionate misgivings. The faculty of strong passion is one which is long in maturing: we are still too untried and buoyant to see, as he sees, what terrors lie before us in the contingency of defeat, — a contingency of which none of us have seriously thought at all. On the other hand, we must be pardoned for doubting whether he quite appreciates the temper of our people in either of its two strongest points; — its cool and elastic confidence, which contains all the promise of its future; and its tenacity of law and settled institutions, in which the Anglican is so widely distinguished from some other stocks. Both these traits are exhibited in the wide extension and the immense multiplication of local liberties in this republic, — a point which we do not think any one has illustrated with more clearness and force than Count Gurowski himself. Yet it seems to us, sometimes, that he fails to give due weight to them in his desponding and indignant prognostications. At least, we trust it is so; for we own to a transient misgiving, that his gray experience may be

* Results of Emancipation. By Augustin Cochin. Translated by Mary L. Booth. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

† Diary from March 4, 1861, to November 10, 1862. By Adam Gurowski. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

more trustworthy than our easy confidence. In details — tracing his "Diary" from month to month — his anticipations have often been startlingly confirmed by fact. Whatever foundation there may be for his warnings as to the future, we trust they may have been uttered in season to prevent their being verified. Still, however we interpret it, his volume is a very curious and indispensable chapter in the body of commentary on our current history.

A BRIEF pamphlet — the "Thanksgiving Sermon" of Mr. Weiss* — is worth separate mention here, for its condensed statement, its pungent phrase, its keen and strict philosophizing, and its noble anticipations of the fruit to grow from the thunder-riven soil of our national life. Only we must protest that we find sorry consolation in being told that nobody was to blame, and that nothing could have happened in the smallest particular different from what did happen. On the contrary, it is a comfort to us to think that things might have been very different, and that somebody was very much to blame. If "all the world 's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," — the whole plot being prearranged and every cue writ down, — at least, we prefer the philosophy of Bacon, that in this theatre only the angels have a right to be mere lookers-on. The actors must have the conviction that they have some little influence in the development of the play, or, as a piece of exquisite moral machinery, what is it all worth to us?

THE Belgian Baron who furnished the Preface to the first English translation of a forgotten defence of himself by the great Emperor, Charles the Fifth, has injured the book, not only by his own confused style of writing, but by absurd exaggeration of the importance of his adopted child.† When thirty-five years of the most active of reigns are all rehearsed in less than two hundred duodecimo pages, not many of "the secrets of imperial policy" could possibly be explained; when, in every case, the principal business seems to be informing posterity how many times the Emperor had visited a particular country, and how high the number ran of that particular attack of gout, — where he proposed to journey, and in whose company, — with hardly any attempt at general reflections, no very valuable intelligence could be expected regarding a life which has been as fully written upon as any in history. The old title of the manuscript, "Summary of Voyages and Journeys," had better have been retained; a truthful Preface in tolerable English ought to have been furnished; gross mistakes like that of the death of Charles's father in 1516 instead of 1506 should have been corrected, and copious notes freely furnished to the body of the work. As it stands, this disappointing book with its deceptive title does nothing for the Emperor's fame; by his own state-

* A Discourse upon the Causes of Thanksgiving. By JOHN WEISS.

† The Autobiography of Charles V., recently discovered in Portuguese, by BARON KERVYN DE LETTENHOVE. Translated by L. F. SIMPSON. London: Longmans. 1862.

ment, his life seems more than ever a failure; he flies about all over Europe with great suffering and frequent breakdowns, is tormented by the Protestants, cheated by the Pope, afflicted in his own household, admonished in vain by disease, and then hides himself away at Yuste, certain of having bestowed upon a difficult government one whom he had not trained at all for a task in which he was certain to fail. In a single respect the narrative is wonderful, — there is an utter absence of self-glorification; the sufferings which were so heroically borne, the sacrifices of every kind which were so constantly made, the trials of temper which had to be endured from the treacherous Pope on the one hand and the revolutionary Protestants on the other, are hardly noticed, as the rapid writer hurries over a year in a paragraph. The usual advantage of an autobiography is of course sacrificed in such a compressed diary; no impression is made by presenting those petty incidents which reveal character; no feeling is permitted to flow freely over the private page; no secret of state is whispered as into the ear of posterity; but all is hard, cold, and stern, like that haughty voice which thundered defeat to the Protestant armies and ruin to the rebellious Dukes.

A NATURAL desire to know whether England had not been fooling away blood and treasure led Lieut. Arbuthnot to visit the Slavonic provinces of European Turkey, and judge for himself of the worth of the reforms there commenced, and the influence of European interference in the affairs of "the sick man" of the East.* It was by no means a tour of pleasure. Herzegovina is as destitute of the necessaries of life as any country pretending to be inhabited; the route is wholly an untravelled one; a guerilla warfare once at least rained bullets around the English adventurer. The intelligence he gives would seem dearly bought to all but those alive to the importance of the Eastern question; and, to them, will not appear decisive. The present condition of these Slavonic provinces depends on Omer Pasha's continuance in power; and that again depends, not merely upon the caprice of the Sultan's favor, but upon such a pressure of peril as will compel Constantinopolitan politicians to employ an officer whose superiority puts every Turkish favorite to shame. Lieut. Arbuthnot, after marching, bivouacking, and becoming familiar with the Pasha, pronounces him an incorruptible administrator, a far-seeing statesman, a brave soldier, and an accomplished general. Distinguished from other Turkish officials by fidelity to the government even when it has been ungrateful to himself, he will be remembered not only for military achievement, but for the unusual humanity with which he has waged war in a country where prisoners are still impaled alive. He seems fitted by nature to rule these semi-savages upon the frontier; fitted, too, to advance their civilization as fast and as far as Russian jealousy and Constantinopolitan folly will permit. Arbuthnot commends the

* Herzegovina: or, Omer Pasha and the Christian Rebels. With a brief Account of Servia. By LIEUT. G. ARBUTHNOT. London: Longmans.

Turkish soldier, whose perils and fatigues he freely shared, as devotedly attached to the sovereign, who withholds his pay frequently for two years, irresistible in the field when properly led, and wonderfully self-sacrificing. Russian ambition he shows at work everywhere, making the Christians uneasy under Turkish rule, kindling fanaticism, stimulating bloody outbreaks, everywhere provoking the Christian slave against the Moslem slave, the Reformed against the Asiatic Turk, race against race, and even different Christian sects against one another. The picture is certainly as highly colored as it is ill-omened for the future.

The Servians seem almost unimprovable, apathetic, irreligious, uneducated, conceited, destroying their forests, flogging their women, despising their clergy; not only degraded, but satisfied with degradation; unable to become that head of a Slavonic kingdom to which they aspire; gaining nothing from European protection but blind presumption on the part of the rulers, and stupid security, conceit, and decay in the ruled.

ART, POETRY, AND ROMANCE.

THE completion of so remarkable a work as Schnaase's History of Art * deserves more than a simple notice. At once the most thorough and the most philosophical effort to illustrate the progress of art, as determined by the culture of the ages which it moulded, which Germany has yet produced, it seems to us also to open the way to investigations into the expression of thought in art profounder and more fruitful than any with which the German writers, thus far the most original and the most successful in these fascinating inquiries, have surprised or instructed us. With the handbooks of Kugler, which have helped us so long, it comes into no competition and provokes no comparison. "My task," says Schnaase, "is wholly different from Kugler's. That the art of every age is the expression of its physical and spiritual, of its moral and intellectual characteristics, is a fact the general truth of which no one doubts. But more than that, a work of art is not to be understood fully, it seems to me, without an insight into the conditions of its origin. A history of art, therefore, must necessarily enter upon the nature of those conditions, and exhibit the process by which all the elements of culture are penetrated by the æsthetic sense. Moreover, the art of the different nations seems to me to represent a permanent and continuous tradition, which must be understood in order to appreciate rightly the single epochs of art. . . . . Art is the central activity of nations, in which all efforts and feelings, spiritual, moral, material, meet to limit as well as most profoundly to influence one another."

But first a word as to the personal history of the writer. Born in Danzig in 1798, where his father was a successful jurist, he entered the University at Heidelberg in 1816, and remained there till 1818, when, fascinated by the philosophy of Hegel, he followed him to Ber-

* Geschichte der bildenden Künste. Von Dr. CARL SCHNAASE. Sechster Band. Düsseldorf: Verlagshandlung von Julius Buddeus. 1861.

lin. But a visit to Dresden seems to have been of use in recalling him from the study of abstract philosophy to that into which history must pass if it will seek to unfold the causes or the results of human activity. Looking, however, for a career in the practice of the law, it was only his leisure that he could devote to the study of art. From 1819 to 1825 he held various offices in Danzig and Königsberg, and then went to Italy, where, amidst the ruins of the ancient and the wonders of the modern art, he conceived the design and set himself to the task of exploring the origin and unfolding the progress of both. Returning home in 1826, he was again appointed to judicial office, and in 1848 was made Obertribunalrath in Berlin. To one of the many excursions with which in the prosecution of his private studies he filled the intervals of public duties, we are indebted for his interesting work entitled *Niederländische Briefe* (Stuttgart, 1834). In 1843 appeared the first two volumes of the great work on the history of art which has suggested these remarks. The first volume is taken up with the art of the East in those distant ages which preceded the brilliant creations of Greece, — the remains of which, however valuable as historic records, are hardly more to us in themselves, as Goethe insisted, than mere curiosities; while the second is devoted to the art of the Greeks and of the Romans. Though very well written, comprehensive without obscurity and critical without diffuseness, it is not to be compared, it seems to us, either in style or learning, with Thiersch's "Epochs of Art among the Ancients." Schnaase's proper field was the Middle Age, upon which he entered in his third volume, published in 1844, in which he treats of the Early Christian and Mohammedan Art. In the fourth volume, of which the first part was published in 1850 and the second in 1854, he applies himself to the Middle Age properly so called. The fifth volume, published in 1856, depicts the origin and development of the Gothic style; while the sixth, which appeared in 1861, embraces the Later Period of the Middle Age, down to the culmination of the school of Van Eyck. As is evident from the successive periods at which these volumes were published, the work is a growth, and not a manufacture. In its philosophical conception of the historical development of art, it is claimed to be without a rival in Germany. Written from the fulness of knowledge, with a love which grows into reverence, it combines the investigation of the scholar with the insight of the artist and the originality of the thinker. Church and state, the new knighthood and the rising democracy, nominalism and realism, the spreading mysticism undermining the old scholasticism, festivals and pilgrimages, armor, dress, music, and the dance, — there is nothing which may not instruct him in the character and temper of the age. Its folly and vice, its piety and superstition, all the elements of progress and all the causes of decline which mingle in the undercurrents of a people's life, find expression, first and plainest always, in a people's art.

Next to the literature of the ancient, the art of the mediæval time is perhaps the most precious possession which the ages have transmitted to us. But more than the ancient literature, the mediæval art connects itself with modern uses, with the faith of the present and the hopes of

the future. And if it be an embodiment to us, on the one hand, of that phase of Christianity in which dogmas stood for religion, it is on the other not less a stimulus to that reverent love and that absorbing faith without which religion is but a form or a hinderance, a refuge for the godless or a snare to the pious. Yet to define with exactness the period when the old worship ceased, not indeed to possess a legal sanction, but to exercise its ancient influence, more sinister because more secret as it receded from the old life and philosophy and modes of thought, is as difficult, perhaps as useless, as to attempt to put a date to that rising spirit of free inquiry, to that quicker circulation of thought, to the birth of that new conviction, deepening with the years, that the human mind in its investigation of laws, as in its use of forces, is to know no limit or control, — which more than art or philosophy, even more, it might be claimed, in some respects than religion itself, separates the modern from the ancient world, and stamps it with the promise of the highest and last development of humanity.

But though we may not define the limits, we can fail as little to understand the origin or to appreciate the character of the mediæval art, as to mistake its tendency or cease to wonder at its results. Christianity, though a divine institution, was to make its progress in a human way. To the ancient mind, accustomed to symbols and steeped in a love for the outward beauty of form, the simplicity of the new religion was ascetic severity, its inner spiritual beauty without charm or effect. Hence, though it prevailed slowly, and at cost of much suffering and many martyrs in attaining after three centuries a legal sanction, it may not after thirty centuries finally destroy that tendency of the ancient mind to ally itself with visible forms, which, in the tremendous reaction of the Middle Age against the demands of the primitive Christianity, again asserted itself in the temples and statues, in the carvings and paintings which crowd and hallow for us all the lands of Europe, — making of them at once a school of the highest art and the profoundest, if most perverted faith. Thus, apart from its origin or its tendency, the spirit of the mediæval art, as it breathes upon us from the walls of great galleries or the aisles and chapels of great cathedrals, is something in itself to be thoughtfully studied and reverently treasured, in entire contrast as it is, in its repose and its symbolism, with the fervid life and the material pursuits, with the daring speculation and the restless inquiry, which are driving us we know not whither in this search for the real, in this struggle to compass the possible, in this wide, deep rooting of the human in the infinite, which characterize the present age, and are making over anew the present civilization.

But though we cannot understand the creations of the mediæval art without reference to the character of the mediæval life, — a life which narrows and degenerates the closer we examine it, isolated, fanatical, idolatrous, ill concealing, with its polish of chivalry, its substance of barbarism, — it is never to be forgotten that, by thus surviving the decay of the institutions from which it sprang, the mediæval art was invested with a purer meaning and another office. What was for others an element of political power and a source of religious unity, is to be for us a consolation and a promise and a joy forever.

The only two great schools of art which the world knows, the Greek and the mediæval, had their origin in those religious influences which they were dedicated to maintain. And without some art indeed, as without some religion, no civilized nation can long exist; but there come sometimes periods when, from various causes, more than all from the profound consciousness of a different office to fulfil in this long education of the race, a nation forgets its art in the spread of its religion, or loses sight of both together in the pursuit of science, or the accumulation of wealth. The latter case is perhaps ours. For art and religion there are enlightenment and civilization, not as results to rest in, but as means to greater progress and larger conquests. The tendency of the age is to audacity of purpose, and to ceaseless concentration of effort, and neither is favorable to the repose or the grace, the charity or the simplicity, in which lie the fascination of art and the power of religion. Wholesome is it, therefore, for us to turn away at times from this political strife and this intellectual ferment into which we have been born, to the remembrance of other lands, and the sweet voices of other ages; — to stroll with Dürer in the quaint old streets of Nuremberg, or to sit with Raphael in the stately palaces of Rome; to kneel with Titian by the altars of St. Mark, or, in the shadow of Brunnelleschi's dome, to gaze with Michael Angelo at the tower of Giotto and the gates of Ghiberti; to linger again amidst the solemn memories of Westminster Abbey; or, while to ear and eye fades for us the last May service in the Cathedral of Cologne, to be touched once more, as with sacred unction, by the strange earnestness and the pure devotion, by the tender love and the reconciling grace, of the mediæval art and the believing ages.

How far a man may unveil to the public eye his private struggles and sorrows, and the secret things of his spiritual history, is among the unsettled questions of moral æsthetics. No intimacy of personal revelation, when a poet's life is past, and his passionate griefs lie in the still realm of history, is too confidential to forfeit the respect or tire the interest of his fellow-men, — provided, always, that the revelation is made unwittingly, from a record not meant for public gaze. A certain pudicity holds us back from entire commendation, whenever a living person, for purposes of art, exhibits the nakedness of very sacred and intimate experiences in such simple drapery of gauze as does not in part hide their outline and disguise their personality. The names of Rousseau and Lamartine, in the French republic of letters, illustrate what we mean. The two conditions on which we pardon such unveilings are, first, that the experience should be, in truth, so completely past that it can be looked at ideally and calmly; and, secondly, that it should be wrought out in consummate forms of art. The "Vita Nuova," so charming in its quaint *naïveté* of narrative and its highly wrought poetic stanzas, was written after the death of Beatrice, and before the invention of printing. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is the most perfect type of absolute conformity with those conditions we have named. Its friendship is purely intellectual and ideal; its vein

of thought contains a philosophy of the spiritual nature of exquisite subtilty and completeness; its poetic form is, as it were, carved in opal.

It is the misfortune of Bayard Taylor's new volume,* that in each of its main features it directly invites comparison with Tennyson, — the consummate master in this line of art. If we could look at the experience it records as purely dramatic, and independent of the writer; or if we could forget the prototype which it constantly suggests, as well in its contrast as in its likeness, we should regard it as a book of genuine and beautiful poetry, true in its emotion, pathetic and sweet in its expression, faultless in melody, and containing, often, a high order of moral as well as poetic thought. The very peculiar and intimate nature of the experience recorded in the "Journal," however, will not suffer us to so regard it simply. The writer seems to be making us his confidant in a region where those more reticent would almost repel even sympathy. The dearest domestic grief, sharpened by harsh struggles of the spirit, then softened by distance, then lost in new and yet dearer delights — the personal history that reaches from the loss of the bride of youth to the ripening of new loves and the joy of a father in his infant child — is told with all seeming nobleness and sincerity; and in the telling, it may do much to soothe and heal the like griefs of other hearts. It is only as matter of art that we find any abatement of our enjoyment in it. The difference in effect we speak of is enhanced, moreover, by the great variety of rhyme and rhythm — almost as if it were a study of poetic melodies — so contrasted with the severe monotone of "In Memoriam." The comparison follows us beyond the "Journal," into the other half of the volume; where (as in "Passing the Sirens") the topic and treatment are still suggestive of Tennyson, while the poetic form is more varied, dramatic, and free. Once clear of the comparison, — which we mention not by way of disparagement, but to convey more clearly what we mean, — we find a volume of poems varied, melodious, and interesting, much beyond the average degree of merit in such books.

Mr. Brooks's translation of Titan† may be counted one of the heroisms of literature. The very conception of such an undertaking implies a mind in love with difficulties.

His own countrymen find Richter a puzzle, and the Titan his knottiest as well as his greatest work. The rendering of that work into English is a feat which redounds to the credit of American scholarship, — no Englishman having, so far as we know, undertaken as yet the difficult task.

Few scholars, American or English, are better qualified for such an enterprise than Mr. Brooks, the translator of Faust, who, besides a competent knowledge of German, — and, what is more, a long familiarity with the *Jean-Paul-ese*, its most difficult dialect, — brings to the work a true appreciation of the exquisite humor and pathos, the intel-

* The Poet's Journal. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† Titan: a Romance. From the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.

lectual subtilties, the moral enthusiasms, the psychological tact of the author; in fine, a kindred spirit, and with it a devotion which no obstacles could deter, and a patience which no difficulties could baffle.

With such conditions, success could hardly fail. That success has been attained in as great a measure, perhaps, as the nature of the case admits. We do not pretend that Mr. Brooks's version is faultless, that there may not be an occasional slip, and here and there a misapprehension or imperfect rendering of the original, or that the translator, on a careful revision, would find nothing to amend; but this we will say, that a better translation, on the whole, of so long and difficult a work, is not within our knowledge. Readers who know the romance in its native form will not be disappointed in our American-English Titan, and those who are first introduced to it through the medium of these two neat volumes, bearing the typographical impress of Ticknor and Fields, and embodying the result of so much toil and care, will thank Mr. Brooks for a nearer acquaintance with one of the noblest and most genial spirits that have ever wrought in the realm of letters.

Jean Paul has no prototype and no antitype in literature. He is "Jean Paul the Only." There is no second instance of such wild humor, such rollicking mirth blending with such lofty flights, such profound intuition, such passionate sentiment, such exuberant fancy, such tragic pathos, in one and the same writer. Put Tristram Shandy and Bacon's Essays, Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Hood's Whims and Oddities into one work; mix Lamb with Milton, Sir Thomas Browne with Christopher North; shuffle De Quincey and Coleridge together, — and the combination will bear some resemblance to the motley composition of Richter's genius. No writer excels him in sensuous imagination, none in sympathy with nature, — in loving converse with all the phases of earth and sky. None equals him in exuberant fancy, in fervent humanity, in genial humor. Among other qualities, and above all, there breathes through his writings victorious HEALTH.

Yet one essential attribute of genius, one indispensable gift, he utterly lacked, — the gift of form. He was no artist. Casual suggestion, not the predetermining idea, prevails in his works. There is nothing of the "*forma formans formam formatam translucens.*" Order and proportion and harmonious adjustment are altogether wanting. Most of his productions are but the emptyings of his commonplace books, and his commonplace-books were the indiscriminate reservoirs of all the gleanings of his indiscriminate studies, and all his quips and fancies. The puerile ambition of displaying all he knew of unfamiliar specialties in unexpected lines of inquiry, the childish incontinence which suppresses nothing, but blurts out every conceit and parades every witticism without regard to time and place, he never outgrew. Whatever, at the time of writing, popped into his head, must down upon the paper, that it might not be lost. He somewhere confesses his desire to give to the world, before he died, every thought of his mind.

A heavy deduction this from the satisfaction of his writings. They are overloaded, bewildering, oppressive. Blooming plantations, gor-

geous as the "Heart of the Andes," spread out before us, invite, but baffle our steps. Wild luxuriance obstructs the path; we are lost in a wilderness of parasitic growths. Disfiguring suckers sprout from all the boles, tangles of hanging moss and trailing creepers depend from all the branches.

Another defect in Richter's writings, as judged by English standards of propriety, is want of delicacy. No one will question the author's purity of heart, but most English readers will condemn his taste in that part of the plot of this romance to which the translator alludes in the Preface. We entirely agree with Mr. Brooks in the ethics of non-omission, and only regret the occasion for any question on that point.

With regard to the title "Titan," all attempts to explain it are purely conjectural. The supposition of the French writer quoted and indorsed by Mr. Brooks does not satisfy us. The word when used in the sense assumed in this hypothesis has usually the plural form. If, as this critic supposes, the intention was to designate an age, a civilization, would not the author have said "Die Titanen"? If an individual heaven-defier is intended, it must be Roquairol; but to suppose that the work takes its name from a subordinate character, one who serves only as foil to the hero of the piece, is contrary to all the rules of art, and to all probability. It would be like giving to the play of Othello the name of Iago, or that of Sancho Panza to "Don Quixote."

We incline to the belief that the word is used in a good sense; that the Titan here is the one who is also called Hyperion, the sun-god; — not the heaven-storming, but the heaven-traversing (*ὑπὲρ ἰών*), the son of Cœlus and of Terra, deriving his ideal and mission from the one, the topics and conditions of his action from the other, — his life the resultant of the two. Such is Richter's hero, Albano.

The following extract may serve as a specimen at once of the author's fire and the translator's skill. The youth Albano is taken blindfolded in a boat to Isola Bella in Lago Maggiore, where from the summit of the island, the bandage being removed from his eyes, he sees the sunrise.

"The veiled dreamer heard, as they ascended with him the ten terraces of the garden, the deep-drawn sigh and shudder of joy close beside him, and all the quick entreaties of astonishment; but he held the bandage fast, and went blindfold from terrace to terrace, thrilled with orange fragrance, refreshed by higher, freer breezes, fanned by laurel-foliage, — and when they had gained at last the highest terrace, and looked down upon the lake, heaving its green waters sixty ells below, then Schoppe cried, 'Now! Now!' But Cesara said, 'No! the sun first!' and at that moment the morning wind flung up the sunlight gleaming through the dark twigs, and it flamed free on the summits, — and Dian snatched off the bandage, and said, 'Look round!' 'O God!' cried he with a shriek of ecstasy, as all the gates of the new heaven flew open, and the Olympus of nature, with its thousand reposing gods, stood around him. What a world! There stood the Alps, like brother giants of the Old World, linked together, far away in the past, holding high up over against the sun the shining shields of the glaciers. The giants wore blue girdles of forest, and at their feet lay hills and vineyards, and through the aisles and arches of grape-clusters the morning winds played with cascades as with watered silk ribbons, and the liquid brimming mirror of the lake hung down by the ribbons

from the mountains, and they fluttered down into the mirror, and a carved work of chestnut woods formed its frame. . . . . Albano turned slowly round and round, looked into the heights, into the depths, into the sun, into the blossoms; and on all summits burned the alarm-fires of mighty Nature, and in all depths their reflections, — a creative earthquake beat like a heart under the earth and sent forth mountains and seas. . . . . O then, when he saw on the bosom of the infinite mother the little swarming children, as they darted by under every wave and under every cloud, — and when the morning breeze drove distant ships in between the Alps, — and when Isola Madre towered up opposite to him, with her seven gardens, and tempted him to lean upon the air and be wafted over on level sweep from his summit to her own, — and when he saw the pheasants darting down from the Madre into the waves, — then did he seem to stand like a storm-bird with ruffled plumage on his blooming nest, his arms were lifted like wings by the morning wind, and he longed to cast himself over the terrace after the pheasants, and cool his heart in the tide of Nature."

MISCELLANEOUS.

One need not have lived in the country to enter into the spirit of Gail Hamilton's "Country Living and Country Thinking."* Indeed, no person but a resident of Boston, or one familiar with its streets and buildings, can fully appreciate the exquisite humor of the essay entitled "Boston and Home Again," and on the other hand every parent must feel the truthfulness of the sketch of "Tommy." The thirteen essays included in the volume all have the peculiar flavor of country life, and it is to this characteristic that they owe much of their attractiveness; but they are not confined to rural objects alone, and the thoughts are inspired by the study of men and books as well as by the study of nature. The style is at once fresh, vigorous, and flexible, and always adapted to the mood of the writer and the varying demands of her subject. In her hands language is an instrument by which the most various effects may be produced, and which never fails to give forth the exact note which she requires from it. In rapid narrative or picturesque description, in persuasive appeal or stern rebuke, in giving a clear and logical statement of some momentous truth, or revelling in some untamed flight of the imagination, in the carefully elaborated sentences which gradually rise into a burst of lofty and sustained eloquence, or in the animated colloquialisms of ordinary conversation, her style is equally deserving of praise. Her wit is lively and trenchant, her humor fresh and genial; and there is scarcely one of her essays in which these qualities are not largely and happily exhibited. Her opinions of men and things are expressed with boldness and frankness, and her speculations on abstract themes are characterized by great good-sense, though there is occasionally, as in the essay entitled "Lights among the Shadows of our Civil War," a certain narrowness of view and positiveness of tone which much diminish their value. Admirable as are some of her graver discussions, it is in the lighter papers that her great merits as an essayist are chiefly shown. Our recent lit-

* Country Living and Country Thinking. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

erature has nothing better of the kind than "Moving," "My Garden," and "Winter." One must be dull indeed who does not perceive and heartily relish their genuine humor.

One caution we must add. The exuberant play of the writer's mind is in imminent danger of running into garrulousness. Let her beware of that unpardonable literary sin. The volume, like the Sibylline scroll, would be worth more with one third off.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

To those who are acquainted with the "Country Parson's" previous volumes, it is unnecessary to set forth the qualities of his "Graver Thoughts."* The brief introductory chapter, "Sundays Long Ago," is one of his most felicitous sketches, dealing with the church-going and Sunday habits of Scotland. The rest of the volume is made up of sermons. The titles — "How God feels towards Mankind," "The Thorn in the Flesh," "The Gift of Sleep," "Jabez," "A Great Multitude a Sad Sight," "The Resurrection of the Body," "The Great Voice from Heaven" — are suggestive of the writer's style of illustration of religious topics, — easy, wholesome, winning, and genial, without losing the gravity promised in the title.

Of Mr. Frothingham's charming little volume of the Parables† of Jesus, — disfigured, we regret to say, by deplorable "illustrations," — we copy the brief comment of a correspondent: "The anachronisms rather shock my critical sense, but the style is exquisite, and the spirit beautiful and noble. It is the best child's book I have seen for a long time." The anachronisms spoken of are such, for example, as the scenes of fast life in New York, along with the scenery of Babylon the great, which is elaborately and skilfully described in the story of the Prodigal Son. Little "shocks" of this sort keep the attention alive, while the moral lesson is wonderfully freshened and brought home.

The brief selection of religious poems‡ made by Professor Child is of a far higher order of merit than most similar volumes. It contains, in the original, the great hymn of the Middle Age, "Dies Iræ," and of the Reformation, "Ein' feste Burg," — the latter with Dr. Hedge's translation. Herbert and Tennyson are the names which occur oftenest in the list of authors, which also includes those of Spenser, Milton, Vaughan, Trench, Whittier, Sterling, Keble, and Mrs. Browning. Choice selections of this nature cannot be too greatly multiplied.

An indispensable chapter in the patriotic literature of the time is

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* Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† Stories from the Lips of the Teacher. Retold by a Disciple. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

‡ Poems of Religious Sorrow, Comfort, Counsel, and Aspirations. New York: Sheldon & Co.

found in Professor Child's "War Songs." * The few which we have formed acquaintance with are admirable. Devotion, heroism, fun, the three grand forms of manifestation of the martial mind, are about equally represented. Of the music, it is enough to say that it is gathered largely from the German students' songs. The profits of the sale are devoted to the circulation of these songs in our camps.

Lest peradventure some of our readers may not enjoy the holiday delight of reading Mrs. Frémont's "Story of the Guard," † we hope to find space in our next number for a few words of this most perfectly chivalrous chapter of the war, and of that charge at Springfield of a hundred and fifty against twenty-two hundred, — simple bravery, not "rashness" (see p. 127), — which well deserves to go down in history beside the Balaklava "Charge of the Light Brigade." At present, we can only say a single word of thanks to the accomplished writer, who has given us, if not a book (as she says), yet a picture of real life worth many books; and state that it was first prepared "to get some immediate assistance for the families [of the Guard], upon whom the winter was coming without their usual support," and for whose benefit it is now offered to the public. We bespeak it a cordial reception and large sale.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

Sermons preached and revised by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. 7th Series. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 378.

Lectures on Moral Science, delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston. By Mark Hopkins, D. D., LL. D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 304.

Jubilee Essays: a Plea for the Unselfish Life. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 12mo. pp. 243.

The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 307. (See p. 154.)

A Present Heaven. Addressed to a Friend, by the Author of "The Patience of Hope." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 18mo. pp. 172.

Broadcast. By Nehemiah Adams, D. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 18mo. pp. 210.

The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined. By the Right Rev. John William Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 229. (See p. 133.)

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* War-Songs for Freemen. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† The Story of the Guard. By Jessie Benton Frémont. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

ESSAYS, ETC.

Intuitions and Summaries of Thought. By C. N. Bovee. Boston: William Veazie. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 241, 245.

Results of Emancipation. By Augustin Cochin. Translated by Mary L. Booth. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 412. (See p. 142.)

Essays by Henry Thomas Buckle. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 209.

The Book-Hunter, etc. By John Hill Burton. With Additional Notes, by Richard Grant White. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 411.

POETRY.

The Victories of Love. By Coventry Patmore. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 18mo. pp. 96.

The Poet's Journal. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 8vo. pp. 204. (See p. 150.)

The Poems of Adelaide A. Procter. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 32mo. (Blue and Gold.)

Lyra Cœlestia. Hymns of Heaven. Selected by A. C. Thompson, D. D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 382.

Poems of Religious Sorrow, Comfort, Counsel, and Aspiration. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 204. (See p. 154.)

JUVENILE.

American History. By Jacob Abbott. Vol. IV. Northern Colonies. New York: Sheldon & Co. 16mo. pp. 288.

Walter's Tour in the East. By Daniel C. Eddy. Walter in Egypt. New York: Sheldon & Co. 24mo. pp. 222.

Spectacles for Young Eyes. St. Petersburgh. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 24mo. pp. 203.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Canoe and the Saddle; Adventures among the Northwestern Rivers and Mountains, and Isthmiana. By Theodore Winthrop. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 18mo. pp. 375.

The Employments of Women. A Cyclopædia of Woman's Work. By Virginia Penny. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 500.

The Story of the Guard. By Jessie Benton Frémont. (See p. 155.)

Titan. By Jean Paul Frederick Richter. Translated by C. T. Brooks. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 2 vols. (See p. 150.)

The Works of Thomas Hood. Edited by Epes Sargent. New York: George P. Putnam. 6 vols. 8vo. Illustrated.

Works of Charles Dickens. Household Edition. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley and John Gilbert. 12mo. Martin Chuzzlewit, 4 vols. Dombey and Son, 4 vols. New York: Sheldon & Co.

ERRATUM.

In a few copies of the present number, the reader will please to correct the oversight of printing "million," instead of "hundred thousand," in the foot-note, page 128.

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CONTENTS.

Art.		Page
I.	The Later Writings of John Stuart Mill	1
II.	The Palestinian Word	44
III.	Buckle's Treatment of History	61
IV.	De Quincey	77
V.	Modern Romanism and Modern Protestantism	95
VI.	The Peace Policy: How it is urged, and What it means	113
VII.	Review of Current Literature	135

Theology. Colenso on the Pentateuch, 133. The Patience of Hope, 134. — *History and Politics.* Book of Nabathæan Agriculture, 137. Gervinus's Nineteenth Century, 138. Opinions of the Founders of the Republic on Negroes, 140. Whiting on War Powers of the President, 142. Cochin's Results of Emancipation, 142. Gurowski's Diary, 143. Weiss's Thanksgiving Sermon, 144. Autobiography of Charles V., 144. Herzegovina and Omer Pasha, 145. — *Art, Poetry, and Romance.* Schnaase's History of Art, 146. Bayard Taylor's "Poet's Journal," 149. Titan, 150. — *Miscellaneous.* Country Living, 153. — *Holiday Books*, 154.

New Publications Received 155

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Mar. 6

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

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MARCH, 1863.

"Fervo si sapientia Deus est, ... verus philosophus est amator Dei." — St. Augustine.

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THOS. B. FOX,
JOS. HENRY ALLEN, } *Proprietors.*

MARCH 1st, 1863.

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

MARCH, 1863.

Art. I. — DR. DOYLE.

The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, *Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.* By William John Fitzpatrick, J. P. From the Dublin Edition. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1862.

This able work, at once historical and biographical, has been excellently republished by Mr. Donahoe: the volumes are elegant, the type clear and readable, the price moderate.

The work will be our text in this article, and mainly our authority. We propose by its aid to sketch the life, character, genius, and times of an extraordinary man, — a man whose intellectual power, moral courage, and commanding social influence were made known by the great force which he wielded in the affairs of his country during one of those periods of conflict in the succession of which the national life of Ireland has principally consisted, and the record of which constitutes Irish history. This man was the Rt. Rev. Dr. Doyle, some thirty years ago Roman Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. His public writings were all under the signature of J. K. L., the initials of "James," "Kildare," "Leighlin," — and thus indicative of his name and office. The Life of Dr. Doyle brings us into close communion with an interval second in importance and solemnity in the concerns of the British islands only to the days of Charles the First and of Cromwell. Those islands, particularly Ireland, became, while Dr. Doyle lived, the stage of an alarming drama, in which mighty tribunes,

statesmen, and orators were not alone the actors, but also maddened millions. The catastrophe seemed big with fate. The grumblings and popular discontent, not merely in Ireland, but likewise in Great Britain, arose from murmurs, which had been scorned or disregarded, to the portents of a stupendous tempest, that might suddenly burst from thick and outspread darkness, and cover the land with anarchy and ruin. There is, therefore, an interest in this book which is beyond that of the battles of churches or the strifes of parties. There is human interest in it, — interest that is political, historical, and moral. Although we shall have to dwell not a little on the battles of churches and on the strifes of parties, it is yet the relations which they bear to ideas and principles that we keep most in view.

James Warren Doyle, the son of James Doyle, a respectable farmer near New Ross, in the county of Wexford, was born in the autumn of 1786. His father had died some weeks before his birth. His mother, Anne Warren, was a second wife. She was of Quaker descent, and a woman of determined moral firmness. A very characteristic anecdote is told of her. When she came near to the critical period, when she must have medical attendance, but could not afford to have a physician from a distance, she walked some miles into town, took a cheap lodging, and put herself under the care of Dr. James Doyle, a man of considerable local eminence in his profession. This is a singular instance of sturdy independence, since the doctor was her own step-son, and the little stranger whom he introduced into the world was, accordingly, his half-brother. When Dr. Doyle was eleven years old, he witnessed the most terrific doings of the Irish rebellion in 1798. In Ross and around it that rebellion raged with its utmost fury. Having on one occasion strolled into fields where fighting came on, he narrowly escaped from being shot. He very early felt a vocation for the priesthood, and began the preparation for it. The teaching of childhood he had from his mother; classical education he received in an Augustinian monastery, where he joined that order; his academical and clerical training he obtained in the University of Coimbra, Portugal. Dr. Doyle, when about eighteen years of age, lost his mother, to whom

he was infinitely indebted, to whom in return he was infinitely devoted. He seems even in youth to have had large intellectual tastes, and to have cultivated them by large and various reading. But he was not a mere bookworm; he was ready for action, when action was duty. On the invasion of Portugal by the French, young Doyle manfully shouldered his musket, and did such service faithfully as he was appointed to do. Sir Arthur Wellesley was cordial to him. "I was," says Dr. Doyle, "a sort of nondescript with the rank of captain, and an interpreter between the English and Portuguese armies. . . . . I was present at the battles of Caldas, Rolica, and Vimiero; I was greatly exposed to the fire of the enemy, as I was obliged to keep going to and fro with orders and despatches to the Portuguese general. He brought up General Anstruther's division, then returning from Sweden, within a comparatively short distance of Vimiero. They were in time to take their position in the field, and contributed to the success of that great day." But if young Doyle put on the soldier, he did not put off the saint. "Before and during the bloody engagements," he says, at Rolica, where the French lost fifteen hundred men, "I was intrenched behind a strong wind-mill, ball-proof, employed in giving spiritual assistance to a number of soldiers, who, knowing that I was in priest's orders, sought my aid."

Dr. Doyle returned to Ireland in 1808, to enter on the offices of teacher and of priest. He did not found the Roman Catholic college of Carlow, but he inspired it with new life, and gave it much of the power of his own character. He was Professor of Rhetoric. Notwithstanding his foreign education, and such a ludicrous pronunciation of English as used at first to make the students laugh, he yet imbued them with a manly taste. He overcame his own difficulties of expression, and cultivated for himself a style of uncommon clearness, flexibility, purity, and power. Afterwards he became, for a time, Professor of Theology. The severe duties of his professorship he most successfully discharged in connection with his labors as a priest. From these humble yet exalted functions he was called, in 1819, to be a Bishop by the united voice of the clergy in the diocese, with the applauding consent of the Episcopacy in the kingdom, and with the unanimous approval of the authorities

in Rome. He was then not three months beyond thirty years of age. He ruled his diocese with the force of a commanding and controlling mind, but also with the heart of a gentle, charitable, hospitable Christian pastor. Without neglecting in the least degree the greatest of his sacerdotal toils, he entered with abundant zeal into the politics which vitally concerned his country and his creed. A public writer of such special political ability as J. K. L. had not appeared since the days of Junius. Dr. Doyle died on the 15th of June, in the forty-eighth year of his age. As in the case of many other eminent men, all sorts of absurd stories were circulated regarding the state of mind in which he died. His political and polemical opponents would not let even his remains be at peace. Some asserted that he died an infidel. Others, softening the fact, but not the scandal, reported that he refused the last rites of his Church. There were persons who sturdily maintained that he died a Protestant. Although there were more than a jury of eyewitnesses, male and female, lay and clerical, who knew the falsehood of these statements, and most solemnly denied their truth, zealots still continued to affirm them, and even to write bad and bulky pamphlets to prove them. But what will not zealots do for any creed or any cause? They are the blind, that will not see the light, shine it ever so clearly; they voluntarily make themselves blind, that they may not see the light; they are the deaf, that stuff their own ears to shut out hearing, and then insist that the sound of a trumpet is like the color of a rose. They have faith in nothing but their own illusions; they take their own narrow prejudices for universal and eternal facts; and when realities are asserted in contradiction to their prejudices, they *hate* the realities, and they *hate* those who assert them. They are in the universe, by their own passionate perverseness, infinite blunderers; as the ignorant confound the meanings of *shall* and *will*, zealots purposely reverse them, and, shouting defiance to everlasting truth, exclaim, "We *will* be drowned, and no veracity *shall* save us."

The matter of fact in the case before us is that the Rt. Rev. Dr. Doyle died simply as a Christian, and as a Roman Catholic bishop. He died in the creed in which he was educated, to which

he had devoted his life and labors; which he had preached so eloquently; which he had so ably defended: he died surrounded by its ministers; he died with such faith and hope in God, in Jesus, in immortality, as any Christian feels to be the blessedness of the death-bed. There was in the nature of Dr. Doyle a strange combination of the Stoic and the Christian. When very near to death, he was asked by his Vicar-General if he did not wish to live longer. "About my death or recovery," said he, "I feel perfectly indifferent. I came into the world without any exercise of my own will, and it is only fitting that I should leave it in the same manner. I never knew any one who wished to live longer in order to do a great deal of good, who did not do a great deal of harm. All my hopes are in the mercies of God. Am I not as near them now as if I were to remain forty years longer on earth?"

If we were to use only a single word to indicate the predominating element in the character of Bishop Doyle, that word would be *strength*. Strength was the ruling quality of his inward and his outward life, — strength of motive, strength of principle, strength of purpose. He always seemed to have a powerful conception of the reason and the right of whatever he did or proposed to do; and having this conception, his persistence and perseverance in giving it reality, or in sustaining the reality which involved it, were heroic and invincible. Once that his end was determined, he shrank from no labor, no sacrifice, no pain, suffering, loss, or danger, to reach it; but yet to reach it by worthy means. The strength of Dr. Doyle's character appears from whatever direction we consider it. It appears in his private and public life; it appears in his conduct as child, relative, friend, opponent; as pupil, student, teacher; as priest and prelate; as speaker and writer; as patriot and politician; and this integrity of moral force gave a most compact unity to the whole man. But moral force corresponded with an equal degree of intellectual force; and in such correspondence was the completeness of its power. There are men whose conscience is beyond suspicion, one might almost say beyond temptation, who yet, from want of mental balance, fail in moral wisdom, and do not rise to the higher order of virtues. The very source of their excellence is also, in a certain

sense, the source of their weakness; so they become obstinate, or bigoted, or intolerant, or fanatical, or contentious, or meddlesome, or visionary; prostrated under a mistaken sense of obligation, or puffed up with an overbearing zeal, they often only irritate when they mean to improve, and, with the best intentions, are most mischievous in their actions. A man of weak understanding may be a good man; but his goodness should be active humbly within the sphere of his capacity, in mind as in means: to be a great man as well as a good man, there must be a strong understanding; and this Dr. Doyle possessed. This, indeed, was his most prominent mental faculty. Not deficient in imagination, in feeling, or in the sense of beauty, he was behind no man of his day in the vigor of his intellect. The force which this, united with conscience, gave to his character — if not modified by human sympathy and softened by Christian graces — might have become stern and unrelenting rigor. On occasions, Dr. Doyle approached the limit of a charitable severity.

No individual character consists of a single and simple principle; but that we have stated the ruling one in the character of Dr. Doyle will, we think, be confirmed by such other qualities of his moral nature as our space will allow us to designate. He was of undaunted courage, — physical as well as moral. We have already mentioned how manfully he shouldered his musket, under Wellington, when the French invaded Portugal. He, an ecclesiastical student, was ready for strife, when duty told him that the cause was just. Such examples as his are of great value. They clear the clerical profession from the accusation of having refuge in more than a womanly security from danger; and one of the noblest lessons which our own sad war has taught us is written on the bloody graves to which our brave clergymen, of all creeds, have been sent, in their noble zeal for the discharge of their obligations as citizens and as priests. This is as it should be. The men who would inspire faith in another world must show us that they are without fear in this world. We must revere those who would instruct us; and neither in respect to the present world nor the future can we listen with attention or edification to a craven. How can we think that the man who trembles at the

sound of a pistol believes in immortality? How can we think that the man who quails before the danger of losing bodily life believes in the eternal reality of spiritual life? It is well, therefore, even for the sake of moral influence, that our clergy should give the world assurance that they are men. They have boldly given such assurance. We have ourselves never assented to the doctrines of the Peace Society; we have not scoffed or laughed at them; but, taking men as they are, and as they are likely to be, we had no faith in these doctrines. We have listened to preachers whose words were soft and sweet, — were like to those of Christian girlhood, meek and lowly, — indeed, as opposite to war as milk and honey are to gunpowder and cannon-shot. We have lived to hear such voices shrill like the sounds of trumpets, and their exhortations as calls to battle; to see priestly boldness as that of mighty captains; priestly death as that of martyrs; and we have said to ourselves, "Well done, grand souls! the stuff of manly greatness was in you, and sainthood was but the sanctification of heroism." Dr. Doyle eloquently vindicated the profession of arms, and declared that, had he not been called to a higher, arms would have been his own profession. "From my earliest youth," he says, "fear has been a feeling utterly unknown to me. I know not what it is, and, unless from the knowledge one gathers from common report, I know not what it is like."

Perhaps this explains his power as a polemic. And yet he says, "I dislike controversy." This great courage of his was displayed on several momentous occasions; as, for instance, in his several examinations before the High Court of Parliament. To stand before the choice men of the British Lords and Commons requires not only no ordinary intelligence, but no ordinary firmness. Very powerful men have broken down in the trial, and utterly disappointed the statesmen who summoned them as witnesses. On the contrary, Dr. Doyle did not tremble before the elect wisdom of the British empire; he was calm and fearless in the midst of most formidable opponents,— for a great number of his Parliamentary questioners took the position of antagonists. Dr. Doyle in very important instances stood against O'Connell. At what risk of popularity he did this, we learn from himself. Requested, in a special

case, to resist O'Connell, "If I should do so," he replied, "the people of my own household would desert me." Nor did he shun the bodily danger which, even among portions of his own people, at one time seemed to threaten the most sacred personages. When not only landlords, land-jobbers, magistrates, constables, informers, tithe-proctors, process-servers, sheriffs, attorneys, and all such, were murdered, but even when priests themselves were assassinated, Dr. Doyle ventured into the most disturbed districts, and spoke to assemblies of fierce and reckless men, with bold and indignant eloquence. This courageous spirit Dr. Doyle evinced in speaking of Ireland itself. There are two conditions in civilized society in which national criticism, from within or from without, will not be tolerated. One is, when the country is young, strong, prosperous, full of energy, full of hope. Its fortune is the future, its possession is the immeasurable. Ideas take the place of experience. National criticism, in any form, — such as satire, ridicule, caricature, or indignant expostulation, — becomes a risk that the boldest will not undertake; or which, if ventured on, soon drives the critics to silence or despair. The individual must join the chorus of the country, or modestly hold his peace. The other is, when the country is old; when it has lost its independence, and when its glory is in the past. The national affection is then in its traditions, and patriotism is more a sentiment of memory than of aspiration. Such a country has been Ireland. It is very sensitive. It holds closely, like a miser, all its hoarded wealth of national and proud recollections. Because impoverished in the present, it is all the more jealous of the past. And this treasure of national emotion is kept with the most watchful care in every genuinely Irish heart, from that of the laborer to that of the lord. It is difficult, therefore, to touch this sensibility, however innocently, without giving mortal offence. In the degree that the Irish have suffered pain, poverty, and historical humiliation, they bitterly resent even kindly strictures on their character or annals. Yet Dr. Doyle, in writing to a friend, says of Ireland: "Our origin and early possession of letters, and consequently of a certain degree of civilization, are, I think, points settled; but I cannot hide from myself that,

though we possessed at certain periods a relative superiority over other countries, we never attained eminence as a nation." He then goes on to show how people with fewer advantages than the ancient Irish organized solid governments and secured their independence.

The strength of mind and of character which gives a man courage and candor saves him from being a bigot, and gives him a generous liberality of spirit. A zealous man is not necessarily a bigot. We have no right to complain of the scrupulousness, of the steadfastness, with which a man adheres to his creed, or of his devotion to the duties which it imposes, so long as he is faithful to social courtesies and to all natural and divine charities. It is his want of these, and not his belief, that makes him a bigot. The fact is, that, at least in this period of Christendom, bigotry is often more in the blood than in belief; more a thing of temper than of theology. No man could be more firmly attached to his Church than was Dr. Doyle; but this attachment interfered with no honorable affection, with no kindliness of humanity. Some of his most lovingly eloquent letters are to a lady who not only left the Roman Catholic religion, but became an enthusiastic opponent of it. She always had his friendship, and was ever welcome to his presence and to his house. "From my infancy," he says, "I never felt a dislike to any man on account of his religion. I have long had, among my most early and intimate friends, and still have, members of the Established Church and other Protestant communities, in whom I confide and whom I love as much as I do any people upon earth; and if I had to choose a friend to whom I would confide my life or my honor, whether among people high in station or low, I should, at least among those high in station, prefer some of my Protestant friends to any others in the world." This was said, not in private correspondence or conversation, but before the assembled Commons of the British nation. Being told how ill an opinion the clergy of the Established Church had of him, he thus wrote: "They are mistaken. I hate their excessive Establishment; . . . . . yet I respect them generally as a class of men, eminent many of them for their domestic virtues as well as for their literary acquirements." He condemned as forci-

bly as any man could all temporal penalties and punishments in matters of religion. He gives up to reprobation all those who inflicted them and all those who would counsel their infliction, whether in Protestant or Roman Catholic states.

He was a strict man in all the relations of his authority. He was strict as a professor with his pupils. He was strict as a bishop with his priests. He forbade them to go to theatres, to attend races, to enter into field-sports, or to engage in secular employments or pursuits. He would not allow a priest to farm more than fourteen acres of land. He was jealous for the dignity of the priestly character even in externals. He was neat in his own dress, and he was anxious that his clergy should be so in theirs. He disliked a sloven or a clown in the priesthood. He used stimulants very slightly; he did not actually forbid them to priests, but he was extremely averse to the use of ardent spirits. When dying, a niece of his came to see him, and insisted that he should take some claret; but the only bottle that was in the house was one which she herself had brought. He was a strict casuist. The Professor of Ethics in Maynooth maintained that an insolvent debtor, when legally discharged, was not morally bound, in future prosperity, to pay his creditors. Dr. Doyle opposed this doctrine in an able refutation, and showed that an honest debt was a perpetual obligation, from which no really honest man felt himself morally relieved, except by inability to pay it. But however strict the Bishop was with others, he was strictest of all with himself. He would accept no gifts. "They corrupt," he said, "the heart, abase the mind, and pervert the conscience." He was offered patronage for his friends by the Irish government; but he would have none of it. "My kingdom," he replied, "is not of this world. I have no link to bind me to it." A lady had forced on him the present of a carriage, but only in a single instance did he ever enter it. "Whatever," he observes, "people may say of me, they shall never have it to say that I rode in my carriage." "I have not," he writes to a friend, "a coat to my back, not a shoe to my foot, and yet you talk of carriages. . . . . Coach indeed! I have not even a horse; for my horse became broken-winded, and is now at cure,—so that, with the ex-

ception of those animals found in cellars, my whole stock of four-footed creatures consists of a borrowed donkey, which, however, I do not ride." Bishop though he was, he writes to a friend, "I have been trying to make up the price of a new pair of shoes." He was happy through life in this honorable poverty. When a professor in Carlow College in 1814, he writes to one of his family: "I have little to say; if good health, a good fireside, plenty of labor, plenty of money, and a good name be advantages, I enjoy them to the fullest extent." Yet his salary was at the utmost only £25 a year. His charity was unfailing, and his hospitality most generous, — although, as a bishop, he was comparatively as poor as when he had been only a professor. He constantly kept a stock of bread and ale on hand for the refreshment of the poor. At Christmas he had oxen killed, and with beef he distributed clothing and blankets. Yet earnest preacher as Dr. Doyle was of personal beneficence, and high example as he was in the practice of it, he was, at the same time, the most strenuous advocate of a legal provision for the poor. Whether for good or evil, the poor-law system of Ireland is in a great measure owing to Dr. Doyle. Both good and evil belong to the system in Ireland, as to all human institutions everywhere; but whether the good overbalances the evil in the poor-laws in Ireland we cannot venture to say; but the state of the country and of the poor seemed imperatively then to demand some method of legally providing for the destitute. And this was the general import of Dr. Doyle's arguments. Whatever vices or abuses have entered into the administration of the Irish poor-laws, the institution of them became inevitable. Owing to extensive absenteeism among the owners of Irish estates, and the inaccessibility to those who remained at home, — for beggars were seldom allowed to enter even their uttermost gates, — the whole burden of pauperism was borne by the middle classes, and by classes themselves on the verge of pauperism, or even within it. It was right that property should not be left thus free; if it did not do its duty voluntarily, it was right that it should be forced to do it. And yet it may be questioned whether the penalty it paid at last was not too stern. Lordly mansions became poor-houses, and

some owners of such mansions were afterwards among the pauper inmates of them.

It was not Christmas alone that Dr. Doyle consecrated by special bounty to the poor; he commemorated other festivals in the same manner. He was a cheerful giver, and a gentle one. To whomsoever he might be severe, he was to the destitute as meek in manner as he was merciful in action. He did not mock their poverty by insult or by rudeness; and whether blameless or otherwise, it was a claim to his respect as well as pity. He did not relieve with the hand and wound with the lips. He only desired to know that the want was real, and then he ministered to it, to the extent of his means.

Nor was his compassion to the wants of the body alone; it extended still more deeply to the woes of the soul. Any soul burdened with grief, doubt, or sin had free access to him; its complaint was heard; such counsel or consolation as its case needed was given; and it did not matter whether the soul occupied the most lofty station in society, or the most lowly. When occupied by his episcopal duties, busy in the building of a cathedral, immersed in all sorts of controversies, — when his pen was guiding the political opinions of millions, and his fame filled Europe, — he was yet as laborious in the confessional as the humblest of his curates; nay, if a ragged beggar came to him specially, in distress of conscience, the Bishop as willingly gave him audience as he would in like case have given it to a mighty prince.

Strict man though he was, all the affections were powerful in his noble nature. He loved his kindred with all the tenderness of family instinct; he loved his friends with a generous and cordial confidence; he loved his enemies — if enemies he had — with Christian charity; he loved humanity with a fulness of regard which excluded no man from his pity or esteem; and he loved his country with the utmost passion of a patriot. Strict though the Bishop was, priests would sometimes "poke fun" at him. At a certain visitation, he rebuked a clergyman for irregularities in his parish. "I was much concerned," said he, "to observe, on this day, two of your parishioners fighting like a brace of bull-dogs." "My Lord," replied the priest, "the two men whom you observed boxing to-day were

tailors from Carlow; and your Lordship will admit, that, if *you* could effect no reformation in their lives at Carlow, it is unreasonable to expect that I could do so here, where they are merely birds of passage." "Never did any Christian pastor," writes Thackeray, in his Irish Sketch-Book, referring to Dr. Doyle, "merit the affection of his flock more than that great and high-minded man. He was the best champion the Catholic Church and cause ever had in Ireland; — in learning, and admirable kindness, and virtue, the best example to the clergy of his religion; and if the country is now filled with schools, where the humblest peasant in it can have the benefit of a liberal and wholesome education, it owes this great boon mainly to his noble exertions and to the noble spirit which they awakened."

We cannot discuss at much length the genius of Dr. Doyle. The most powerful faculty in it was his vigorous understanding. All the other faculties were in subordination to this. Intellect ruled his mind with as rigorous a discipline as he himself ruled his diocese. He was not speculative, soaring, or imaginative; he was mostly on the solid ground, close to his subject; and in public affairs he was always more the statesman than the philosopher. He was a great logician; but logic was his servant, not his lord. The art had become so natural to him, was so identical with the action of his thought, that, as a good speaker or writer does with the rules of grammar, being in full possession of the spirit, he threw away the forms. It was the same with rhetoric. He had thoroughly studied it, as the art of expression; but when he had gained power in the *spirit* of expression, he cared nothing for the technicalities. Perhaps no writer was ever more free from stiffness or mannerism than Dr. Doyle. This freedom is to be obtained, not only by ability, but by an instinct for the right use of words, trained by exercise and experience. It is also aided by wide conversation with men, with real life, and with history. Best of all, it is cultivated by having interests that heartily engage the mind, and become the stimulants of action. Then language is used unconsciously; it is a medium through which thought passes on to its end, without stopping to examine curiously the nature of the way. A tailor is not at ease in his

clothes, because his attention is always occupied in making clothes. A dancing-master — the instructor of others in graceful movement — is usually himself, away from his lessons, awkward and ungainly, because his attention dwells on modes of movement. A professional elocutionist, who teaches others to speak and read, — and teaches them successfully, — is seldom himself a good speaker or reader, because his attention is absorbed in the processes of speaking and reading. And we know of learned authors on the English language who themselves write execrable English: this, too, may be because their attention is fixed on the construction of the language, instead of their energies being engaged in the use of it, in literature or life. Dr. Doyle spoke and wrote freely and forcibly, because his attention was not on speaking or writing, but on the *objects* which he hoped by speaking and writing to accomplish. He was a great master of statement and of argument, — clear and strong in both. He was always practical and to the point. So little was he given to all that was extraneous to his topic, in embellishment, sentiment, or thought, that, Irishman though he was to the utmost, his style seemed to have been formed rather by the severest culture of England than by the impulsive culture of his own country. He was not, in the poetic sense, imaginative; but he had passion and conviction which raised his thinking into eloquence, — often indignant, often persuasive, often pathetic. He had fancy which could sharpen his thinking into wit; he had, when morally provoked, an energy of scorn that turned his thinking into barbs of sarcasm, which he hurled with such directness that they never missed their aim, and with such force that, though the wounds they inflicted might possibly be healed, they could never be forgotten. His intellect was aided by an enormous memory. "My memory," said Dr. Doyle to a friend, "is singularly tenacious. I never read an able argument, from the earliest period of my life to this hour, that is not distinctly inscribed on the tablet of my mind; and I protest I think, that, were it necessary, I could take my oath of the precise page whereon any remarkable theological opinion is recorded." This is like Niebuhr, who thought that his health was on the decline when his memory required the slightest effort; for the normal state of that mem-

ory seemed to be rather the intuition of a present consciousness than the recalling of a past consciousness, so easy was its action.

Able as Dr. Doyle was in his writings, his greatest mental triumphs were before the Houses of Parliament. In 1825 he was examined before committees of the Commons and of the Lords, in relation to the question of Catholic emancipation. In 1830 he was examined before a committee of the Commons, in relation to a legal provision for the poor. In 1832 he was examined before committees of the Commons and of the Lords, in relation to the question of tithes. His answers in the first examination would form a folio of divinity; in the second, a body of social science; and in the third, a treatise on Church History and Ecclesiastical Antiquities. The questions put to him in the second examination amounted to 468, and his replies often extended to disquisitions. In the first examination, he was warned by a friend that it would be entirely theological, the questions being prepared by the ablest divines from Oxford and Cambridge. The friend hoped that he was supplied with such works for consultation as would enable him to go safely through this ordeal. The Bishop assured his friend that he brought no book with him but his Breviary. It was as his friend foretold it would be, a comprehensive, searching, polemical, theological examination. But the Doctor had, as we have seen, a vast memory; he was not only a most learned priest, but also a most learned lawyer; he had knowledge enough to confute his questioners, and when he pleased, he had art enough to confound them. He was offered books in abundance, but he had little need of them, and he little used them. He says himself of this examination: "I found it easier to answer the bishops than the lords." His success delighted his friends, and gained admiration from even his opponents. Stanley, one of the most determined of these, paid the highest tribute to the talents of Dr. Doyle. An eminent peer declared that "Dr. Doyle as far surpassed O'Connell as O'Connell surpassed other men." "Well, Duke," observed another peer, who met Wellington as he was leaving the committee-room, "are you examining Dr. Doyle?" "No," said his Grace, dryly, "Dr. Doyle is examining us." It has been

said that the impression of this examination on the Duke's mind tended considerably towards his ultimate treatment of the Catholic question. "Who is there," says the Morning Chronicle, "of the Established clergy, either of England, Ireland, or Scotland, for instance, to compare with Dr. Doyle? Compare his evidence before the poor-law committee with that of Dr. Chalmers, for instance, and the superiority appears immense."

Dr. Doyle's power of labor was incredible; and yet his readiness and versatility were equal to his power. He appeared before these committees day after day, and remained before them several hours at a time. He had to be prepared to meet all sorts of questions, on all sorts of subjects, and to answer them on the moment. He not only answered them, but he answered them with a surplus wealth of knowledge. His mental treasury and his physical force seemed alike inexhaustible, and at the close of each day's toil his strength seemed as unabated as it had been at the beginning. The members of the committee were arranged in the form of a horse-shoe. Dr. Doyle stood or sat within the hollow space. When excited, he arose, and often pursued a long and connected oration, which so chained the attention of his auditory that he was rarely interrupted.

His whole life was full of labor. He was not only strict in the duties of his office, but he enlarged those that were ordinary, and created others that were extraordinary. He was never without some public or patriotic demand that taxed his talents and his time. His fame made him a marked man for all sorts of attacks. He kept up a most extensive correspondence, political, ecclesiastical, and with his family and his friends. If we wonder that a man of such surprising abilities left no single great work, we must take these circumstances into account, and we must also remember the early age at which Dr. Doyle died. If the topics on which he wrote were temporary in duration, in the importance of consequences they had an everlasting interest. He so regarded and so treated them. But though the occasions which called forth his genius have passed away, not so his fame. That is immortal; and while Ireland cherishes love, gratitude, or admiration for the

memory of those who have been devoted to her good, and have shed glory on her name, James Warren Doyle will be ranked among the brightest of her minds and among the greatest of her sons.

We shall not be able to expatiate on the times of Dr. Doyle with the fulness which we had originally intended. They were times full of agitations. We shall review some of the most prominent; such as the collective polemical exertions for Protestantizing the Catholics; the struggle of the Catholics for political emancipation; and, lastly, their opposition to tithes.

We do not impeach the motives of those who combined in the attempt to make Ireland a Protestant country. Christianity is essentially a proselytizing religion. It is not out of order that modifications of it have the same spirit, and of this spirit Protestantism has inherited an ample portion. Not only churches, but every individual of strong and sincere convictions, should desire to make others partakers of them. But he must be amenable to all the laws of charity, courtesy, and reason, even when he believes that these convictions are needful to man's temporal and eternal welfare. No duty calls on him to be obtrusive or aggressive; to use arts which integrity does not sanction, even for this solemn purpose; he is not justified in abusing power for it, or in taking unfair advantage of opportunities, or in employing the influence of threats, promises, or favors. Not only does duty not require such endeavors, it indignantly forbids them. We will not say that policy excited this spiritual crusade against the Catholics; but if it succeeded, it would have admirably served policy. Some of the most active in the crusade were clergy of the Established Church. Now as this Church in Ireland was, and still indeed is, but the Church of a few, its claim to a national endowment, and a revenue paid by a vast majority who denied its doctrines and rejected its services, seemed, even to not a few of its own members, grossly unjust. But could this vast majority be converted to the Establishment, then, as the Church of the nation not only in name, but in reality, its claim would have a moral as well as a legal validity. If success came not, the failure arose from no want of zeal, energy, or perseverance. The apostleship included all orders of workers, lay and

clerical, from peers and bishops to tract-distributers and Bible-readers; from the countess of the castle to the mistress of the village-school. Some temporary results were obtained; a seed here and there seemed to take root; it grew quickly, and as quickly withered. Where an abundant harvest had been hoped for, behold, all was barren. The relapsed converts even mocked those whom they had deceived, and laughed at the folly of their learned dupes. How success could have been expected otherwise than by miracle is to us a marvel. The Catholic Irish have intensely the religious temperament, and they have been always ardently attached to the Church of Rome. This attachment in itself it would be inconceivably difficult to overcome. But when we connect it with the circumstances and history of the Catholic Irish, nothing in all the wildness of a dream seems so unreal as those attempts to make them Protestants. The Irish are a people susceptible of the most vivid impressions of the present, and have far-reaching and tenacious memories of the past. How would this present and this past influence them towards Protestantism? The lands which their forefathers owned, they saw Protestants living on as lords, while they toiled on them as serfs, — and, indeed, rejoiced when they got leave to toil. The castles which their ancestors held they saw monuments of humiliating ruin, and in such of them as still retained their olden splendor, Protestants were the inhabitants. The grand cathedrals and abbeys, which had once beautified the country, they saw given to the owls and to the bats, and the princely incomes which had belonged to them they saw go into the coffers of a Protestant hierarchy. They remembered that the predecessors of the priests, from whom the preachers sought to win them, had been hunted like wild beasts by Protestant persecution. They remembered that the laws which deprived them of all inheritance on their native soil, of all right to property, that the laws which deprived their ancestors of natural domestic rights, which deprived Catholic children of education, and encouraged them to violate the most sacred of human instincts, — they remembered that all these were Protestant laws. Nay, more, the missionaries who expected the Catholic Irish to become Protestants acted — as far as the spirit of the age

allowed — in the spirit of those laws. They held up the clergy of the people to unmitigated odium, and exhausted on them the whole vocabulary of denunciation and contempt. They rudely scorned all the beliefs and feelings which the people held as the most consecrated in the inmost sanctuaries of their religious affections. Beyond this, these missionaries were the most virulent opponents against the struggles of the people for the enjoyment of national and civic rights. They were zealous *for* the emancipation of the West Indian negro, and equally zealous *against* the emancipation of the Irish Catholic; yet these were the men who thought that they had divinely assigned to them the duty, and the gifts, and the fitness to turn a rusty Irish Catholic into a brightly-plated Brummagem Protestant.

The part which Dr. Doyle took in these controversies was seldom purely theological. His polemics were usually incidental to his patriotism, and the defence of his Church was generally connected with that of the civil claims of its members. We shall select but one opponent with whom he powerfully grappled, — we mean Archbishop Magee, author of a celebrated work on the Atonement. A few remarks on the Archbishop and his work may interest our readers. He was a native of Enniskillen, the son of a respectable but reduced merchant, and was born about 1764. He was educated at the expense of a wealthy relative. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, when he was only fifteen, and had for fellow-students Plunket and Thomas Addis Emmet. He was diligent in study and cheerful in temper; he loved the society of maidens, and the pursuit of mathematics; he had extraordinary skill in dancing and diophantines. He obtained a fellowship, and, considering the enormous amount of learning and science demanded in the Dublin University in the candidate for such an office, the success of a young man in gaining it gave him deservedly very high distinction. He entered into orders, and, in spite of the law which enjoined celibacy on the fellows, and which he was sworn to observe, he married. In early life, he was a radical, — a hater of England and an opponent of the union. He was Irish of the Irish. Change of conviction, and with it change of colors, came in time. Poor and outcast

liberalism gave place to prosperous and exultant toryism, and rebellious green bloomed into loyal orange. Magee became Dean of Cork, and, in due season, Archbishop of Dublin. Theological conversion, even with the greatest abilities, is seldom so favorable to ambition as political conversion. Kirwin, the most eloquent of preachers, of whom Grattan said, that "he awoke the slumbers of the Irish pulpit, and exhausted the oil of life in feeding the lamp of charity," changed his religion, and died in a wretched deanery; Magee changed his politics, and died in a wealthy archbishopric.

We allude to the Archbishop's book, not to review or criticise it, but on account of some circumstances connected with it. Learned men have impeached the originality of this book, both as to its learning and its argument; but all candid readers will confess that there is a polemical bitterness in it which is all the author's own. His work, on a certain occasion, became of value to a class of theologians who desire to appear learned in theology-made-easy, and whose bigotry is commonly as deep as their scholarship is shallow. About the year 1839, thirteen Evangelical clergymen of the Established Church undertook to preach weekly a series of thirteen lectures, in Liverpool, against Socinianism. Accordingly, one morning all the Liverpool Socinians saw placards staring them in the face, exhorting them to attend thirteen lectures by learned and godly men, which were to convert them from the iniquity of their heresy, and save them from the error of their ways. Three unaided Unitarian ministers of the place — though scornfully left out of notice by these learned and godly men — felt it their duty to interfere, and announced a counter series of thirteen lectures. Thus arose what was called "The Liverpool Controversy." After the thirteen reverend gentlemen had been compelled to recognize the three reverend heretics, and to agree to certain conditions of argument, it was arranged on both sides that the Scriptures in their original languages should be the only ultimate authority. Notwithstanding this, from the beginning to the end of the discussion, the *thirteen* disputants never ceased to urge against their opponents the assumed perversions of a work which was called "An Improved Version of the New Testament." This weapon, and most of

the other weapons which the *thirteen* used, came from the armory of Dr. Magee's work. The fact was, that the Unitarian disputants had no concern with "The Improved Version." But what was this version? The substance of it was by Archbishop Newcome: this was retouched by Mr. Belsham, who added some marginal notes. In less than a year after its publication, "The Improved Version" was subjected to a searching and condemnatory criticism by the Rev. Dr. Lant Carpenter, Unitarian minister in Bristol. The essentials of this criticism were adopted, almost without acknowledgment, by an Oxford divine; Dr. Magee borrowed them from him; and the Liverpool champions of Orthodoxy adopted them from Magee. Magee withheld "all notice of his obligations to the Unitarian reviewer." So the very book which a Unitarian scholar was the first to decry, was made the heaviest count in the theological indictment which the Archbishop and his followers brought against the Unitarians. "If Dr. Carpenter," asks the Rev. James Martineau, "had been minister in Liverpool, instead of Bristol, would he have been bound to come forward and answer *himself?*" In a long note to his lecture against "Vicarious Sacrifice," Mr. Martineau presents a scorching and most demolishing analysis of Dr. Magee's controversial character. Of Dr. Magee he says, in his preface to the same lecture: "A careful study of his treatise on the Atonement, with the habit of *testing his citations*, has revealed to me a system of controversy which, before, I should have esteemed incredible, and which no terms of censure can too severely describe."

Such was the disputant with whom Dr. Doyle dared to enter the lists; and here was the occasion. In a charge to his clergy, the Archbishop said: "My reverend brethren, we are hemmed in by two opposite descriptions of professing Christians, — the one possessing a church without what we call a religion, and the other possessing a religion without what we can call a church." "And we, my reverend brethren," he might have added, "have a church in Ireland without having what we can call a people; but in compensation, my reverend brethren, though others feed the sheep, we shear them." The church without a religion was intended for the Roman Catho-

lics; the religion without a church, for the Dissenters: between these two the venerable Establishment, that was both a church and a religion suffered grievous persecution, and had to bear "heavy blows and great discouragements." The phrase here quoted from the Archbishop's charge, and the habit of using such phrases, caused him to be styled "the *antithetical Magee.*" Dr. Doyle took up his own side of the antithesis, and with such effect as must have taught the Archbishop the extreme danger of pointed sentences, which may be made to wound the author more deeply than those at whom they are aimed. A very favorite mode in those days, among Roman Catholic polemics, in dealing with their opponents of orthodox Protestant churches, was to vindicate, on the grounds of individual conscience and of private interpretation, the religious claims of Unitarians. This mode of argument was often very annoying and perplexing to those against whom it was used. Dr. Doyle used it with stunning energy against Dr. Magee. "Are not Socinians," he wrote, "men of sound judgment? Have they not, according to your rule, a right — nay, are they not obliged — to follow the dictate of that judgment in preference to all authority on earth? And yet you exclude them from the kingdom of God because, in the exercise of their judgment, or in what you consider the discharge of their duty, they differ in opinion from yourself. Your opinion of them, if judged by your own principles, is unjust, uncharitable, and unreasonable."

Dr. Doyle went hand in hand with O'Connell during the last great struggle for Catholic emancipation. His influence was very efficient in promoting O'Connell's election for Clare, which was the decisive blow that brought the Tory statesmen to their senses. The pen of Dr. Doyle was as powerful in its way as the tongue of O'Connell. Dr. Doyle had influence over classes which O'Connell did not reach. Dr. Doyle's writings were read by aristocratic and educated men of all parties, — men who would not listen to O'Connell, and whom, if they would, O'Connell could not convince. O'Connell had the ears and hearts of the masses; Dr. Doyle had the attention and thoughts of the select. He had many personal acquaintances among the most powerful and intellectual of

the aristocratic politicians. Dr. Doyle was himself by nature aristocratic; O'Connell was democratic in temper, in talents, and by his training and experience among the people in their assembled multitudes. Dr. Doyle's splendid evidence and eloquence before the leading men of the empire — lords, bishops, commons — gave authority to his words of counsel, of remonstrance, of history, of prophecy, which the words of an individual have rarely had in the concerns of mighty states.

We can only glance at the agitation against tithes, and a glance is all that is needed.

Tithes, even in the Church of England, have always been the most unpopular of legal imposts. Yet a large mass of the English people belong to the Church, and among them are the wealthiest portion of the nation. What must tithes have, then, been in Ireland, where the mass of the population are not only *not* of the Established Church, but thoroughly and passionately opposed to it, and where, moreover, the tithes weighed most heavily on the struggling and the poor! We enter in no wise into the *rationale* or logic of the legal or the voluntary system of supporting religious institutions; we pass by all speculative arguments for tithes or against them. We confine ourselves to broad and palpable facts. On the face of the matter, it does seem unreasonable and unjust to force a man to pay for the administration of a religion which his conscience and conviction reject. Even among Protestant sects, it appears hardly fair to make all the sects except one support that one. But among Protestant sects there are only differences; Roman Catholics are opposed to all forms of Protestantism, but of all forms of Protestantism in Ireland, the Church form was, perhaps, the most unpopular. To it belonged the aristocracy, with which, rightly or wrongly, the Roman Catholic people associated conquest, plunder, confiscation, and oppression; to it belonged a clergy whose creed they denied, whose incomes they were forced to pay, among whom they saw some of the most active and zealous denouncers of their own faith; and, as we have said, the burden of this odious tax or tribute fell most heavily on the struggling and the poor. A collection of advertisements of tithe-auctions

would open strange revelations of the strangest social condition ever made known in the whole existence of civilized humanity. In those auctions, the most wretched articles of the most wretchedly indigent were exposed to sale; — the only cow or donkey; the half-starved pig; poultry; the solitary plot or platter; the winter's stock of potatoes; the bed-covering and wearing-apparel, down to the petticoat and the apron of Widow Gallaher. Lest this should be thought the exaggeration of burlesque, we extract from the book before us a literal copy of one of these advertisements.

"To. be soaled by Publick Cant in the town of Ballymore on the 15th Inst one Cowe, the property of Jas Scully one new bed & one gown the property of John Quinn seven hanks of yarn the property of Widow Scott one petty Coate & one apron the property of Widow Gallaher seized under & by virtue of a leasing warrant for tithe due the Rev John Ugher." — Vol. I. pp. 310, 311.

"If," says a statesman, "an established church is valuable because it provides for the religious wants of the poor, the Church of Ireland does the reverse of this; it provides for the rich only, and compels the poor to pay." Now if tithes in their essential principle were so hateful to Irish Catholics that no amount of forbearance or prudence in collecting them could have rendered them tolerable, it is not easy to conceive the fearfulness of their grievance, when connected as they were with every possible abuse of administration. With the intervention of avaricious tithe-proctors, of unscrupulous appraisers, of lawyers, and of constables, the poor man often paid the fifth, instead of tenth, of his hard-earned property.

But it may be said that the clergy spent their incomes among the people. Not always. Sometimes the parson hardly ever visited the parish which paid him hundreds of pounds in yearly revenue. The present Archbishop of Cashel had been one of the most zealous of proselytizing orators. Besides other large benefices, he owned the richest parish in Cork, from which, it was estimated, he derived an income of two thousand pounds a year. The church at one time needed repairs, and the members of the congregation decided to tax themselves, and forego the legal claim for church-rates. The

officers of the parish wrote to the rector for a subscription. He sent them five pounds. The officers sent the pittance back to him. This godly and evangelical divine never came near the parish, unless it happened to be within the range of an itinerating tour. Dr. Doyle mentions the case of the rector of a rich living in the county of Kildare, who had never been there but once in all his life. Such a man was not singular, but representative of a class. Many of the clergy were magistrates, and many to their ecclesiastical office added that of land-agents. Tithes formed but one item of the Church wealth in Ireland. Besides these, there were bishop-lands, glebe-lands, and church-rates. The income of five hundred thousand acres of bishop-lands were estimated at one million dollars a year. A bishop's lease was but for twenty-one years, and the bishop accordingly could impose a heavy fine on the renewal of it. One see alone, as it appeared from Parliamentary returns, possessed fifty-one thousand eight hundred and eighty acres; and it was shown that one bishop received fifty thousand pounds for the renewal of a single lease.* Add to all this, that the bishops have extensive patronage in the Church, and that they very generally use it for the benefit of their families and kindred. Many bishops die enormously wealthy, and this could not happen without the means of rapid accumulation, since a man seldom reaches the episcopacy until life has sobered into the gravity of years. Dr. Beresford, the late Archbishop of Armagh, was reputed to have left more than a million sterling. This was decent saving, although it was the gathering of forty thrifty years. Another Beresford went from a rich see to this vacant one, which was still richer. The clergy, in congratulating him on his promotion, spoke feelingly on the *apostolic simplicity* of his millionnaire predecessor. In all that was secularly or sacredly gainful, the Beresfords were a most prosperous family; they had a mighty hunger for pelf and power, and good digestion waited upon ample appetite.

But the time came at last when the old tithe system must be no more. The decree had gone forth. The exhausted patience of the people could no further go. An individual here

* Edinburgh Review, November, 1825.

and there hesitated to pay; another challenged the legal claim. At last the spirit of resistance spread until it became universal. No active opposition was offered. The Catholics imitated the Quakers. They folded their arms; they moved no weapon; they used no word of threatening or sedition. They simply, by their manner, said, "You want to tax our goods to pay your Church; then come and take our goods to the amount of your tax." But that which was easy with an inconsiderable sect became terrific with a multitudinous nation. All liberals sustained the movement, but O'Connell and Dr. Doyle were the soul and spirit of it. The mountain-sides were covered with people who came to listen to orators who denounced the tithe system. Yet there was no violence. Property was seized, but there was no resistance. The property could not be sold in the localities wherein it was seized; so it was carried into adjacent cities, but in these also it could not be sold. Some property in this way was carried into Carlow, but twenty thousand men went in along with it. No person was bold enough to bid, and the property was returned to the owners. Some few cattle were seized in the county of Cork; but the authorities, despairing of finding a sale for them in the neighborhood, had them driven into the city. The largest open space was there appointed for the sale. On the morning destined for the auction there marched into the city some thirty thousand men from all sides of the county. They were young, healthy, strong, good-looking, and well dressed. They were unarmed; they had not even a *kippeen;* they were as sober as judges, and wore the gravest of faces. They came to *look on* at the auction, but there were none that dared to bid. Except the voice of the auctioneer, all was dumb show. These *lookers-on*, who came into the city in the most orderly manner, marshalled into divisions, brigades, regiments, and companies, keeping form and step with perfect regularity, left the city in the same admirable regularity. And what was most astonishing in those vast gatherings was the absence of intemperance and of disorder. This was really the most fearful element in them to the clergy of the Established Church. No tithes were to be paid; that was a decree which no Catholic disobeyed. No action for tithes could be enforced; the power of government seemed unequal

to such enforcement. The government which could hold a discontented kingdom, could not compel the payment of a shilling to the parish rector.

The climax of the struggle came in an impressive accident. A parson bolder than his brethren ventured, with military aid, to enforce a claim for tithe in a place called Rathcormac, in the vicinity of Cork. There was some resistance, and the soldiers fired. A young lad, who was the only son of a widow, and had no share in the riot, was killed. It is not possible now to give the least idea of the anger, and the sorrow, and the determined purpose which this event kindled in the souls of Irish Catholics. Nor was this feeling confined only to Irish or to Catholics: it excited the pathetic wonder of Christendom. The Rev. George Harris, an Englishman, then a Unitarian minister in Glasgow, heard of the event late of a Saturday, and on the Sunday afternoon preached a most impassioned and powerful sermon on the topic, in which he contrasted the conduct of Christ to the son of the widow of Nain with that of the parson to the son of the widow of Rathcormac. The sermon made such impression that he was invited over to Cork, and had there, during his visit, the most enthusiastic reception from liberal people of all creeds and classes. But there was in this, as in all revolutions, much of great and undeserved suffering. Good men were reduced from prosperity to pauperism. "Vicars of Wakefield," whose parsonages had been refuges to the poor and mansions of hospitality to all classes, became households of sad and painful indigence. There were some generous Roman Catholics who, though they would *not* pay the legal tithes, yet exceeded them in voluntary gratuities. The government at length relieved the clergy by advancing a million sterling, and Parliament converted the tithe system into a rent-charge. This did not settle the controversy as to the principle of tithes, but it took from it its rudest conflicts, its coarseness, and its fury.

We had desired to make some remarks on the vital and recuperative energy of the Irish race, which enables the people of that race to recover rapidly from the most disastrous circumstances, and to vindicate at home, and all the world over, their living power of mind and body. We can, however, add

nothing to this long article, but the expression of our heart-felt hope that the destinies of the Irish people may be brighter in the future than they have been in the past; more worthy of their merits as an intellectual, brave, generous, faithful race,—a race that have always shown that they possess some of the best elements of genius and humanity,—who are ever giving the world assurance that they have within them a worth and wealth of nature which time does not exhaust, and which misfortunes have not injured, but improved.

Art. II.—PROFESSOR WILSON.

"*Christopher North.*" *A Memoir of John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.* Compiled from Family Papers and other Sources, by his Daughter, Mrs. Gordon. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglass, 1862. 2 vols. Small 8vo. pp. xii. and 335, 399.

The relations of physical vigor and intellectual character are strikingly illustrated in the life of Professor Wilson. Firm health, exuberant spirits, and keen sensuous enjoyment combined to give to his character the warmth, brilliancy, and audacity which have made the man, as well as his writings, so attractive. Endowed by nature with a large but supple frame, adapted to feats of agility and strength, he was equally fortunate in an education which encouraged the full development of his powers. The life of such a man affords an interesting subject for the biographer. In the case of Professor Wilson, this office has been undertaken by his daughter, with great honesty of purpose and a diffidence which invites friendly criticism, but with little discrimination in the choice of materials.

With the common tendency of biographers to find in the childhood of a man of genius some hints of his future development, Mrs. Gordon gives a few anecdotes of Wilson's early years. These are pleasant, but probably not more notice-

able than those which many parents could relate of children whose youthful brilliancy faded in later years into only respectable mediocrity. Wilson's parents appear to have been fortunate in their choice of instructors for their boy. He was placed, at an early age, under the care of the Rev. Dr. M'Latchie, in the Parish of the Mearns. This worthy clergyman fostered his pupil's love of manly sports, and was as proud of his feats of wrestling and leaping as of his classical acquirements. The unclouded happiness of his boyhood, and the affectionate regard in which he held every nook and corner, loch and moor, in this "loveliest of Scotland's thousand parishes," are often seen in his "Recreations."

From the Mearns he went at twelve to Glasgow University, where he showed himself an ambitious, quick, and thorough student. Here he first mixed in social pleasures, and is reported to have dressed with scrupulous neatness and care, — a singular contrast to the Christopher North of his maturity. Neither the powers nor the peculiarities of later years were yet developed.

The only evidence of literary ambition at this period is seen in a very long and dull letter to Wordsworth. The self-esteem so evident in this prolix epistle is poorly veiled under expressions of humility. It is, however, the same quality which, when it afterward rioted in unbounded extravagance of expression, gave the charm of a strong personality to his writings.

After a six years' residence at the University of Glasgow Wilson went to Oxford. By the death of his father he had already come into possession of a fortune of fifty thousand pounds. His position as gentleman commoner, his brilliant conversational powers, and abounding humor, brought him into contact with the least studious class of young men at the University. Added to these temptations to an irregular life, he was at this time laboring under great mental excitement. During his residence in Glasgow he had formed an attachment to a lady whom we only know as Margaret ——. This attachment, which appears to have been strong, as was natural in one capable of such delicate sensibilities and strong passions, and which was fully reciprocated by its object, did not result

in a marriage. The story is clumsily and obscurely told; but it is tolerably plain that the mother of the young man was the chief obstacle in the way; and her objections appear to have been grounded simply upon the different social positions of the parties, and the moderate fortune of the lady. It is difficult, perhaps, for the American reader to understand how a young man of ample fortune and mature years could be brought to the verge of insanity, because a narrow-minded parent objected, for such reasons, to his choice of a wife. Matrons are rare among us who exercise so much domestic despotism, and sons are still more rare who relinquish their dearest hopes at its dictation.

The effect of these circumstances upon Wilson's character was extremely unfortunate. Of his life at this time he says, in a letter to a friend: —

"I believe that I live rather too hard, and I have formed a very determined resolution to change my ways; but it is one thing to make a resolution, and another thing to keep it. I have certainly led a dissipated life for some time; but

'Wine, they say, drives off despair,
And bids even hope remain,
And that is sure a reason fair
To fill my glass again.'"

During his summer vacations he undertook solitary excursions through Wales and Ireland, the latter "prolific in adventure and scrape," and his biographer relates that on one occasion he returned home from Oxford on foot, in company with a party of strolling Gypsies. A curious account is given of his midnight excursions to the tavern when the London coach arrived, waiting on the guests, joking with the hostlers, and arousing the college porter at an early hour in the morning for admittance.

After passing a "very splendid" examination, he took his Bachelor's degree *cum laude*, and left Oxford in 1807. With abundant pecuniary resources and no profession, he was entirely at liberty to choose his place of residence. Attracted by the fine scenery of the Lake country, and as much perhaps by the society of those who have made it still

more famous, he settled at Elleray, on Lake Windermere. In this wild region his love of out-of-door sports and daring and romantic adventure found abundant opportunity for exercise. Among his rustic neighbors his genial humor and muscular exploits excited general admiration. An old Laker, William Ritson, whose chief boast was that he had thrown Mr. Wilson in wrestling, relates the following anecdote:—

"'T' first time 'at Professor Wilson cam to Wastd'le Head,' said Ritson, 'he hed a tent set up in a field, an' he gat it weel stock't wi' bread, an' beef, an' cheese, an' rum, an' ale, an' sic like. Then he gedder't up my granfadder, an' Thomas Tyson, an' Isaac Fletcher, an' Joseph Stable, an' aad Robert Grave, an' some mair; an' there was gay deed amang 'em. Then, nowt would sarra, bud he mun hev a boat, an' they mun all hev a sail. Well, when they gat into t' boat, he tell't un to be particklar careful, for he was liable to git giddy in t' head, an' if yan ov his giddy fits sud chance to cum on, he mud happen tummle into t' watter. Well, that pleased 'em all gaily weel, an' they said they 'd take varra girt care on him. Then he leaned back an' called oot that they mun pull quicker. So they did, and what does Wilson do then but topples ower eb'm ov his back i' t' watter with a splash. Then there was a girt cry: "Eh! Mr. Wilson 's i' t' watter!" an' yan click't an' anudder click't, but nean o' them could get hod on him, an' there was sic a scrowe as nivver. At last, yan o' them gat him round t' neck as he popped up at teàl o' t' boat, an' Wilson taad him to keep a good hod, for he mud happen slip him ageàn. But what, it was nowt but yan ov his bit o' pranks, he was snurkin' an' laughin' all t' time. Wilson was a fine, gay, girt-hearted fellow, as strang as a lion, an' as lish as a trout, an' he hed sic antics as nivver man hed. Whativver ye sed tull him ye 'd get yowr change back for it gaily soon..... It was a' life an' murth amang us, as lang as Professor Wilson was at Wastd'le Head.'"

At one time Wilson had quite a fleet of small vessels on Lake Windermere, and many anecdotes are current of his reckless escapades, tempting the waters of the lake at all hours and at all seasons. On one stormy December night, the snow falling fast, it is said, he set off with an old boatman for a sail on the lake. Their trip ended disastrously, as might be supposed, Wilson being nearly frozen to death, and barely escaping with his life.

One of the poet's favorite amusements may well excite sur-

prise at the present day. From the time of his residence at Oxford he kept a large number of game birds, and his pride and interest in them are the occasion of frequent entries in his diary. These entries sometimes come into curious juxtaposition with more serious matters, as in the following instance:—

"June 12, 1812. — Expected that a volume will be completed by June 12, 1814. May the Almighty enlighten my mind, so that I may benefit my fellow-creatures, and discharge the duties of my life. J. W. — Small black muffled hen set herself, with about eight eggs, on Monday night or Tuesday morning, 7th July."

Mrs. Gordon makes some natural but rather lame attempts to justify a taste so obviously unrefined. We must acknowledge that, in this rich and varied character, coarse proclivities are found in close contact with the most delicate and feminine sensibility. A few years after his settlement at Elleray, Wilson became acquainted with Miss Jane Penny, a young lady belonging to a stanch Tory family of Liverpool, recently removed to the Lakes. She is described as a person of great beauty and amiability, and their acquaintance resulted in a marriage in 1811. Mrs. Wilson appears to have been a devoted wife and mother, and the letters addressed to her by her husband — though unnecessarily large in number and of little general interest — give pleasing pictures of their domestic life, and show that she always retained his warmest love and respect. Mrs. Wilson was as violent a Tory as her husband, and, like many of her sex, made up in warmth of feeling what she lacked in a clear understanding of political subjects. It is amusing to read her note to a friend at the time of the passage of the Reform Bill:—

"I hope you are as much disgusted and grieved as we all are with the passage of this accursed Reform Bill. I never look into a newspaper now; but we shall see what they will make of it by and by."

Her sympathy with her husband in his athletic exercises is curiously seen in the bravery and spirit with which she undertook a journey in his company through the Western Highlands, — a feat which excited the greatest amazement among their friends. In a letter to Hogg, Wilson says they walked,

on this journey, three hundred and fifty miles in about two months. Mrs. Wilson's friends confidently expected to see her return with those blemishes which Nature capriciously leaves, while she gives the bloom of fuller health; but an old lady who saw her immediately after her return exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Weel, I declare, she 's come back bonnier than ever."

During his residence at Elleray, Wilson published his first volume, "The Isle of Palms, and other Poems." It was received without enthusiasm, — a circumstance which surprised and somewhat annoyed the author. At this time, however, Byron was at the height of his wonderful popularity, and it was hardly to be expected that poems like those of Wilson could produce a strong impression upon the public. They are certainly smooth, graceful, and pleasing, but neither good nor bad enough to attract much attention. Lockhart gives a tolerably fair estimate of the poet's strong and weak points when he jestingly says:—

> "To tell the truth, I think John Wilson shines
> More o'er a bowl of punch than in his lines."

His second volume, "The City of the Plague, and other Poems," appears to have been more generally read and admired, as Wilson was, from other causes, at the time of its publication, more known; but few readers of the present day will be likely to undertake a complete perusal of it.

After a residence of several years at Elleray, Wilson met with some pecuniary loss which made it necessary for him to relinquish this pleasant home, and to make immediate exertion for the support of a young family. It was this disaster which opened to him his most appropriate sphere of effort, and discovered his peculiar and brilliant powers as a writer. He removed to Edinburgh, and at first undertook the study of law; but soon finding it uncongenial, he gave it up and became a contributor to Blackwood's Magazine, which had just been established. After the Magazine had dragged along a feeble existence for a few months, under very inefficient management, Mr. Blackwood himself took the editorial chair, and drew around him a powerful corps of contributors. Conspicuous among these were John Wilson and John Gibson Lockhart.

The tone of the Magazine changed at once. Its attacks on the Whig party were fierce and fearless; and its articles, though brilliant and popular, were marked by unequalled and inexcusable personalities. In the early part of this century, when political parties, both in this and the old countries, were thrown into such violent excitement by the French Revolution, the animosities of journalists were certainly more bitter than at the present day; but even then, the virulent personal abuse of Blackwood was unparalleled. The first number under the new *régime* contained an attack on Coleridge, an abusive article on Leigh Hunt, and the famous Chaldee Manuscript. This, like other succeeding articles, involved the editor in a suit for libel, which, however, did not in any degree moderate the tone of the Magazine. Its editorship was attributed to Wilson, but this he explicitly denies. His biographer dwells with some complacency on the fact, which however can hardly appear to be of great importance, as undoubtedly his influence in the Magazine, under whatever name veiled, was greater than that of any other person. Wilson and Lockhart gave to the Magazine a large measure of its audacity, brilliancy, and dash. The two men were strikingly contrasted in personal appearance, as well as in mental traits. Wilson, of a Saxon type, with long, light hair, blue eyes, and sanguine complexion, was a man of ready humor, quick enjoyment of the world, and of keen poetic sensibilities. Lockhart, according to Mrs. Gordon, was of a "pale olive complexion, sombre or melancholy expression, thin lips compressed into a smile of perpetual sarcasm, with a compact, finely formed head, and an acute and refined intellect." Feared by many, loved by few, even Wilson himself, his warm friend, shrank from his bitter jests. "I 've sometimes thocht, Mr. North," says the Shepherd in the Noctes, "that ye were a wee feared for him yoursel, and used rather, without kennin it, to draw in your horns."

Their friendship, however, continued through life. Lockhart's letters to his friend often give curious glimpses of his literary character. Referring to his own novel, "Matthew Wald," Lockhart says: "Pray write a first-rate but brief puff of Matthew (Wald) for next number Blackwood, or if not, say so, that I may do it myself, or make the Doctor."

The mystery which was carefully maintained as to the authorship of the articles in Blackwood doubtless sharpened popular curiosity and interest. Lockhart wrote under several names, not infrequently using those of persons who had never written a word for the Magazine. A curious instance of this is the case of one Dr. Scott, who was guiltless of having ever been in print; and in his case the joke was carried so far, that a volume of his contributious was advertised in the Magazine as in press, and so completely were the public deceived, that Dr. Scott is said, at a public dinner, to have received and responded to a compliment as a distinguished contributor to Blackwood. Even Hogg, who was intimately associated with the editorial clique, appears to have been completely in the dark as to the authorship of the different articles. Lockhart, with perfect gravity, fathered them on one and another person, and the credulous Shepherd complains sorely of this. "Away I flew," he says, "with the wonderful news, to my other associates; and if any remained incredulous, I swore the facts down through them, so that before I left Edinburgh I was accounted the greatest liar in it except one."

It is difficult even for Wilson's partial biographer to place in a favorable light the treatment which the Ettrick Shepherd received at the hands of his Edinburgh friends. Drawn from obscurity to unexpected popularity and favor, when his feeble character was unable to resist flattery, and his self-conceit and folly made him ridiculous, he was remorselessly snubbed by his new patrons, and made the butt of their jests. Mrs. Gordon truly says of Lockhart: "He had no sympathy in wounding to the quick, and no compassion." The following characteristic note to Wilson contains, with a curious account of Miss Edgeworth, a no less characteristic allusion to Hogg: —

"Miss Edgeworth is at Abbotsford, and has been for some time; a little, dark, bearded, sharp, withered, active, laughing, talking, impudent, fearless, out-spoken, honest, Whiggish, unchristian, good-tempered, kindly, ultra-Irish body. I like her one day, and damn her to perdition the next. She is a very queer character; particulars some other time. She, Sir Adam, and the Great Unknown are too much for any company. . . . . I have invited Hogg to dine here to-morrow, to meet Miss Edgeworth. She has a great anxiety to see the Bore."

In the "Noctes," the sentiments which Wilson puts into the mouth of the Shepherd often rise to a rude eloquence quite effective; but it is evident that Christopher North uses him only as a foil to his own wit. Poor Hogg seems to have suspected at last that his position was hardly an enviable one, and, in the answer to his protest, Wilson replies with sophistical earnestness: —

"As for the Noctes Ambrosianæ, that is a subject in which I am chiefly concerned; and there shall never be another with you in it, *if indeed that be disagreeable to you!!!* But all the idiots in existence shall never persuade me that in those dialogues you are not respected and honored, and that they have not spread the fame of your genius and virtues all over Europe, America, Asia, and Africa. If there be another man who has done more for your fame than *I* have done, let me know in what region of the moon he has taken up his abode. But let the 'Noctes' drop, or let us *talk* upon that subject if you choose, that we may find out which of us is insane, — perhaps *both*."

Hogg died poor and neglected, and, of all his brilliant friends, Wilson was the only one who, moved by affection or remorse, followed his body to the grave. When all others had left the place, he remained alone, his hat off, his long hair floating in the wind, thinking sadly, perhaps, of the past, the folly and wrong of which were then beyond redemption.

The "Noctes Ambrosianæ" are the most characteristic of Wilson's writings, although their frequent allusion to local matters greatly lessens their interest for the reader of to-day. His "Recreations," essays, and tales were nearly all of them originally contributions to Blackwood. In these his love and appreciation of natural beauty, and his rough enjoyment of manly sports, give to his descriptions a delicacy and freshness always pleasing, though the sketches of Scotch peasant-life, in which they abound, must be considered somewhat ideal.

Wilson wrote at this time very largely, sometimes contributing more than half a number of the Magazine. Of his manner of writing he says: "We love to do our work by fits and starts. We hate to keep fiddling away an hour or two at a time on one article for weeks."

In 1820 the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh became vacant, and the friends of Wilson

proposed his name as a candidate for the vacancy. He possessed hardly a single special qualification for that position, while the opposing candidate, Sir William Hamilton, was both in personal character and intellectual tastes peculiarly fitted for it. The election was fiercely contested, and was purely a political matter. The opponents of Wilson did not hesitate to attack his private character, and he unfortunately felt it necessary to strengthen his prospects by soliciting testimonials to this point from his friends. Lockhart, in his Memoir of Scott, publishes a letter in which the poet frankly says, "If Wilson gets the place, he must give up sack."

By the help of government influence, the friends of Wilson triumphed. It was simply a political victory; but having obtained the chair, the Professor was excited by the strongest motives to win success. He became in that position, as in every other where he was brought into social contact with individuals, extremely popular. A man of great personal magnetism, of persuasive eloquence, of commanding presence, and of those quick, warm sympathies which especially attract the young, it is not strange that his auditors were charmed beyond a wish to criticise, and that he became at once the most popular Professor in the University. There is little reason to doubt that Wilson, moved by the opportunity of impressing for good the young men of his class, labored faithfully and heartily; and whatever may have been the effect of the lectures upon his class, to him the occupation undoubtedly gave steadiness of character, as it required regularity of life.

He seems, however, to have taken great satisfaction in occasionally breaking away from the routine of his duties to indulge in his old recreations, and his quiet enjoyment of the contrast between these escapades and the enforced dignity of his office is not unnatural. Speaking to one of his pupils of Tarland, a rendezvous of smugglers, of wild and ruffianly habits, the Professor "hinted, with a sort of half-sarcastic solemnity, that he was there in the course of the ethical inquiries to which he had devoted himself; just as the Professor of Natural History, or any other persevering geologist, might be found where any unusual geological phenomenon is developed, or the Professor of Anatomy might conduct his inquiries into

some abnormal structure of the human body. His researches might lead him into trials and perils, as those of zealous investigators are often apt to do. In fact, he had to draw upon his early acquired knowledge of the art of self-defence on the occasion, and he believed he did it not unsuccessfully."

At Professor Wilson's house in Edinburgh, the students were always kindly received, while he entertained at this time other friends, who drew somewhat more largely upon his hospitality.

At the Lakes, he first met De Quincey, who was afterward his neighbor, and for many years a friend. Mrs. Gordon thus describes a prolonged visit which Wilson received from him in Edinburgh: —

"I remember his coming to Gloucester Place one stormy night. He remained hour after hour, in vain expectation that the waters would assuage and the hurly-burly cease. There was nothing for it but that our visitor should remain all night. The Professor ordered a room to be prepared for him, and they found each other such good company that this accidental detention was prolonged, without further difficulty, for the greater part of a year. During this visit some of his eccentricities did not escape observation. For example, he rarely appeared at the family meals, preferring to dine in his own room, at his own hour, not unfrequently turning night into day. His tastes were very simple, though a little troublesome, at least to the servant who prepared his repast. Coffee, boiled rice, and milk, and a piece of mutton from the loin, were the materials that invariably formed his diet. The cook, who had an audience with him daily, received her instructions in silent awe, quite overpowered by his manner; for, had he been addressing a Duchess, he could scarcely have spoken with more deference. He would couch his request in such terms as these: — 'Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any additional disarrangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise, so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal, rather than in a longitudinal form.'

"The cook — a Scotchwoman — had great reverence for Mr. De Quincey as a man of genius; but after one of these interviews, her patience was pretty well exhausted, and she would say, 'Weel, I never heard the like o' that in a' my days; the bodie has an awfu' sicht o' words. If it had been my ain master that was wanting his dinner, he

would ha' ordered a hale tablefu' wi' little mair than a waff o' his haun, and here 's a' this claver aboot a bit of mutton no bigger than a prin. Mr. De Quinshey would mak' a gran' preacher, though I 'm thinking a hantle o' the folk wouldna ken what he was driving at.' . . . . .

"The time when De Quincey was most brilliant was generally towards the early morning hours; and then, more than once, in order to show him off, my father arranged his supper-parties so that, sitting till three or four in the morning, he brought Mr. De Quincey to that point at which, in charm and power of conversation, he was so truly wonderful."

Wilson appears to have been but little bound by the strict conventionalities of social life, and in Mrs. Gordon's account of what she calls his "little ways," we have some curious illustrations of his personal character and habits. Of his manner of "taking care" of his watch, she says:—

"In the first place, he seldom wore his own, which never by any chance was right, or treated according to the natural properties of a watch. Many wonderful escapes this ornament (if so it may be called) had from fire, water, and sudden death. All that was required of it at his hands was, that it should go, and point at some given hour. His own account of its treatment is so exactly the sort of system pursued, that this little imaginative bit of writing will describe its course correctly: 'We wound up our chronometer irregularly, by fits and starts, thrice a day, perhaps, or once a week, till it fell into an intermittent fever, grew delirious, and gave up the ghost.'"

And again:—

"His room was a strange mixture of what may be called order and untidiness, for there was not a scrap of paper, or a book, that his hand could not light upon in a moment, while to the casual eye, in search of discovery, it would appear chaos, without a chance of being cleared away. . . . . The book-shelves were of unpainted wood, knocked up in the rudest fashion, and their volumes, though not wanting in number or excellence, wore but shabby habiliments, many of them being shattered and without backs. The chief pieces of furniture in this room were two cases: one containing specimens of foreign birds, a gift from an admirer of his genius across the Atlantic, which was used incongruously enough sometimes as a wardrobe; the other was a bookcase, but not entirely devoted to books; its glass doors permitted a motley assortment of articles to be seen. The spirit, the tastes and habits of the possessor were all to be found there, side by side, like a little community of domesticities.

"For example, resting upon the 'Wealth of Nations' lay shining coils of gut, set off by pretty pink twinings. Peeping out from 'Boxiana,' in juxtaposition with the 'Faery Queen,' were no end of delicately dressed *flies;* and pockets well filled with gear for the 'gentle craft' found company with Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; while fishing-rods, in pieces, stretched their elegant length along the shelves, embracing a whole set of poets. Nor was the gravest philosophy without its contrast, and Jeremy Taylor, too, found innocent repose in the neighborhood of a tin box of barley-sugar, excellent as when bought 'at my old man's.' Here and there in the interstices between books were stuffed what appeared to be dingy, crumpled bits of paper, — these were bank-notes, his *class fees,* — not unfrequently, for want of a purse, thrust to the bottom of an old worsted stocking, when not honored by a place in the bookcase."

From the glimpses of Wilson's domestic life afforded by his numerous letters to his wife, it is evident that his warm and loving nature found in the familiar and affectionate intercourse of the family its most congenial sphere. The death of his wife, in 1837, brought his first great experience of sorrow, and after this his life seems to have been clouded by a constant sense of bereavement and loss. His work upon the Magazine went on for a time, then ceased entirely, and then was again resumed. But the buoyancy and freshness were gone. The "Dies Boreales" were only feeble imitations of the "Noctes." Yet his was too large and genial a nature to sadden the lives of others by desponding gloom, because the glory and gladness of the world were forever darkened to him.

We see in a larger charity, greater breadth of view, and a softened temper toward political enemies, the effect of sorrow and of added years. As he loved to say, "The animosities are mortal, but the humanities live forever." A pleasant instance of this is found in one of the last public acts of his life. When Macaulay was one of the candidates for the representation of Edinburgh, Wilson, though at some distance and suffering from protracted illness, went into the city to give his vote for the man whose genius he heartily admired, while he still widely differed with him on political subjects. "When he entered the committee-room," says his biographer, "supported by his servant, a long and loud cheer was given, ex

pressive both of pleasure at seeing him, and of admiration at the disinterested motives which had brought him there."

After his daughter's marriage with Mr. Gordon, a Whig, Wilson was frequently thrown into the society of those whose political opinions he had passed his best days in opposing, and in the warmth of good company and good cheer party animosities were forgotten.

In the account of his intercourse with his grandchildren, we have a pleasant picture of the kindly feelings and love of nature which prevailed till the close of his life.

"He was in his latter years passionately fond of children; his grandchildren were his playmates. A favorite pastime with them was fishing in imaginary rivers and lochs, in boats and out of them; the scenery rising around the anglers with magical rapidity, for one glorious reality was there to create the whole, — fishing-rods, reels, and basket, line and flies, the entire gear. What shouts and screams of delight as 'the fun grew fast and furious,' and fish were caught by dozens, Goliah getting his phantom trout unhooked by his grandfather, who would caution him not to let his line be entangled in the trees."

And again: —

"A nervous or fidgetty mother would have been somewhat startled at his mode of treating babies; but I was so accustomed to all his doings that I never for a moment interfered with them. His granddaughter went through many perils. He had great pleasure in amusing himself with her long before she could either walk or speak. One day I met him coming down stairs with what appeared to be a bundle in his hand, but it was my baby which he clutched by the back of the clothes, her feet kicking through her long robe, and her little arms striking about evidently in enjoyment of the reckless position in which she was held. He said this way of carrying a child was a discovery he had made, that it was quite safe, and very good for it. It was all very well so long as he remembered what he was about; but more than once this large, good-natured baby was left all alone to its own devices. Sometimes he would lay her down on the rug in his room, and forget she was there; when, coming into the drawing-room without his plaything, and being interrogated as to where she was, he would remember he had left her lying on the floor; and bringing her back with a joke, still maintaining he was the best nurse in the world, but 'I will take her up stairs to Sally,' and so, according to his new discovery, she was carried back unscathed to the nursery. He did not

always treat the young lady with this disrespect, for she was very often in his arms when he was preparing his thoughts for the lecture-hour. A pretty tableau it was to see them in that littered room, among books and papers, — the only bright things in it, — and the SPARROW, too, looking on while he hopped about the table, not quite certain whether he should not affect a little envy at the sight of the new inmate, whose chubby hands were clutching and tearing away at the long hair, which of right belonged to the audacious bird. So he thought, as he chirped in concert with the baby's screams of delight, and dared at last to alight upon the shoulder of the unconscious Professor, absorbed in the volume he held in his hand."

As an old man he was genial and tender, without any taint of bitterness or misanthropy, finding comfort in little household joys, children, birds, dogs, everything that appealed to his affectionate sympathies. And so his life drew calmly to its end. His death occurred in April, 1854, suddenly and peacefully, closing a long period of decay.

His countrymen, anxious to testify their regard for the man, and their pride in his genius, are about to raise a statue to his memory, in Edinburgh.

"As the work has not yet, however, left the artist's studio, — has not, indeed, received the final touches from his hands, — it would be presumptuous to speak of it further than to say that it promises to prove worthy alike of the sculptor, of his noble subject, and of the very suitable and conspicuous site it is destined to occupy. In a representation of a man whose notable person is so fresh in the recollections of many hundreds of his fellow-citizens, exact portraiture was indispensable; and it was well that the sculptor, in presenting to us that memorable figure in his habit as he lived, was able also, even by faithful adherence to that habit, to attain much of the heroic element. The careless ease of Professor Wilson's ordinary dress is adopted, with scarcely a touch of artistic license in the statue, — a plaid which he was in frequent habit of wearing supplies the needed folds of drapery, and the trunk of a palm-tree gives a rest to the figure, while it indicates commemoratively his principal poetical work. The lion-like head and face, full of mental and muscular power, thrown slightly upward and backward, express fervid and impulsive genius evolving itself in free and fruitful thought, — the glow of poetical inspiration animating every feature. The figure, tall, massive, athletic; the hands, the right grasping a pen, at the same time clutching the plaid that hangs across the chest, the left

resting negligently in the leaves of a half-open manuscript; the limbs, loosely planted, yet firm and vigorous; — all correspond with the grandly elevated expression of the countenance."

Well may his countrymen honor the memory of Wilson. A man of brilliant genius and warm heart, he was a rare and peculiar product of Scottish society. His best friends would not wish to throw any veil of concealment over his faults. They were those of an impulsive nature, and with any concealment of them his character loses much of its individuality. The man was too genuine to be misrepresented. There have been better essays than his, better poems, and surely better politics, but the young and ardent will often turn from them to read with delight the glowing and eloquent pages of John Wilson.

ART. III. — THE IMMORTALITY OF THE BRUTE WORLD.

1. *Psychological Inquiries: in a Series of Essays intended to illustrate the Mutual Relations of the Physical Organization and the Mental Faculties.* By SIR BENJAMIN C. BRODIE, Bart., D. C. L., V. P. R. S., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, etc. Third edition. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1856.
2. *Psychological Inquiries. The Second Part. Being a Series of Essays intended to illustrate some Points in the Physical and Moral History of Man.* By SIR BENJAMIN C. BRODIE, Bart., D. C. L., F. R. S., Corresponding Member of the Imperial Institute of France, etc., etc. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1862.
3. *An Essay on the Future Life of Brute Creatures.* By RICHARD DEAN, Curate of Middleton. In Two Volumes. London. 1768.
4. *The Grand Question Debated; or, An Essay to prove that the Soul of Man is not, neither can it be, Immortal.* By ONTOLOGOS. Dublin. 1751. — *A Reply to the Grand Question debated; fully proving that the Soul of Man is, and must be, Immortal.* London. 1751. (Both in one volume.)
5. *Meditations on Death and Eternity.* Translated from the German by FREDERICA ROWAN. Published by Her Majesty's gracious Permission. London: Trübner & Co. 1862.

THE acts, motives, and feelings of the lower order of animals are declared by Bayle to be one of the profoundest mysteries that ever exercise the mind of man. The mystery of their lives, — what is it? The mystery of their deaths, — what is that, too? Do they live wholly in the present, and never know any life beyond? or is there for them, as well as for ourselves, an after-life of immortality? No doubt the suggestion of an immortality for the brute world may seem to some a very foolish idea, and to others a very profane infringement on our own blessed inheritance. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, Sennertus of Germany was accused of blasphemy and impiety for teaching that the souls of beasts are immaterial, which was supposed to be the same thing as teaching that they are no less immortal than the souls of men; and in the same age Descartes felt himself bound to deny them an immaterial principle, and to adopt the theory of their being mere machines, in order that the interests of virtue might not be injured by the belief in their immortality. In view, however, of what Mr. Darwin has recently suggested to us in his "Origin of Species," that perhaps all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form into which life was first breathed, there is but little consolation to be derived from the doctrine that the animals that may have been our progenitors, some thousands or millions of years ago, were only machines; or that our cousins, the birds and snails, the lobsters and spiders, the tadpoles and sponges of the present day, are machines still; and under this phase of the subject opening upon us, the odd feeling of jealousy about letting our humble fellow-creatures approach us and share with us our own inheritance of immortality, because, forsooth, their faculties and attainments do not seem to us respectable enough for such company, quite gives place to a desire to advocate the cause of our silent companions. Even before Mr. Darwin discovered to us that we have this strange interest in the matter, Hume thought he found in the fact that the souls of animals are allowed to be mortal, a very strong argument against our own immortality; the analogy from the one to the other being, in his opinion, very strong, on account of the near resemblance their souls bear to our own.

The philosophers disagree: one class, assuming that the soul of the brute is of the same nature as that of man, from the mortality of the brute infer the mortality of man; another class, starting with the same assumption, have inferred the immortality of the brute from the immortality of man; while still another class have sought to escape the sad dilemma to which the former are brought, and to serve the cause of virtue and religion, by solemnly resolving that brutes are mere machines. Surely Sydney Smith rightly declared that "the weakest and most absurd arguments ever used against religion have been the attempts to compare brutes to men; and the weakest answer to these arguments have been the jealousies which men have exhibited of brutes."

It may be that we write of one of those "mysteries which Heaven will not have earth to know"; but it seems that, with all the strange contradictions that have come of it in the past, it may be made to assume a definite form, though it remain a mystery still; and it may lead us to some interesting by-ways of human thought, and call up in our own minds meditations to strengthen and confirm our own hopes for the future.

Although the doctrine of immortality is now generally taught, both by religion and by philosophy, in such a form as to place the lower orders of animals beyond the pale of hope, the first form in which the great thought of an immortal existence shaped itself in the human mind seems to have included all the tribes of animate being. Each earthly creature, whether man or bird or insect, was regarded as only one link in the chain of conditions that made up the great cycle of the soul's pilgrimage in its going forth from God and its return to him. To those men of old spoke that same voice from within that to us now speaks of the "great immortality." But how could there be an individual existence apart from sense and organized life? The soul was always conceived as connected with a body, and so an immortality for the body must somehow be discovered. It hardly answered the demands of the case, that the body might be embalmed and laid away under vast pyramids; for though the semblance of the body might be preserved for years, and centuries even, it was apparent that the soul was not there the while. And so metempsycho-

sis was adopted as at once meeting the mind's conviction of a future existence, and its conception of life as dependent upon a physical organization. At the foundation of this doctrine was the mystical belief that every individual soul is a part of the soul of the world, — the universal energy.

> " For God goes forth, and spreads throughout the whole
> Heaven, earth, and sea, the universal soul;
> Each at its birth, from him, all beings share,
> Both man and brute, the breath of vital air;
> To him return, and, loosed from earthly chain,
> Fly whence they sprung and rest in God again,
> Spurn at the grave, and, fearless of decay,
> Dwell in high heaven, and star the ethereal way."

The spiritual nature of the animal was thought not only to have no end, but to have had no beginning. For a time it is separated from the universal soul and united to a material frame, and then, returning to its former state, its bodily existence is almost forgotten, or perhaps wholly lost in oblivion. How far the spirit was supposed to maintain its individuality in its migrations from one body to another, or in its return to the source from whence it sprung, it is not easy to make out very definitely from any of the systems taught. But whatever may have been thought of its separate existence after its return to the Fountain of spirits, it would seem that in its transmigrations it must have been supposed to preserve its identity, however dimmed its consciousness of the past. It is related that Empedocles pretended to know that he had been at different times a boy, a girl, a plant, and a fish. Even in these days, when the old doctrine of metempsychosis is not held in very high repute, we are sometimes surprised by the awakening of what seems to be an inner memory of things never seen, and are half tempted to believe that we have lived before our birth into this present, — that we have a dim consciousness of a former life. At such times we are ready to accept the doctrine of the Platonists, that

> " Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises in us, our life's star,
> Has had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar."

It was Henry More's opinion that the pre-existence of the

soul was a tenet for which there are many plausible reasons, and against which there is nothing considerable to be alleged; being a key, he said, for some main mysteries of Providence which no other can so handsomely unlock. Hume was no Platonist, yet he declares, that, reasoning from the common course of nature, without supposing any new interposition of the Supreme Cause, which, he says, ought always to be excluded from philosophy, what is incorruptible must also be ingenerable, and therefore, if the soul be immortal, it existed before our birth; and now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, a doctrine of pre-existence, somewhat different indeed from that which Plato taught in the Academy, has been revived by the Mormons of the desert; and in the Christian Church, Dr. Edward Beecher has adopted a like hypothesis, as an explanation of the origin of evil.

The doctrine of metempsychosis is said to have been introduced into Greece by Pythagoras, who borrowed it of the Egyptians. He defined the soul to be a monad, self-moved and one; and though he distinguished man from brutes by his possessing the three elements of reason, intelligence, and passion, while they have only the last two, this was not inconsistent with his doctrine of transmigration, for it was still the one soul, whether it manifested the three aspects or only the two. Plato, following Pythagoras, taught that the soul exists without beginning and without end. Once it journeyed with the gods in celestial regions, where eternal truth was unveiled before it, and it looked face to face upon existence itself. In these journeyings, the soul is compared to a chariot with a pair of winged horses and a driver. By the unskilfulness of the driver, the soul becomes unable to follow the gods as they journey toward the summit of the vault of heaven, seeking nourishment from the contemplation of the parts beyond the heavens where is the seat of real existence; and failing thus to see these realities, the soul is deprived of its proper food, whereby it is made light and carried aloft, loses its wings, and, falling to the earth, enters into and animates some body. It never enters, at the first generation, into the body of a brute animal, but, according to the truth it has seen, into the body of a man of higher or lower

degree. It never returns to its pristine state in less than ten thousand years, unless it be the soul of one who philosophizes with sincerity. Such a one, after three periods of one thousand years each, having chosen thrice in succession this kind of life, recovers its wings in the three-thousandth year and departs. The others, at the termination of their first life, are judged according to the life which they led here, and either sent under the earth for punishment, or elevated to a place in heaven. In either case, they are called back on the thousandth year to choose a new life. Then a human soul passes into the body of a beast, and that of a beast, if it has ever been human, passes again into the body of a man.

This is the poetry of Plato's philosophy. He found in these views his best arguments for a wise and virtuous life. The soul, disregarding the things of this fleeting present, and occupying itself with reminiscences of that former state when it saw knowledge itself, and temperance, and justice, might lift itself to a higher sphere; or by constant contemplation of naught but the material phenomena of the present moment, it might shrivel into something less than itself, and become a beast. Why should it not be a law of this ascent and descent, that the soul should take at its rebirth the form of such a being as its inward nature bears the likeness of? Why should it not abide in the condition of a bear, or a snake, or a peacock, if that be the form that corresponds to the quality of mind to which it has reduced itself? Plato and the later Pythagoreans thought there was such a law of harmony in these transmigrations. And this, too, was the Oriental way of looking at the matter. The laws of Menu declare, that from the actions of men proceed their various transmigrations. According to the sin to be expiated, the soul shall assume some human condition, or the form of some bird or beast, or even be made to pass a thousand successive lives in the bodies of as many spiders.

In view of this doctrine, that there is a correspondence between the soul's ethical qualities and the form which it assumes, these lines of Spenser may have a new meaning for us:

> "So every spirit, as it is more pure,
> And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
> So it the fairer body doth procure

> To habit in, and is more fairly dight,
> With cheerful grace and amiable sight.
> For of the soul the body form doth take,
> For soul is form, and doth the body make."

The doctrine of metempsychosis is a fundamental part of Hinduism. The circle of the soul's pilgrimage is supposed, by the Vedanta philosophy, to embrace all organized nature. How to escape from this circle of sorrow was the question to which the different systems addressed themselves, for any union of the soul with matter was thought to be essentially an evil. This liberation was to be attained by the soul's stripping itself of everything earthly, and even of its own will and personality, and elevating itself by divine knowledge till it returns to the bosom of Brahma, from whom the spark originally went forth.

Such being the views of the soul's origin and destiny held by the people of ancient times, it is not surprising that they continually assimilated the brute creation to man in mental endowments and moral qualities. The mind of man was supposed to differ from that of other animals only in degree, not in kind. Plato saw in the brute creation a dim and partial manifestation of the same essence that in man shines forth in the brilliant and full-orbed light of reason. So thought Pythagoras, and so thought Anaxagoras also: and they, as well as Plato, supposed the inferiority of brute animals to be chiefly due to their want of speech and of well-proportioned organs. But the Neo-Platonist, Porphyry, went further than this, and allowed them a language intelligible to man, whom he thought superior to them only in the quality of his more refined reason. Plutarch wrote a treatise to prove that animals possess reason, inasmuch as man, with all his boasted understanding, is more liable to error than they are. And so from that day down to the present there has been a long line of philosophers and writers who have contended that there is no specific difference between the souls of men and those of brutes.

It will be noticed that the doctrine of transmigration is built upon the assumption that the immaterial principle of the brute mind is the same in kind with that of the mind of man. Philosophy has been very slow in arriving at the true nature

of the distinction between them, and the old idea that the difference is one only of degree has been adhered to down to the present time. According to Bayle, this view of the subject necessarily and inevitably flows from what the schools have taught about animals, and he himself adopts this way of thinking, although he confesses that it leads him into a very sad dilemma. "It follows from thence," and he shudders a little at the thought, "that, if their souls are material and mortal, the souls of men are so likewise; and that, if the soul of man is a substance spiritual and immortal, the soul of beasts is so too. Horrible consequence! turn which way you will. For if, to avoid the immortality of the souls of beasts, you suppose that the soul of man dies with the body, you overthrow the doctrine of another life and sap the foundation of religion. If to preserve to ourselves the privilege of immortality we extend it to those of beasts, into what an abyss do we fall! What shall we do with so many immortal souls? Will there be for them also a heaven and a hell? Will they go from one body to another? Will they be annihilated as the beasts die? Will God create continually an infinite number of spirits, to plunge them again so soon into nothing? How many insects are there which only live a few days? Let us not imagine that it is sufficient to create souls for the beasts which we do know; those that we do not know are far the greater number." And so Hume, declaring that animals undoubtedly think, love, hate, will, and even reason, though in a more imperfect manner than man, asks whether their souls are also immaterial and immortal; and in the admission that they are mortal, he sees the stamp of mortality placed upon the more perfect mind of man.

To avoid such conclusions as these, Descartes, Pereira, and others put forward the absurd idea that brutes have not an immaterial principle of life and action, but are like machines, which, though made of insensible materials, can nevertheless perform their functions even more accurately than man. Descartes, in a letter to Henry More, gives "among the many and strong reasons" for his theory, that it seems not so probable that "worms and fleas should be endowed with immortal minds as that they are mere machines"; and again, in reply to the

suggestion that brutes may have an imperfect kind of thought, he says that, "if they think as we do, they must have immortal souls as we have"; and many of them, "as oysters," for example, seem to him far too imperfect for this distinction. The honor of originating this hypothesis of the animal machine is thought by some to belong to Pereira, a Spanish physician of the sixteenth century, who maintained it in a book called *Antoniana Margarita*, from the names of his father and mother; and, moreover, it is said that this doctrine was debated by very learned men in St. Augustine's time, as a thing which might be defended, notwithstanding the apparent absurdity which the vulgar find in it. It was Descartes, however, who developed this theory, and gave it celebrity. He allows that these machines possess life, yet they suffer not; for though they utter cries when beaten, they do not feel any pain; and though they eat and drink, they are really neither hungry nor thirsty. They are living puppets, which act simply from external influences upon their own organizations. "The Being who made them," says Malebranche, "in order to preserve them, endowed brutes with an organization which mechanically avoids destruction and danger; but in reality they fear nothing and desire nothing."

However absurd this mechanical theory may appear to us now, it was at one time so far received that Bishop Burnet, in his "Exposition of the First Article of the Church of England," declares it to be the result of the thoughts of the learned, either that brutes are mere machines, or that they have reasonable souls; and as for himself, he thinks it certain, either that beasts have no thought or liberty at all, and are only pieces of finely organized matter, capable of many subtile motions that come to them from objects from without; or, as seems to him more reasonable, that there are spirits of a lower order in beasts, that have in them a capacity of thinking and choosing, yet are so entirely under the impression of matter as to be incapable of that largeness either of thought or liberty which would make them moral agents or subjects of rewards and punishments, and therefore may be perpetually roving about from one body to another. Dr. Isaac Watts, quoting this opinion, confesses it is impossible for us to determine with any certainty how far the power of mechanism

can go, when under the direction of Infinite Wisdom, in the original formation of these engines; though he does not seem at all inclined to adopt this hypothesis. "I confess also, on the other hand," he says, "I am not very fond of allowing to brutes such an immaterial soul, such a thinking and reasoning power, which in its own nature must carry immortality with it. Every emmet upon a mole-hill, and every bee in a swarm, lays as just a claim to such a spirit as an ox or an elephant. The amazing instances of appearing sagacity and reasoning, design and choice, which discover themselves in these little creatures, make as good pretence to such a sublime principle of consciousness, judgment, and liberty. And why may not the million of mites in a cheese, and the nations of other animalcules which swarm invisible to the naked eye, be entitled to the same reasoning powers, or spirits, since their motions, so far as glasses discover them, are as happily suited to the ends of animal life? 'T is difficult to bring one's self to believe that an immaterial spirit is prepared for each of these minute creatures, so soon as their body is formed, and that at the death of the body it ceases to exist; or that it passes, by Divine appointment, from one animal to another by certain unknown laws of transmigration." But however it may be with brutes, Dr. Watts consoles himself that it can never be said that man may be an engine too, that man may be only a finer sort of machine, without a rational and immortal spirit; and the reason he gives is this, that we all of us feel, and are conscious within ourselves, that we think, that we reason, that we reflect, that we contrive and design, that we judge and choose with freedom, and determine our own actions.

The problem of the brute world has sometimes been discussed, it is thought, in the interest of scepticism, and for the purpose of showing the near likeness of man with the brute, and thence compelling the inference that the same thing befalleth the one as the other when this earthly life closes. This perhaps may have been a motive with Montaigne, and Charron, and Rosarius, and Bayle, who drew very slight distinctions between ourselves and the more intelligent orders of the brute creation, the advantage of superiority being often

placed on the animal side. Montaigne, not with entire seriousness, perhaps, says that when he meets with arguments that endeavor to demonstrate the near resemblance betwixt us and animals, how much they share in our greatest privileges, and with how great plausibility we are put into comparison with them, he abates a great deal of his presumption, and willingly resigns the title of that imaginary sovereignty which some attribute to us over other creatures. A somewhat different view of what constitutes superiority in the scale of being was taken by the author of a book published at Dublin, in 1751, entitled "The Grand Question Debated, or an Essay to prove that the Soul of Man is not, neither *can it be*, IMMORTAL." After speaking of the faculties of those animals which philosophers generally do not scruple to pronounce to be without any title to immortality, and of our relation to them, he goes on to say: "We must draw this conclusion, that men of science are of the highest order of animals, and that next to them all creatures, without distinction, must take their places, not according to the form of their bodies, but according to the native greatness of their souls. . . . . If we allow immortality to the soul of the philosopher, and every soul of the like kind, we must allow it to the meanest of all animals; whereby a mouse, a rat, a louse, and a flea will have immortal souls, — an intolerable conclusion! or else we must allow immortality to the higher order only, and so fix a certain degree at which it must stop; and if we fix that so low as to take in all and every soul of an equal degree to the souls of the meanest of mankind, it is plain we must include some of the brutes in our system; or, by admitting none of the brutes, we must shut out some part of mankind with them." The force of these statements may be somewhat weakened by the fact, that the same author wrote "A Reply to The Grand Question Debated, fully proving that the Soul of Man is and *must be* IMMORTAL," which was published the same year and bound in the same volume, with a title-page bearing the imprint of London. In this latter essay he knocks over the arguments he had set up in the former. In another book published at London in the early part of the eighteenth century, entitled "The Just Scrutiny, or a Serious Enquiry into the Modern Notions

of the Soul," the author asserts that brutes "have those immortal substances called souls"; and he seems to have no doubt that they are the same in kind with our own; for to the suggestion that, although brutes have souls, these are very different from the souls of men, as brutal souls serve only for salt to keep their flesh sweet the little time they live, he laughs "Hah! hah! hah!" and deigns no further reply.

An argument against the immortality of brutes, which may possess considerable weight with some persons in these days of ghost-seeing and ghost-talking, is stated by Southey's "Doctor." Often as he had heard of apparitions in animal forms, all such tales were of some spirit or hobgoblin which had assumed that appearance; but in no instance had he ever heard of the ghost of an animal. Yet, if the immaterial part of such creatures survived in a separate state of consciousness, he asks why their spirits should not sometimes have been seen as well as those of our departed fellow-creatures? No cock or hen ghost, he says, was ever alarmed by the spirit of its pet lamb; no dog or cat ever came like a shadow to visit the hearth on which it rested while living. He adduces the authority of the Jesuit Thyræus, who had profoundly studied the science of demonology, that, whenever the apparition of a brute beast or monster was seen, it was a devil in that shape. This fact, therefore, afforded, in his judgment, no weak presumption against the existence of animal ghosts.

To those who adopted a purely mechanical or material view of the brute creation, in order to escape the conviction that all animals are immortal, the argument from immateriality to immortality must have seemed wholly conclusive. This argument, however, proves too much as well as too little, — too much, because it makes just as strongly against the possibility of the soul's being created as it does against its being destroyed. The ancient philosophers, therefore, according to this reasoning, were quite right in maintaining the doctrine of the soul's pre-existence, and we have seen that they very generally coupled that doctrine with a belief in a future state. The argument proves too little, because it fails to prove the soul's abiding personality. Those who find in it a demonstration of the soul's immateriality ought consistently to admit the

immortality of all animated beings. Mr. Hallam, in his "Literature of the Middle Ages," says that few at present who believe in the immateriality of the human soul would deny the same to an elephant; but he owns that the discoveries of zoölogy have pushed this to consequences which some might not readily adopt, and that the spiritual being of a sponge revolts a little our prejudices; yet he declares there is no resting-place, and that we must admit this, or be content to sink ourselves into a mass of medullary fibre. He does not tell us explicitly what he thinks about the immortality of brutes, though he seems to accept the argument in full, and observes that the brute creation have been as slowly emancipated in philosophy as some classes of mankind have been in civil polity; the souls of brutes being almost universally disputed to them, at the end of the seventeenth century, even by those who did not absolutely bring them down to machinery.

The argument from immateriality no doubt serves a good purpose. It is good so far as it goes, though it does not go to the extent of proving immortality. Perhaps Lord Brougham makes too much of it, when he asserts that the immateriality of the soul is the foundation of all the doctrines relating to its future state. It is certainly conceivable that material forms may, at the pleasure of the Divine will, be immortal. By the fiat of the Power that created all things that exist, whether material or immaterial, the same are continued or destroyed. True, the soul, not being made up of parts, is not subject to decomposition. But we know also, that all the immaterial forces and essences in nature are exempt from certain known causes of change and decay. We have no experience of any force being absolutely annihilated. We have no acquaintance with any process by which even material things may be annihilated. We can hardly conceive of the possibility of such a thing. We throw some material substance into the fire, and the existing combination of its elements is destroyed; but though we see only a handful of ashes remaining of it, we know that the flame and heat were only an intermediate process in the formation of other elements which the eye cannot see. We throw another substance into water, and in a little time there is, to appearance, no

trace of it left; yet we know that not one particle has perished. We watch the dew in the morning, as it gradually disappears and is lost to superficial observation; but we know that its elementary particles have suffered no loss or change even. And so with all the phenomena of the material universe; our knowledge of the actual result of the changes that are constantly going on is in direct contradiction with the result at first apparent to us. What is true of matter itself we can much more readily conceive to be true of the subtile properties of material bodies, and all the active physical forces, as gravitation and electricity, light and heat. "Can we admit," it has been asked, "that the elements composing the globe we inhabit are imperishable, though we see all the bodies on its surface forever decaying, and doubt for a moment the indestructible nature of the power of attraction, by whose agency the world is maintained in its form and preserved in its orbit, and which must have existed unchanged since the creation of the universe?" The power of gravitation appears to be dependent upon a material agent. We know little of its nature or mode of operation; but we know that it exists; we know that its power is not diminished by the decay and new combination of the objects in which it is manifested; and we know that it must have been coexistent with planetary motion, and we must presume that it will continue as long as the universe stands. Similar observations might be made of chemical attraction, of electricity, of light, of heat, of the principle of vegetable life, and of all the manifold forces of the universe.

These considerations present very strong analogical evidence that no vital or mental force is ever annihilated. This force seems to us more imperishable than matter or any physical force. It seems to us to be far more distinct from the body than gravitation or electricity is from the material universe. We can hardly conceive of the mind's power of retaining and associating and combining its perceptions, as anything less than a superior presiding agent, distinct from the organization of the brain, and capable of acting after that organization is wholly destroyed. Even the phenomena of life in the organic structure and arrangement of the body require for their evo-

lution a pre-existing power, distinct from matter itself. Something of the mind's independence of physical organization may be seen in its remaining itself unchanged, while the material particles of the brain and of the entire physical system are undergoing constant mutations; and something, too, of the mind's permanence may be seen in its remaining the same percipient power through all the mutations of thought and feeling and sensation of which it is itself the subject. At present, perhaps, no particle is remaining of the body that belonged to us several years ago; while many of the thoughts and feelings we then experienced have wholly faded from our memory; and yet we retain as distinct a consciousness of our personal identity as if the body had suffered no change at all. Here, then, the soul's existence, after the body has been dissipated and formed into new combinations, is a fact of our own experience; for the various changes which the body suffers during our progress through life are just as effective in resolving the body into its elements, as is the more sudden change that takes place at death. Remaining unchanged while the material organization without is ever changing, and while ever changing, too, are its own inner perceptions, the mind's existence after that change which frees it wholly from material things seems most probable. These changes may at least symbolize its continuance after death, as this change of death is itself symbolized in all the changes of the material world, being an intermediate step only to the entrance upon another state of being.

These analogies, whatever they may be worth, afford for the most part just as good evidence of the immortality of other animals, as they do of that of man himself; the chief difference being, that the permanence of the human mind is indicated in that most important fact of its history, — its conscious identity, — while this testimony is wanting in the case of the brute. The use of these speculations, however, is not so much to establish the immortality of the immaterial principle in either man or brute, as it is to refute the objections which seem, to a superficial view, to be conclusive against the possibility of the continuance of that mysterious power after the destruction of the body it animates. The argument from this source, it

must be confessed, fails to meet the vital question, which is, not whether the soul continues to be, but whether it continues consciously to live.

Our belief in our own immortality does not come from any considerations of the essential indestructibility of matter, or even of that which is immaterial; nor does it come from any metaphysical speculations about the nature of the mind, and its capacity of existing separate from bodily organization; but aside from revelation, it comes rather from a consciousness of self, as a spiritual being of far-reaching thoughts, and of high capabilities, never finding the range of its powers in this present world, but desiring and demanding a future for its full development. We feel within us great mental and moral capacities, which are never satisfied by any attainments we make in this life. We feel that our spiritual progress is only begun here, and that what progress we have made is of little account unless there is an hereafter. Why, if this life be all, should we

> "With God himself
> Hold converse, grow familiar, day by day,
> With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
> And form to his the relish of our souls"?

Why was the knowledge of a Deity given to us, and why the thought of an hereafter, and the desire for it?

> "Why shrinks the soul
> Back on herself, and startles at destruction?"

The value we place upon existence is infinitely more than that we place upon a single year of our life, not merely threescore and ten times as great. The desire of immortality is natural to man, and is encouraged by the best aspirations of his nature; may we not reasonably believe that the Infinite Being who implanted this desire has provided for its gratification?

But when we examine the faculties and actions of the lower animals, we find them all wonderfully adapted to their present life; but what have they to do with any life beyond this? Have they any faculties which, just beginning to unfold in the present, promise an indefinite progress in the future? Have they any desires which the conditions of their present life are

not able to satisfy? Do they hold converse with God? Do they exhibit any curiosity concerning the wonderful phenomena of the earth and the heavens, or even concerning those common objects which immediately surround them? Do their thoughts extend into futurity? Have they any conception of an hereafter? Do they show any dread "of falling into naught"? Have they a moral consciousness, and can they earn a heaven of happiness by virtue, or a hell of woe by sin? Do they perceive and love beauty in any form, and most of all the infinite perfection of spiritual beauty?

Some of these inquiries it may not be worth while to consider seriously; but we find answers already furnished to some of them, which from their ingenuity and quaintness, if from nothing more, are deserving of attention; they afford at least a good means of illustrating the subject.

It is not surprising that, among the ancients, who were constantly assimilating the lower orders of animals to man, there were those who ascribed to them both moral and religious endowments. While some acknowledged no difference between man and other animals but religion, others denied that this was a peculiar privilege of his. Pliny places religion among the moral virtues of elephants, saying that "it is reported that in the forests of Mauritania they go down in troops to a certain river called Amito, in the decrease of the moon, where they are purified by sprinkling water in a solemn manner, and after adoration of the luminary return unto the woods, carrying their tired young ones."

About a century ago, Richard Dean expressed his opinion, that now and then we meet with a few animals that discover something like a notion of religion in particular instances. He quotes the observation of the Rev. Dr. Hildrop, to the effect that the several places in Scripture where the inferior creatures are said to praise God, or are called upon so to do, have a much more exalted meaning than is generally conceived by vulgar minds; and he himself thinks that the Scriptures plainly intimate that brute animals will have a being in the future. "There are brutes," he says, "which would sooner be hanged than pilfer or steal, under the greatest temptation; there are brutes which are invariably true to their attachments,

that take up affections and profess friendships which nothing but death itself can dissolve. It has been averred in print, that a certain *dumb* creature aided in the chorus of an anthem; and it is notorious to the world, that numbers of them make as great a point of attending church on public service days as the most rigid pietists do. Indeed, it may be objected that a brute goes to church only because his master goes, — that he is ignorant of what passes there, and returns home the same brute he went, neither better nor worse than he was before. But allowing this to be a fact, it by no means proves that the brute is less religious than multitudes of the human species are. For thousands of these go to church only because their acquaintances go, — follow father or mother, uncles or aunts, as a dog follows his master, — are as unmindful as this animal of what is said or done there, and return home as ignorant and uninformed as the veriest brute upon earth."

At best this statement of the religious character and cultivation of the dog is not very flattering to that animal, and would hardly prove satisfactory even to an intelligent member of that class of church-goers. That many of the human species are not at all improved by their attendance at church, may be a lamentable fact; but it cannot be denied that some men go to church and thereby become better, and purer, and more spiritual. But who ever heard of any dog who by this means or any other became a whit more refined in nature than he was before, or more moral or spiritual than any other individual of his species? Is the church mouse any better or worse than any other mouse? Is he in any respect raised in the scale of being by the discipline of his proverbial poverty? It is true that the dog exercises a negative sort of virtue in his attendance upon church, for he does not go there with any private designs on his Maker, or with any selfish, calculating aim that he shall be rewarded therefor; and he is never found acting on that low principle of virtue which consists in doing good merely for the sake of getting to heaven. All observation, however, tells us that, let the brute do as he will, he always remains the abject vassal of his nature, destitute of any moral consciousness or spiritual individuality. Among the higher animals, a certain kind of individuality is very marked and

apparent. Yet Schlegel, in his "Philosophy of Life," says it seems very questionable whether, with propriety, an individual soul can be attributed to animals. With those that are most closely domesticated with man, he admits there does undoubtedly arise, as it were by a sort of mental contagion, the appearance of individuality and difference of character; but in those kinds which remain undisturbed in their natural state, the whole species possess the same character, and have, consequently, the same common soul. Doubtless to such an observer of the animal world as Agassiz this individuality is much more clearly manifest than to others, and he declares that there exists as much individuality, within their respective capacities, among animals as among men, of which, he says, every sportsman, or every keeper of a menagerie, or every farmer and shepherd can testify, who has had a large experience with wild, or tamed, or domesticated animals. He tells us, too, that when animals fight with one another, when they associate for a common purpose, when they warn one another of danger, when they come to the rescue of one another, when they display pain or joy, they manifest impulses of the same kind as are considered among the moral attributes of man. It is undoubtedly true that these animals apparently exercise moral qualities the same in kind as those manifested by man; but if these qualities are never contemplated by them in the abstract, and never become objective to their minds, they are to them as if they existed not. That animals do not possess this power of contemplating moral distinctions is evident from the fact that no improvement of the moral nature is ever observable in them. And then, if animals were able to contemplate the gratitude and fidelity and kindness which their actions sometimes apparently so strikingly exhibit, they would be worthy of individual praise and blame; and yet we never think of one animal as spiritually good or evil, as contrasted with any other animal of the same, or even of any other species. True, we speak of a "vicious horse"; but do we mean more than to say that the instincts and passions of the animal are unsubdued, or that the animal, through mismanagement or wrong training, has acquired bad habits? Do we mean that the horse is spiritually evil, or even morally so? We

might, perhaps, say that the wolf is in nature evil, as contrasted with the rabbit, and the hawk evil in nature, as contrasted with the robin. But would any one say that the one is morally or spiritually good or evil, as compared with the other? Would any one say that they are morally or spiritually accountable for the goodness or the evil that dwells in their natures?

It has, nevertheless, seemed to some that animals possess some degree of moral consciousness. Agassiz declares that the gradations of the moral faculties among the higher animals and men are so imperceptible, that to deny to the first a certain sense of responsibility and consciousness would be an exaggeration of the difference between animals and men; and he thinks that this consciousness and the individuality of animals argue strongly in favor of the existence in every animal of an immaterial principle similar to that which, by its excellence and superior endowments, places man so much above animals. Leigh Hunt says it is impossible to look with much reflection at any animal, especially one of the half-thinking class, and not consider that he probably partakes more of our own thoughts and feelings than we are aware of; and he asks: "Does not Tomkins go to heaven? Has not the veriest bumpkin of a squire that rides after the hounds an immortal soul? If so, why not the whole pack? It may be said that the pack are too brutal and bloodthirsty, — they would require a great deal of improvement. Well, let them have it, and the squire along with them. It has been thought by some that the brutal, or those who are unfit for heaven, will be annihilated. Others conceive that they will be bettered in other shapes. Whatever be the case, it is difficult to think that many beasts and birds are not as fit to go to heaven at once as many human beings, — people who talk of their seats there with as much confidence as if they had booked their names for them at a box-office." And much in the same way Theodore Parker declares, that, if the Spanish inquisitor and the American kidnapper can be thought immortal and capable of eternal happiness, he sees not how we can deny eternal life to any Abyssinian hyena, or to a rattlesnake from Kentucky far less ugly and venomous. No doubt the religious nature of man is the surest pledge he has of his own immortality; and

some persons manifest so little of this nature, that a future life may sometimes seem almost as baseless for them as for the animals of the field. But when we see in the good and noble ones of the earth what grandeur the human soul is capable of, we feel that all who bear the outward impress and image of man have the germs of a spiritual nature that will unfold forever. We turn from man's likeness to the brute, to his likeness to the Divinity, and feel our confidence in his immortality restored, much in the same way that Sydney Smith was put at ease about the superiority of mankind; for he owns that sometimes he felt a little uneasy at Exeter 'Change, from contrasting the monkeys with the 'prentice boys who were teasing them; but a few pages of Locke, or a few lines of Milton, always restored him to tranquillity, and convinced him that the superiority of man had nothing to fear.

The objection that the animals of the brute creation have no powers adapted to another and higher condition of existence, has been met by some with the suggestion, that there may be powers and capacities in them now latent, which, in a future state, may develop into some form of perfection and beauty that would seem to us not unworthy of an immortality. When Bishop Butler, seeking from the analogies of nature to establish the immortality of man, was met with the objection, that the proofs or presumptions he adduced applied as well in support of the natural immortality of brutes, which they were thought to be incapable of on account of their limited capacities and attainments, he replied, that even this was not an insuperable difficulty; since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endued with. There was once, he declared, prior to experience, as great presumption against one's arriving at that degree of understanding which we have in mature age, as there is against any future development of brute creatures; and, besides, it is a general law of nature, that creatures endued with capacities of virtue and religion should be placed in a condition of being in which they are altogether without the use of them for a considerable part of their lives, as in infancy and childhood. He did not think, however, that the immortality of brutes was dependent upon their possessing any latent capacities of a rational or moral nature.

At the present day the fact must be recognized, that men of thought and science are coming more and more to believe that all beings have been created, in Divine wisdom, with adaptations and correspondences which reveal to him who perceives aright both the world within them and the world without; that the outward relations of the animal and the provisions made for it in the universe, on the one hand, and on the other its inner faculties and wants, each signify and illustrate the other. And this consideration goes to strengthen the conclusion that the moral and religious nature of man, and his desire and expectation of immortality, imply and suggest the fact of his immortality; while the apparent absence of any capacities or desires in other animals which are not exactly accommodated and satisfied and fulfilled by their condition in this life, implies that they are for this world only. We know that not one of the countless myriads of animated beings with which the earth and waters and air have been teeming through all these ages was created in vain; but what the ultimate object of this creation was, we can only doubtfully conjecture.

The want of any moral or spiritual nature in animals is very apparent, whatever may be the consequence of this deficiency; and if this deficiency really exist, it is not easy to see how a further state of existence, whether better or worse than the present, is either necessary or possible for them.

> "Yet some have held that they are all possessed,
> And may be damned, although they can't be blessed."

The Jesuit Father Bougeaut, in his "Philosophical Amusement upon the Language of Beasts," sets forth the doctrine that a distinct and separate devil dwells in each animal. He thinks that the reprobate spirits whom God has doomed to burn forever in hell may be awaiting the day of the final judgment for the execution of this sentence; and he infers that, till doomsday comes, God, in order not to suffer so many legions of these spirits to be of no use, has distributed them through the several species of the world, to serve the designs of his providence, and make his omnipotence to appear. Some, continuing in their natural state, — and there are enough of these, — busy themselves in tempting men. By this means, he says,

he can easily understand how, on the one hand, the devils can tempt us, and, on the other, how beasts can think, know, have sentiments and a spiritual soul, without any way striking at the doctrines of religion. He explains how the extreme littleness of an infinite number of beasts is no obstacle to their being the abodes of these spirits. "How! will one say, is it possible to believe that a devil can be lodged in a fly, a flea, or a mite? But how! might not he be as well lodged there as in a horse or an ox? A spirit having absolutely no extension, in order to be united to a body, does not require that this body be more or less extensive." Father Bougeaut also explains how the devils whom God has destined to animate the bodies of animals never want employment or lodging. "For if any species happen to fail or be considerably diminished, they may pass into the eggs of another, and multiply that. This is what sometimes causes those prodigious clouds of locusts, and those innumerable swarms of caterpillars, which lay waste our fields and gardens. We look into cold or heat, rains or winds, for the cause of these amazing multiplications, and the true reason is, that in the year they come, or in the foregoing, an extraordinary number of deer, birds, or fishes have perished with all their eggs; so that the devils which animated them have been obliged, suddenly, to get into the very first species they found disposed to receive them, and which had as it were so many houses to be let." More fortunate, therefore, would these spirits seem to be than, according to the Mormon belief, are the human spirits that crowd the embryonic shores, waiting for their bodies.

It was also the hypothesis of Mr. Ramsey, who wrote in the early part of the last century, that the souls of brutes are certain intelligences that fell in a pre-existent state, whom God doomed to be confined to brutal machines in the present, till they have suffered a destined time the miseries of degradation, and their crimes are atoned for.

> "Poor Tray! art thou indeed a mere machine,
> Whose vital power is a spirit unclean?"

According to the Mahometan belief, as we read in a note to Sale's Koran, the irrational animals will also be restored to

life at the resurrection, that they may be brought to judgment, and have vengeance taken on them for the injuries they did one another while in this world. The unarmed cattle shall take vengeance on the horned, till entire satisfaction shall be given to the injured.

We have quoted elsewhere the ingenious defence which Mr. Dean makes with regard to the religion of brutes. With a much better show of good sense, he goes on to say, that, if they are incapable of religion, the consequence is only that they have no right to a state designed for beings exercised therein; but that it does not follow that, because they have no right to a state of this superior degree hereafter, they have therefore a right to none at all. He argues that it cannot be unbecoming the same Power that created the most diminutive animals, to continue their existence. Do you ask if a silly worm, or a paltry fly, or a despicable mite, have an existence in another world? Why had you a gift of a moral understanding, and for what reason are you exposed to so many difficulties in the pursuit of an interest which such insignificant things are sure to obtain without them? Would it not have been better for you that you had been a fly also? The curate replies: "Thy sentiments, O man, are the suggestions of pride, envy, and prejudice." "Moreover," he continues, "since God, in the formation of creatures, displays his perfections to the end he may be adored and magnified for the excellence and variety of them, is it not extremely probable that they will be continued to serve the like purposes in the world to come? The ways and works of Divine Providence are but little known at present; and yet the contemplations exercised about them, wrapt up as they are in clouds and darkness, are the sources of much pleasure to the soul of man, and furnish many noble arguments for praise and reverence. If this is the case now as to the matter of our contemplations upon the works of creation, what will it be then, when all the secrets of nature are manifested, when everything which God has made is exhibited in its utmost perfection, and all the wonders of his wisdom fall within the compass of human knowledge? We dare not presume to assert that the happiness of man in a state of glorification

will consist in scenes of this sort, and yet we cannot find that the notion of such a thing is incompatible with any state of intelligences, however elevated. For Infinite Wisdom forms no creature of any kind that is not fit to employ the contemplation and engage the attention of spirits in all degrees of their exaltation. This is true of any one single production of Divine wisdom, and of the least of the creatures of God's power; and therefore must be especially so of the whole collection of them. And what is there amiss in supposing that some of the hours of our happiness in futurity may be spent in surveying the noble strokes of elegance and beauty discoverable in this immense collection? Would it not be a rational employment, agreeable to the purest taste, and compatible with the dignity of human spirits in any degree of bliss or state of exaltation? We cannot think that the supposition of such a case is indubitable, admitting that we are ever to be acquainted with the prodigies of our Maker's art, and the several dark particulars relating to the animal world are in any future age to be cleared up and explained to us. . . . . Must there not be a huge chasm and a vast defect in the universe, if all nature is to be radically destroyed below man? Must there not be wanting, on this hypothesis, myriads of creatures to testify the excellence of the Divinity? What can exhibit the perfection of infinite life but the communication of all possible degrees of it? of infinite goodness, but the gift of all possible degrees of happiness? and of infinite power, but all possible varieties of being which can be conceived or imagined? We can look no way now but we meet with instances of the greatness of the Deity; and will there be fewer testimonies of his perfection in a better world? If anything is certain, it is that the perfections of God will never be less visible in his works than they are at present." In a similar strain of thought, Agassiz says "that a future life, in which men should be deprived of that great source of enjoyment and intellectual and moral improvement which results from the contemplation of the harmonies of an organic world, would involve a lamentable loss"; and he asks if "we may not look to a spiritual concert of the combined worlds, and all their inhabitants, in presence of their Creator, as the highest conception of paradise." Weighty consider-

ations these; but it must be kept in mind, that, with all our inquisitiveness about the future life, we are quite unable to make out through the shadows of the dark frontier what may be the realities beyond; and the conditions of our existence, and the sources and means of our knowledge, these are all unknown to us.

It has seemed to many minds to be a reflection upon the goodness and wisdom and justness of God, to suppose that there is no after-life for those of the brute creation that suffer under heavy burdens in this life, without finding in it any compensation for their sufferings in the way of an enlarged welfare. As this recompense does not come to them in this life, it is thought that it must come in another state of existence. This argument is stated by the author of "The Great Question Debated," from which we have already quoted. "In whatsoever degree we are pleased to consider ourselves above the brute creation," he says, "nobody will deny but that the great Creator acts with impartial justice towards every one, even the most minute and insignificant of his creatures. Why is it, then, a horse, a dog, or a cat shall be nourished and fed with all the necessaries of life, while others of their species shall be subject to continual hard labor, to whipping, or being worried to death? Can we suppose this or that horse, dog, or cat has deserved more or less from the hands of its Creator than another? If not, certainly there must be, according to our notions of justice with respect to ourselves, a state in which the sufferer shall be recompensed for the pains and fatigues of this life." The great Rabbi Arnould, as stated by Bayle, says that among the Jews it was an opinion, ancient as the Prophets, that the providence of God extended to everything; and that, when followers of this opinion were asked what justice there was in the death of beasts, what sin they had committed, and why God, since his providence extended to all, would have an innocent rat pulled in pieces by a cat, they answered, God had ordered it so; but that he would recompense that rat in another world. It was very ridiculous, added the Rabbi, to think that there should be a heaven for beasts! Without the supposition of another life, Theodore Parker could not "vindicate the ways of God" to the horse and the ox. To

him the immortality of all animals appeared in harmony with the analogy of nature, rational, benevolent, and beautiful. The poet Rogers could hardly persuade himself that there is no compensation in a future existence for the sufferings of animals in the present life. On the other hand, the poet Montgomery thought there was no foundation for this notion, that injustice is done to animals, unless they find retribution in another life for their sufferings here. Their sufferings, he says, are not mental, but physical, and are considerably less than we are at first induced to imagine; and the animals that do suffer in an extraordinary way, like the post-horse, and some others, form a very inconsiderable portion of the general mass; and even among these there are very few, if any, which have not a much greater quota of enjoyment than of suffering. Those lambs, for instance, that are frisking by our side, are rearing for the butcher; they will suffer death, but death to them will be only a momentary pang. According to Wollaston, the loss of life is no great hardship to animals; he thinks it is really no loss at all. In "The Religion of Nature" he declares that "they perceive by moments without reflection upon past or future, upon causes, circumstances, &c. Time and life without thinking are next neighbors to nothing, to no-time and no-life. And therefore to kill a brute is to deprive him of a life or a remainder of time that is equal to little more than nothing." This is certainly a very ingenious statement; but the logic of it would scarcely prove satisfactory to all minds. We have taken the opinion of some of the poets on the subject of the brute world, and we find in this connection some expressions of Pope's which lead us to think that this argument of Wollaston would not have been received with much favor by him.

"I shall be very glad," said Spence to the poet, "to see Dr. Hales, and always love to see him, he is so worthy and good a man."

Pope. "Yes, he is a very good man; only I 'm sorry he has his hands so much imbrued in blood."

Spence. "What! he cuts up rats?"

Pope. "Ay, and dogs too!" ("With what emphasis and concern," says the relator, "he spoke it.") "Indeed, he com-

mits most of those barbarities with the thought of being of use to man; but how do we know that we have a right to kill creatures that we are so little above as dogs, for our curiosity, or even for some use to us?"

Spence. "I used to carry it too far; I thought they had reason as well as we."

Pope. "So they have, to be sure. All our disputes about that are only disputes about words. Man has reason enough only to know what is necessary for him to know, and dogs have just that too."

Spence. "But then they have souls too, as imperishable in their nature as ours?"

Pope. "And what harm would that be to us?"

This is a very striking instance of a sensitive regard for animals in the light of our fellow-creatures. Mrs. Jameson, in her "Commonplace Book," remarks upon the general lack of sympathy manifested among Christian nations for the lower animals. With the Mahometans and Brahminical races, humanity to animals, and the sacredness of life in all its forms, is much more of a religious principle than among ourselves; and in accounting for this strange fact, she says it would seem as if the primitive Christians, by laying so much stress upon a future life in contradistinction to this life, and placing the lower creatures out of the pale of hope, placed them at the same time out of the pale of sympathy.

The lower animals know nothing of the misery which man experiences in contemplating what may happen in the future. They live in the present moment, and the objects immediately before them seem to supersede the consideration of all things else. In illustration of this fact, Sir B. C. Brodie, in the second part of his Psychological Inquiries, mentions the following anecdote, which was related to him by a gentleman who was an eyewitness of the circumstance to which it relates: "In a hunt, the hounds had very nearly reached the fox, when a rabbit crossed his path. Apparently forgetting his own danger, the fox turned on one side to catch the rabbit, and was soon afterwards himself seized by the dogs, with the rabbit in his mouth."

It is undoubtedly true that there is very much more happi-

ness than suffering in the animal world. The ox browsing in the shade is the picture of contentment; though sometimes severely tasked, he never quarrels with his lot; he never pines with regret for the past; and he takes no thought for the morrow. The squirrel in the tree was never known to have a melancholy day. His little heart has sometimes beat hard with the agonizing sensation of fear; but this fear is only sufficient for the animal's preservation, and the purpose of the pain that attends it proves a benevolent one. Animals suffer from heat and cold; but the suffering in the same manner serves to keep them safe from perils which might else destroy. They taste some poisonous plant, and some painful sensation proclaims the unfitness of the thing for their use. If a condition of their existence is violated, if an instinct is denied its gratification, the attendant pain forces them to resort to the course of action suited to their natures. To some animals, the loss of their mates, or of their young, is a source of suffering; but this suffering is only sufficient, with the attending fear of loss, to secure for these objects of their solicitude the same care and protection they themselves have received, or still enjoy. And so with almost all the forms of pain which we meet with in the animal world, — the pain the animal suffers all tends to its own general welfare. But there are exceptional cases of pain and misery for which the sufferer does not seem to reap any compensation in this life, and so must find it in another life, if at all. Analogy perhaps leads to the inference that this exceptional suffering is not wholly an evil; —

> "that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill."

Else is the benevolent purpose of the Creator attained? Are the brutes, too, fallen creatures, that they should suffer? Has some Adam of the race of horses nibbled at the forbidden fruit, that this poor animal in the dray should be overtasked all his days by some brutal driver? The good Father Malebranche had some such notion as this; for it is related that, when pressed in conversation by some of his friends with objections to the justice of God drawn from the sufferings of the brutes, he replied: *Apparemment ils ont mangé du foin*

défendu. If he had then been acquainted with the mechanical theory of Descartes, he would not have been driven to this curious invention. In view of the easy solution this theory affords of the apparent sufferings to which the lower animals are subject, Baillet tells us that the great Pascal esteemed it the most valuable part of the Cartesian philosophy.

Father Bougeaut finds a ready explanation for the sufferings of animals in his hypothesis that their souls are reprobate spirits. If he is told that the poor beasts are doomed to suffer excessive evils, he has no pity at all for them; but rather he admires the goodness of the Creator for giving him so many little devils to serve and amuse him; and he admires, too, the justice of the sentence God has passed upon them for their guilt; at any rate, he is not going to be troubled about the consequences of this dreadful decree, for he had no manner of share in giving it.

These theories and conjectures attest the difficulty men have experienced in finding an explanation of the sufferings of animals. This is indeed a theme for our reflection; though perhaps we may not in the end determine anything. Here we follow the dubious light of analogy; we see imperfectly the purposes of God; and we may be obliged to submit to the feeling that we cannot wholly solve the mystery.

The want of a self-conscious personality on the part of all unintelligent animals is a most important fact bearing upon the question of their immortality. We speak of the existence of this want as an established fact; but it may be asked, what we know about their consciousness. True, as far as our remembrance goes, we never resided in the head of any brute animal, that we should know just what the nature of his mind and the modes of its operation are. But we seem to be able to make out, from our observation of the methods and results of the mental processes of animals, enough to satisfy us that their consciousness is different from our own, or in a different stage of development. It is not, therefore, solely in the hardihood of ignorance that we assert that the consciousness of self forms a most vital distinction between the nature of intelligent and unintelligent beings.

Consciousness does not consist merely in the mind's recog-

nition of the various confluent streams of sensation; but the recognition of them as states or modifications of self, as contradistinguished from an objective world. This consciousness implies both memory and thought. A being without the power of remembering and reflecting upon the objects of its sensation would feel certain impressions from them all; but upon a change of these objects, they would be to him as if they had never existed; and probably, as he would have no means of comparing different effects by means of placing them together in the mind, he would have no clear perception of their diversity, as separate objects; much less would he consciously separate himself from the world about him. Every change to him would be a change of feeling only, and he would never be conscious of even this change as a modification of self. That there really are animals with this low degree of consciousness seems most probable. But most animals seem to have a certain power of retaining and associating together the impressions made upon their organs of sense. They in some measure separate the various objects of perception one from another, and recognize a likeness or unlikeness between them. The impressions once made may spontaneously recur upon the happening of any of the circumstances under which they were originally excited, so that the sight of a certain object may suggest an imagination of the feelings or impressions with which the sight of the object was attended at a former time. In this association of impressions there is no conscious knowledge that these impressions are the same that occurred on a former occasion; they are not set apart and made objects of conscious thought; nor can they be recalled by any effort of the will. This is a very imperfect and partial kind of consciousness. In true consciousness the mind, independently of the presence of the object, and without any association of place or time, abstracts and carries with itself the leading attributes of the object, and by these alone can reproduce the image of it at will, and can consciously recognize it when it is presented to the senses at another time. In such an act of consciousness the mind perceives itself to be the continuous subject of these successive modifications that come from objects from without; it recog-

nizes its own personal identity and permanence. The subject consciously stands over against the object. Our language implies this consciousness of our own existence and that of the world without, and bears witness to the very beginning of the process of separation between these in the human mind.

> "The baby new to earth and sky,
> What time his tender palm is pressed
> Against the circle of the breast,
> Has never thought that 'this is I';
>
> "But as he grows he gathers much,
> And learns the use of 'I' and 'me,'
> And finds 'I am not what I see,
> And other than the things I touch.'"

Moreover, the expression of the mind's thought or emotion in words in some manner gives the thought or emotion a separate and independent existence, though at the same time we recognize them as modifications of self.

So far as we can make out, there is nothing of this true and complete consciousness to be found in the brute creation. Does the bee ever say or think within itself, "I am a bee," or "That is a flower"? The bee perceives the flower, but acts in reference to it only by a blind impulse, without any distinct apprehension of its own personality or the flower's separate existence. If the bee had the intelligence which should enable it to say to itself, "I am," and "That is," might it not make itself the subject of its conscious thought? Might it not also rise superior to its emotions and impulses, and contemplate them as something separate from itself? Does not true self-consciousness imply reason, and hence potentially all rational knowledge? If the brute could consciously say or think, "I am," might it not also ask, "Whence am I?" And might it not attain to the knowledge of a first cause, or a God? Instead of any such development of mind in the brute, we observe only the operation of faculties which have no power of developing at all; but which act blindly and unconsciously all through the animal's life in a certain definite and unvarying course, and for the accomplishment of material objects only.

Turning from the lower animals to man, we find that a

conscious separation of self from the objective world is instantly effected by every individual of the race. The child accomplishes this separation in the very first distinctive act of perception. The first time he intelligently says "I," he proclaims by words that he has attained to conscious personality. The savage, without the least culture, not only consciously separates himself from the outer world, but to a certain extent makes himself an object to himself by reflection upon his own emotions and desires, by contemplation of the right and the wrong tendencies of his nature, and by thought of his spirit's continued life in another world.

Can there be any personal immortality for the being which has attained in this life to no conscious personality? The immaterial principle that constitutes the animal's life-spring may be in its own nature indestructible; but it would seem that, if it be so, it must continue the same imperfect life it lived before; it would seem that it could not have a personal existence of which it had known nothing in this life. Even if this being shall no longer have a separate existence, but its life shall be absorbed in the future into some fountain of general life, or shall go out in darkness, as a candle goes out when burnt to the socket, the loss of existence would not seem to be a wrong done to the being itself, or a folly committed by the Creator. But the self-conscious personality of man is a guaranty that, if the spirit outlives the body, it will carry with it its essential attribute of conscious selfhood; and, more than this, it seems to be a pledge that this spirit which now dwells in the world, and is yet consciously separate from it, that this spirit which is bound up in material bonds, and yet feels itself free from them, that this spirit which is aware of an ever-changing state of consciousness, and yet sees itself remain the same, will continue to live after the body perishes. And who shall count the value of existence to this self-conscious being, just awakened here into life, of such capabilities of growth and enjoyment, and longing for a career of unending life?

We do not, of course, presume to pass judgment upon our humble neighbors of the brute creation. The thoughts and illustrations which have occupied our attention may serve

in some manner to indicate what others have thought of their fate, and what we ourselves think it may be. But we feel that we are walking in a realm of mystery, and that our human reason throws only a glimmer of light upon the realities about us.

Art. IV. — PRISON DISCIPLINE IN ENGLAND.

The Prison Chaplain: a Memoir of Rev. John Clay, B. D. By his Son, Rev. W. L. Clay, M. A. Cambridge and London: Macmillan & Co. 1861.

A service would be rendered to public morals by a popular edition of the Life of John Clay, prison-chaplain at Preston. The bulk, expense, and faultiness of arrangement in his son's Memoir, the wearisome interpolation of long quotations from old prison reports, the copious use of such slang as "scatter-cash justices," "bribe-sucking Parliaments," the "statue-worry" of Howard, and the "orange-*peel*" state of England's great minister, demand a better treatment of so good a theme; notwithstanding the thorough study of the history of "pœnology," the excellent feeling and mature thought, which the Rev. Walter Lowe Clay has contributed to this monument of his noble father.

It must be familiar to all who have cared to inform themselves about prisons, that the British system, when Howard was led so providentially to its investigation, was incredibly and altogether bad; that confinement in jail was almost inevitable ruin; that barbarities worse than death were systematically practised, even in London, upon helpless prisoners; that no thought of criminal reformation was anywhere entertained; that some convicts were starved, some robbed, some kept in drunkenness, gambling, and other iniquities in the company of their jailers; and many annually murdered by the ever-present jail-fever and small-pox. It is enough to know that the English jails were dram-shops,

where the keeper sold liquor as money was furnished from without or within, and, so long as this partnership in self-indulgence paid well, never troubled himself about the scenes of riot, the debauchery, gambling, and murder, right beneath his own eyes. Having bought an unsalaried office, he was bent on making the most of his bargain.

It was not to have been expected, in so conservative a country as England, that even the entire devotion of Howard's life to the reform which has made his name immortal could have cured so deep-seated an evil. He was not a great man, though he started a great movement. He was not inspired with the wisdom which has been worked out slowly since his day through many a failure; but he was through all his life feeling his way forward, creating a public opinion, and making ready the ground on which future reformers would build. With his death, in 1791, public interest naturally waned. Gloucestershire was probably the only part of England where the problem of a proper discipline was attempted to be solved by a division of prisoners in the jail into three working-classes, separation at night, and the employment of a schoolmaster and a chaplain. But the vast increase of English crime at the beginning of this century overcrowded this jail, as it did every other, and "the deluge swamped the separate system at Gloucester." There was no doubt a universal loss of ground at that time. Old abuses crept back. New schemes were ridiculed out of sight. Once a criminal was set down to be forever a criminal.

Yet, only two years after Howard's death, Bentham was urging his own defective system of discipline with such power as to attract public attention, and nearly secure the erection of an immense Panopticon, over which the philosopher himself was to preside. But, besides the insurmountable physical difficulties in his way, his scheme was certain to fail by rejecting the invaluable aid of religion. Its hope was just that semi-civilized one realized by many a state-prison in America, to make the institution support itself, and the criminal repent through the magical power of industry. Unspeakably better than Sydney Smith's brutal idea of reclaiming the vicious by cruelty alone, safer certainly in its results than

Mrs. Fry's plan of reformation by religion alone, Bentham's plan fell altogether short of the only thorough discipline, the combination of industry and religion with kindness and hope, in awakening contrition and producing a change of life. It was, however, the agitation of the subject by Jeremy Bentham, though immediately the motion of Sir Samuel Romilly, which gave the first system of revived interest in the erection of a National Penitentiary at Millbank, — a melancholy experiment, made in one of the worst situations that could possibly be found, — marshy, wet, gloomy, and pestilential.

It is hard to conceive, in a civilized land, the condition of criminal law which prompted the labors of Romilly. Partial reforms might be attempted, here and there, by some energetic magistrate; but at each fresh story of daring crime the cry went up at once for summary execution of the laws, — laws which punished no less than two hundred offences with death. Then, as soon as a few had suffered capitally, would come a natural relenting, which made jurors violate their oaths rather than hang a man for stealing forty shillings, or burn a woman for passing counterfeit coin; and so the whole system got crippled and demoralized. Horrible inhumanities remained, the barbarisms of "Old England." Women as well as untried prisoners were still heavily ironed; brutal keepers still starved their victims; typhus-fever hovered around the filthy, crowded prison-cell; mutual corruption seemed the design of this "school of morals"; the hulks, those hot-beds of iniquity, gave the finishing touch to the monstrous cruelty which English justice systematically wrought upon thousands of thousands.

Then came Mrs. Fry's mission, resembling that of Miss Dix, though far inferior to it in comprehensiveness, energy, wisdom, and success, and only surpassing it in originality and courage. Some of her agencies were merely temporary. Her ladies' committees easily became discouraged by their small success, as female convicts are always less hopeful subjects than men. Her idea of reclaiming idle prisoners by religious services, without any separation day or night, was simply absurd. Unlike the shy Howard, she rather courted publicity; had her reception days at Newgate; invited the wealthy and

noble to see penitents weep and Magdalens pray. Not that she lived upon such food, but that she thought the utmost publicity necessary to her cause. Feeling it to be a Divine call, as indeed it was, she went about it with a prophet's simplicity and a prophet's fervor. Though her own sacrifices were not to compare with Sarah Martin's, nor her labors a tenth part of those of Dorothy Dix, she established several grand principles; as, that only women should superintend women in prison; that Christian influences were a necessity in prison discipline; and that the condition of female convicts in transport-ships required immediate amelioration.

Nor were these all her improvements. She became the representative of a religious party, which, from a perfectly independent position, assailed the gallows, pressed upon Parliament the mitigation of a bloodthirsty criminal code, exposed abuses with an unsparing hand, and elevated prison discipline into equal interest with slave emancipation. Partly under her patronage, too, the "Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline" came into being, the first Reformatory for boys was opened, and pamphlets swarmed upon the popular theme, Buxton's "Inquiry" running through six editions in a single year! The Parliamentary discussion of the subject did not languish, notwithstanding Romilly's lamented death; Sir James Mackintosh taking up the mantle of this prophet of humanity, with such vigor as to defeat the government by a successful motion to investigate the criminal law.

Unfortunately, the Prison Discipline Society stumbled, countenanced the treadmill, sanctioned the social labor of criminals, after a division into five classes, which often threw a novice into the society of an old offender. But the year of our Lord 1824 was one of marked progress. One hundred out of five hundred English prisons were reformed. The "Gaol Act" was a high-water mark to which juries and justices looked up; and, above all, John Clay began his mole-like task of rooting under English crime, at the great penitentiary in Preston.

A Franciscan convent had been fashioned into the county House of Correction centuries before. And, just as Howard was leaving England for the last time, a new prison was built

according to his ideas, on the spot where the Rev. Mr. Clay's life was to be spent. It was in fact a cheerful sort of factory. Labor was made as productive as possible; the burden upon the county was exceedingly light; the prisoners received half their earnings; the discipline in the yards was wretched, as might be supposed when much of it was administered by convicts; smoking, gambling, thieving, sparring, were daily recreations; and beneath these, in what was for the time a model prison, far worse vices were partly concealed. For twenty years the Preston chaplain had to feel his way in the dark. He must institute various experiments, suppress petty abuses, invent as well as perform his work, struggle with the justices, who insisted that the machine worked well, quarrel with the Governor, who resented such interference, and be rewarded with the same feeling of helplessness which has attended all such efforts from the beginning. His first labor was to enforce cleanliness, and prevent vicious intercourse, especially with outside villains. Then he introduced a day school and a Sunday school. The next step was the employment of a Matron, with the passionate opposition of the Governor. Still he went on extending his efforts, though often on the point of resigning in disgust, until he became convinced that his religious influence was destroyed by the herding together of the prisoners in the yards. The influence of the men over one another was to harden them against his exhortations. The meal-times and the hospital afforded him almost the only opportunity of approaching the busy convicts. He became desponding, and at last omitted the Eucharist, which the "Gaol Act" ordains shall be administered regularly in every penitentiary.

At length light came. In 1827 the American experiment in prison discipline attracted his attention. He had long urged upon the justices the necessity of entire separation as the only basis of discipline, and the only preparation for reform. Now he saw clearly how it could be accomplished, and redoubled his efforts with the magistrates, until, after seven years of constant entreaty, they yielded to his indefatigable importunity, and consented to try the "Silent System," — the system, that is, of associate labor through the day, and separa-

tion only at night. But even this effort, simple as it seems, was so much beyond their strength, that the project slumbered seven years, until Parliament took the grand step of advance by appointing prison inspectors throughout the kingdom; and so accomplished a double task, dragging old abuses to light, and introducing a new system everywhere.

Still the Preston chaplain led the way. Thirty soldiers having been sentenced to confinement in his prison, he sought and obtained permission to experiment upon them. His daily worship in the chapel, his regular open-air exercise, his systematic instructions in the cell, worked like a charm. All improved, and some appeared to be reformed, by the discipline of silence. He felt encouraged to extend the experiment to those undergoing the first or the last month of their sentences. The magistrates were satisfied. More solitary cells were provided; silence was enforced at work; the staff of officers was increased; the choleric old sailor was replaced by a Governor neither ashamed nor afraid to make improvements. And thus, after twenty-one years' perseverance, Mr. Clay succeeded in introducing a system which was to affect prison discipline through the English world, to make the moral restoration of prisoners perfectly feasible, and, without impairing the "terror to evil-doers," elevate the penitentiary into a school of morals and a missionary church. His annual reports, at first an offence to the board and the butt of the press, came to be relied upon by the ministry, and quoted without abridgment in the newspapers. Not only local magistrates approved them, but members of Parliament cited them; high officials resorted to their author for reliable statistics upon other departments of inquiry; and a large portion of his latter time and strength was absorbed in supplying information which no living Englishman then knew how to procure. Lord Brougham even wrote him on one occasion, "You have kept me awake half the night by your report." The government Blue-Books copied a great part of his statements; and journals of education, reviews, and temperance publications helped to extend Mr. Clay's influence all over England.

He was really indefatigable. His own prison was his chief source of information; but, unlike all the prison chaplains

whom we have ever known, he was fully informed as to the progress making abroad. He set himself to a thorough study of the criminal class. He even employed the more intelligent convicts in writing their memoirs, which he verified remarkably by the testimony of their former employers, of the police, and of their accomplices. In this way he liberated not a few from wholly undeserved punishment, while he visited upon other prisoners a retribution which they imagined they had escaped. His feelings never were suffered to master his judgment, nor his imagination to color his convictions. His practice was to take nothing on trust. His creed was a constant advance. His faith in humanity proved inexhaustible. "I have been taught repeatedly that I must never look on any case as hopeless."

But how did he recover those whom even their parents abandoned? "By bringing to bear upon them every humanizing influence; by seeing where an opening exists into the boy's mind or heart, and availing himself of it; by being in earnest in favor of treating the prisoner as if he had something good in him. Acting on such principles, he had never been disappointed." He was no doubt rarely adapted for his place. With his many accomplishments, his love of languages, his mechanical ability and artistic skill, — (an altar-piece painted by himself adorned the Preston Chapel,) — he might have been insignificant in any other station than that which Providence had assigned him. His early commercial training, his fondness for statistics, his central position at a time when his specialty was in a transition state, the unexampled care with which he rewrote every report, the necessity felt in all quarters for something trustworthy upon a subject of pressing concern, while the public would neither permit cruelty nor indulgence in the treatment of criminals, fastened upon John Clay an attention which hardly Howard himself had enjoyed.

Up to this time the English system, if system there was any, served to encourage crime, multiply pauperism, foster drunkenness, and throw upon the industrious tax-payer an ever-increasing burden. The ancient cruelties, scourging, branding, ear-cropping, the pillory, and the gibbet, were fall-

ing into disuse; transportation was to prove only a temporary relief; the "hulks" were found to transform some men into fiends; such poor reforms as the Gaol Act prompted neither succeeded in reducing the expense nor the numbers of prisoners: it was the time of all others for the chaplain of Preston — so patient yet so adventurous, so humane yet so opposed to indulgence, so thorough in principle yet so faithful to all details — to solve the problem of a thoroughly reformatory, yet thoroughly merciful, system of punishment.

In 1833 Mr. Crawford was sent out by the British government to get the light which American discovery could give. His examinations favored the Separate System; but as that was thought to be too costly for universal adoption, the Silent System, already at work at Wakefield in Yorkshire, was applied to the largest prison in England, Cold Bath Fields, under the efficient government of George L. Chesterton, whose "Revelations of Prison Life" is the most entertaining work that has yet appeared upon the subject.*

In 1837 the immense number of capital offences was reduced to twelve, and afterwards to three; and the discussion of the two American systems — Philadelphia and Auburn — went on apace; without, however, the expected erection of reformed penitentiaries on either plan. Finally, the completion of the Pentonville prison in 1842, upon the Separate System as modified at Preston, and its perfect success, decided the course of prison discipline throughout England.

And so, having sketched very imperfectly the progress of English pœnology from before 1700 to the general introduction of its present system, we are concerned to show the peculiarities of Mr. Clay's method, because it unites the advantages without the disadvantages of our two opposite schemes, — the Silent and the Separate; because it has proved itself thoroughly effective; and because every step of the way was tested as we believe no similar experiment has ever been. The unenthusiastic Mr. Clay discovered for himself that "the religious reformation of the prisoner was the paramount

* Revelations of Prison Life; with an Inquiry into Prison Discipline. By G. L. Chesterton, twenty-five years Governor of the House of Correction at Cold Bath Fields. Third Edition. London: Hurst and Brackett. 1857.

object of prison discipline," * and that this was not possible without solitude; but that the mere separation of prisoners was quite as likely to generate vicious as virtuous thought; that its effect was chiefly negative, to give time for reflection, and deliver the prisoner from contaminating intercourse; that there was a limit to its efficacy, a limit to the age, to the kind of mind, and the length of time of its application; and that, when too protracted, the subject of discipline lost the power even of applying the Gospel to self-renovation. So, by a series of experiments, he mitigated the system as much as possible, especially to children, whose term of isolation from society he would not extend beyond a few months; and, in case of criminality through parental heartlessness, would dismiss to some kind of reformatory school, where they would be saved from sinking into the habitual crime which the association of the Silent System might occasion. Gentlemen convicts seemed to him to lie at the other end of the scale; to require the most rigorous treatment, abundance of severe toil, a mind kept hungry by being balked of accustomed food, a penance so bitter that it should enkindle a fiery hatred of their most inexcusable crime. Between these extremes there was to be every variety in the degree of punishment, from six to nine months being the average term; the sanguine temperament being sufficiently affected sometimes by three months, but the lymphatic requiring often a year of separation from his fellows.

Mr. Clay's modifications of the Separate System were social worship every day in full sight of each other, daily exercise in one another's company, though without communication, permission to receive occasional visits from their friends, and daily instruction within hearing at least of those who sat near; besides the exchange of solitary for social labor wherever the prisoner's youth, weakness, or tendency to insanity required indulgence. With these qualifications, Mr. Clay was able to demonstrate, by reports from police-officers, that more permanent reformations were caused by his system than by any others, that better health was maintained than amongst

* Memoir, p. 263.

the same class at liberty, and that weak intellects were even strengthened by the abundant food, regular employment, and religious instruction of the model prison. He thus refuted our common objection to the Separate System, — its danger to the health and its tendency to insanity. In the March number of this Review for the year 1848, it was shown that for seventeen years the mortality among the white prisoners in the Philadelphia Penitentiary was more than twice that of the white prisoners in the Connecticut State-prison. But at Pentonville, now the model prison of England, the deaths under the Separate System, by the last Blue-Book, are less than in either of the five Silent institutions reported in that able article, — being two among one thousand and eight convicts. In Millbank, however, whose wretched location has been already mentioned, the scale of mortality rose, in 1852 and 1854, to over thirty per cent, and sunk again to five and a third in 1859: showing not so much the cruelty of the system pursued without change through these different years, as the barbarism of such an unhealthy situation.

It was not, however, by the comparison of a singleprison, in peculiar surroundings, with another in opposite circumstances, that the English Prison Inspectors have been moved to alter their penitentiary buildings at great cost, and substitute the Separate for the Silent System everywhere but at Cold Bath Fields, where the change is only delayed. Their adoption of what we term the Philadelphia plan instead of the Auburn, or rather of the modificatio intronduced at Preston jail, has been determined by the thorough, regular official scrutiny of all the criminal institutions of Great Britain, as laid annually before Parliament, with a fulness of statistics and a freedom from pious platitudes alike refreshing and satisfactory. We have examined these annual returns in the Blue-Books only to find they are as various as would be an unvarnished statement of the health, morals, and advantages of all the Academies of the United States, given by one board of experienced examiners: we were unable to find any remarkable evidences of weakness or insanity as characteristic of the system, now all but universal in England and the more enlight-

ened parts of Europe.* Certainly, were such proofs of excessive severity as the American advocates of the Silent System maintain heaped up at the doors of the Separate System, that party in Parliament who devote themselves to philanthropy, who have several journals at their control, and eminent literary men in their association, would never have permitted such an expensive change to be made for the worse. Still less would the English system have been copied on the Continent, the Silent System have been silently passed by, and the means of solitary labor introduced into scores of prisons all over Europe.† The cost alone would have prevented Newgate from being remodelled upon a system which demands so much more space within and without, had there been a doubt about the advantage of such an entire change. It was the argument of statistics; it was the demonstration of experience. In Cold Bath Fields prison one hundred and sixty per cent of offences were annually committed; in Pentonville, only eleven and a half per cent. No wonder that Pentonville reformed more than could be recovered under this perpetual infliction of irritating punishments. And as no outlay upon the rogue in confinement can compare with his cost when he is preying upon the community, the system which reformed the most was the cheapest in the end. The final decision, which is heartily approved by some of the most eminent names in modern literature, can only be traced to Parliamentary debates, guided by full reports from all the English penitentiaries, through entirely independent and thoroughly competent Inspectors.

That their system, in comparison with ours, is liable to that charge of cruelty which is commonly urged in this country against it, is easily disproved. Most American houses of cor-

* M. de Tocqueville's letter to Charles Sumner may be remembered as stating, that, "at the present day in Europe, discussion and experience have led almost all persons of intelligence to adopt the Separate, and to reject the Auburn System." Sumner's *Orations*, Vol. II. p. 241.

† That very Maison de Force at Ghent, which our Auburn prison was modelled after, has changed to the Separate System; and Messrs. Swinger in Holland, Julius in Prussia, Berenger in France, and Crawford in England, are cited among the distinguished converts to the latter mode of penitentiary discipline.

rection, those prisons for the lesser crimes and for female offenders, furnish no chaplain, no schoolmaster, no Scripture-reader, no library beyond a few religious tracts; or, if a chaplain is employed, it may be, perhaps, with a hundred dollars a year of salary, and under such restrictions as make his office nearly nugatory; and this is the whole educational provision for a hundred and fifty adults at least! Now in England, five criminals at Alloa prison, and seven at Rothesay, are provided with a prison chaplain; Dunfermline furnishes a teacher as well as minister for its eleven prisoners; Dundee pays six hundred a year to the pastor of one hundred and eight of these black sheep; Essex furnishes two hundred prisoners in the same way; while Pentonville enjoys a library of nearly two thousand volumes, whose circulation is greatly promoted by a corps of three schoolmasters, several Scripture-readers, and an exceedingly able clergyman. Then the English cells are generally furnished with water-taps and gas-light; every prisoner is permitted to make his complaints directly to the Inspector; food is abundant; the only punishment is bread and water, with three days' close confinement; the sacrament is administered by order of the government quarterly, an average of one in twenty-five partaking regularly.*

The English system is in fact too merciful. One reason why recommitments are so common is, that the majority of sentences are for too short a period to amount to anything. The Blue-Books show that in Leicestershire four criminals were committed in one year for but a day each.† In Bedfordshire, of 523 male and female prisoners, 19 were sentenced only for one week; in Cheshire, of 469, 198 were for a fortnight or less; in Herefordshire, of 201 commit-

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* The treadmill is the common labor in the English county prisons; and the Blue-Book of 1860 gives one instance of three thousand dollars having been earned by a prison in fifteeen months, simply by grinding its own grain, instead of attempting to accomplish nothing by so much toil. The Birmingham "Prize Essays" (London, 1853, p. 187) give some appalling statements of the repetition of juvenile confinement in different parts of England.

† In Hawick three boys were committed to prison for having broken a pane of glass, that they might get means to look at an eclipse.

ments, 90 were for the same brief term. No wonder that, of 10,397 prisoners in the year 1859, 7,472 had been imprisoned before, 458 twenty times or more, and 78 *fifty times* previously.

In this respect our courts are wiser than the English. Thirty days is their common sentence for the lighter offences; and it barely gives a man time to recover from a long debauch, reflect upon his past folly, and enter upon better habits of life. Even this, which would seem severe in England for an offence like drunkenness, is only a third or a sixth of what is necessary to establish a reformed character; and requires for its full efficacy to be followed upon discharge by regular employment in every case, a removal from former associates, and a fair measure of the confidence of the community. Oscar, the benevolent king of Sweden, writes that, "after the law has executed the punishment, and the state has taken care of the inward improvement, it is the business of the citizen to offer a helping hand to the individual restored to freedom. Both charity and prudence urge this; for it is the noblest and safest means of preventing new crimes."

In conclusion, what, it may be asked, has the Preston Chaplain made known beyond his modification of the Separate System? First, that the removal of the partition between men and women in prison-chapels is profitable to the worshippers; second, that a parti-colored dress is a needless offence to a prisoner's self-respect, and tends to degrade one who needs to be lifted up; third, that the shortest offences should be inflicted on boys punished for a first offence, and the longest on educated criminals, who average about a hundredth part of the English convicts; fourth, that a deep impression might be made by burying remarkable offenders, when deceased, in the prison-yard, beneath a commemorative stone; fifth, that photography might be far more employed to prevent a repetition of crime. He seems to have been the first to prove the general ignorance of the criminal class; it cannot be so great in America.* Thirty-seven per cent of Preston convicts were unable to repeat the Lord's Prayer; sixty-one per cent were

* See Miss Carpenter's Reformatory Schools, p. 23.

ignorant of the names of the months, and nearly the same amount knew not who was the reigning sovereign. Kingsmill, in his "Prisons and Prisoners,"* varies the statement a little: three quarters of those under his chaplaincy at Pentonville could not cipher beyond addition, and a half could not write or read with understanding. Mr. Clay was one of the earliest, too, to show the enormous cost of every criminal before conviction. He computed that fourteen criminal youths cost England sixty guineas each annually, by direct loss of property; and that the annual waste by thieving could not be less than two millions sterling.

Mr. Clay seems to have had a perfect detestation of the influence of Calvinism upon the minds of his flock. "Conversion" under it, he thought, was merely the addition of selfishness for the next world to selfishness for this: the convict imagining himself justified and saved, "election and indefectible grace" become his favorite doctrines; remonstrate with him upon his flagrant inconsistency, he will profess not to rely at all on his own merits, and declare that he knows his righteousness to be only filthy rags. Such a man, though no hypocrite, this sincere Christian, with his wholly unequalled experience of human nature, thought certain to fall by severe temptation, and turn afterwards into a sneering infidel.

The freedom with which he uttered himself on other points, in such contrast with the stereotyped self-restraint of annual reports in general, and their cowardly dread of giving offence, is shown by an eloquent contrast of the indifference of England to her home heathen with her profuse zeal to the less accessible heathen abroad, and his advocacy before a Parliamentary committee of cricket-playing on Sundays. As a pioneer in prison reform, John Clay was thoroughly fearless, wholly devoted to doing good, eminently successful in a difficult path, a victim at last to over-severe toil, from which the English government, which professed to rely upon his inquiries for most valuable information, and the English Church, which had no more efficient servant, refused to give him the effectual relief which Providence gave in their room.

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* Page 39. London: Longman, Brown, & Co. Without date.

His death took place in November, 1858. Upon his tomb this legend is traced: "They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

Art. V. — THE CANONIZATION OF THE MARTYRS OF JAPAN.

Les Fêtes de Rome. Canonization des Saints Martyrs du Japon, et de Saint Michel de Sanctis. Par J. Chantrel. Paris: Victor Palmé. 1862. 12mo. pp. 565.

To the pious mind of M. Chantrel, who may be presumed to represent the great company of faithful Catholics, the great event of the year of grace 1862 was the solemn ceremony and the Œcumenical Council which illustrated the spiritual primacy of the Eternal City and of the Holy Father. The emancipation of Russian serfs, the insurrection in Poland, the revolution in Greece, the civil war in America, the World's Fair in London, the deaths of kings, generals, and statesmen, are not worthy to be named in comparison with this memorable and momentous occasion, in which earth and heaven were alike interested. To attest at once his gratitude, his reverence, and his faith, M. Chantrel offers his thick volume of description and panegyric, in which the scenes, incidents, history, and spirit of the great proceeding are carefully preserved, in which the false-hearted are scourged, the faithful are praised, and the Vicar of Christ is exalted as the Vicegerent of God. In the fear that this remarkable volume may not reach the hands of many of our readers, we are moved to present a plainer and more secular narrative of that which it sets forth with ardent eloquence. We shall refrain from treating that high question of the Pope's political sovereignty, upon which M. Chantrel lavishes such strength of assertion and such wealth of vituperation, and confine ourselves strictly to the service of the canonization, for which he predicts such issues of comfort and blessing.

The fit preface to this narrative will be a few words upon the meaning and the rules of canonization in the Roman Church. There are, so to speak, *three degrees* in this process, to which severally belong the titles of *venerable*, *blessed*, and *holy*, — *Venerabilis*, *Beatus*, *Sanctus*. All who die in "the odor of sanctity" are honored with the name of "Venerabiles," which gives them only the general right to the respect and gratitude of the faithful. The "Beati," saints of the second degree, are made so by a solemn act and ceremony, securing to them a positive place in heaven, and a partial and local honor upon the earth. In some special order of monks, or some particular diocese, or some particular region or country, the Beati may have a public remembrance in prayers, but are not entitled to this throughout the Church. Before their pictures or relics can be exhibited, a special indulgence must be obtained for that purpose from the Pope. The pageant of Beatification is celebrated at Rome, where on two occasions we have witnessed its singular display; but the benefit of beatification is chiefly national and local. It is probable that John Grande Peccador, who was admitted into the heavenly host in St. Peter's Basilica, in November, 1853, is now invoked only by the faithful of one Spanish province. Three general rules seem to be followed in modern beatifications: not to accept any candidates until they have been dead for at least a century; to choose those whose lives were most obscure; and to require an ample supply of miracles wrought, as a ground of the honor. No eminent man may expect the honor of sainthood while the present policy of the Church is continued, and no redundance of virtues can supply for a candidate the lack of supernatural gifts and acts.

Beatification is the preliminary to "Sanctification." The large company of the Beati alone is privileged to offer recruits for the highest rank in the hierarchy. Sanctification gives to the "Christian heroes," as M. Chantrel styles them, a right to seven different honors: — 1. Their names are inscribed in the ecclesiastical calendar, in the martyrologies, the litanies, and in all the sacred catalogues; 2. They are invoked in the prayers and the solemn offices of the Church; 3. Temples and altars are dedicated to God in their names; 4. Masses are

offered in their honor; 5. They have a special "feast-day," a *natalitia*, which is usually the anniversary of their death; 6. Their images are exhibited in the Church, and around their heads is fixed the aureole, sign of their heavenly glory; and 7. Their relics may be shown in shrines, offered to the worship of the people, and borne in the processions. These are the earthly privileges of the saints, and to these they have a right in all parts of the Catholic world. A canonized saint belongs to no country, though all his natural life were confined to one city or one convent. It is to be presumed, moreover, that all the Beati are fit to become Sancti, and will become so in God's time and the Pope's time. Some of the Holy Orders chide the long delay; and we have heard a good Jesuit brother of the Roman College complain that the candidates from his fraternity were shamefully neglected. There is no need of complaint, however. The Church is eternal, and eternity gives room enough for justice to be done to all. In the large future of the kingdom which stands forever, all the beatified will find their right.

More than a century ago, the great Pope Benedict XIV., in his treatise on Beatification and Sanctification, laid down carefully the rules for proceeding in this holy task. Humanly considered, it is very hard for a holy soul to get into the heaven of the Church. The ordeal of all this logic and criticism is more severe than the pains of purgatory. The slow investigation and the minute precautions would seem to secure the Church against all error, and to render any mistake impossible. But the ingenious judgment of Thomas Aquinas has forestalled all cavil by enlisting in advance the testimony of God to the acts of his infallible Church. It is an easy inference, that, if the Church is the habitation of God's Spirit, its verdicts must be infallible and true. Even without these nice inquiries, its sentence concerning the saints must be received as sufficient and final, unless one will deny the Divine presence in the body of Christ on earth. The Church represents God, and the Pope represents the Church; and what the Pope determines, that God evidently wills. The examination of witnesses in the matter of canonization is then only an extra, and for the faithful an unnecessary work. It is a

condescension of the Church to the envious world, which is insensible to more spiritual teaching. In the last decision, canonization is the single work of the Supreme Pontiff, who merely summons the heads and guardians of the several churches to ratify and consent to his own absolute decree.

Canonization is a very ancient custom of the Church, and was much more common in the earlier than in the later centuries. Catholic writers pretend to find traces of it in the letters of Cyprian; and after the time of Constantine, not only the martyrs, but many others of the pious and wise who had died in peace, were commended to the reverence of the faithful. The practice of the Popes has not been uniform. Some have admitted large numbers into the sacred company, while others have canonized sparingly, and some have refrained wholly from the act. Since the canonization of Ulric of Augsburg by Pope John XVI. in 993, only 189 ceremonies of canonization are counted, which is an average of somewhat more than twenty in a century. Since the Reformation this average has been found to be much too high. It is not desirable to have the impression of this grand ceremony weakened by too frequent repetition. Once in a generation is found to be often enough for the festival; and the effect is heightened, and the balance preserved, by multiplying the number of the individuals canonized. The saints now are summoned in companies, and the gateway is widened to admit a score at once. Heaven shall not be defrauded of its rightful increase, though its doors are rarely opened.

Within the present century there have been only three occasions of canonization. In the year 1807, Pius VII., that much-injured Pontiff, whose sufferings in the cause of the Church have established most fully his claim to the future honors of sainthood, was pleased to inscribe five new names on the sacred catalogue. Thirty-two years later, Gregory XVI. added six more to the list. The third occasion was in this past year, which introduced into the sainted company twenty-seven new members.

We shall not detain our readers by any full biographical notice of these favored servants of Christ. It is enough to state that twenty-six of them were martyrs, and that the

blessed Michael de Sanctis, the austere monk of the Holy Trinity, was substantially a martyr in his extraordinary self-denials and penances. The facts of his life, as recorded, are, that he was born on the 27th of September, 1591, at Vich, in Catalonia; took the monastic vow in the Trinitarian Convent in Saragossa in 1607; joined soon after another convent where the discipline was harsher; wonted himself to hair shirts, bloody scourging, and fasts sometimes of a week in length; was twice chosen the Superior of the houses of his Order; was lifted from the ground in spiritual ecstasies; wrought many miracles; and on the 16th of August, 1625, was taken to his reward at the age of thirty-three. He was *beatified* by Pius VI. in 1779, and now, after an interval of eighty-three years, has taken his second spiritual degree. None will dispute his right to this honor after so long a delay.

The twenty-six martyrs have a somewhat more striking record. The scene of their suffering was Nangasaki in Japan; the time was the 5th of February, 1597; the manner of their death was crucifixion. The company may be conveniently divided into five classes,—three Franciscan priests, three Franciscan lay brethren, all of European descent, fifteen Japanese lay brethren of the third Order of St. Francis, two Japanese converts, added to the band because they ventured to lend aid to the martyrs on their way to the place of death, and three Japanese Jesuits. Of the individuals in these companies not very much is known. It is recorded of only one of the six Franciscans that he had received the gift of miracles; but this gift of the least of the fraternity may well be passed to the credit of the whole. Of the seventeen Japanese lay brethren, the most remarkable for courage and firmness seem to have been two boys of eleven and thirteen years, one of whom resisted the threats of the officers, and the other the pleadings of parents, and died chanting the *Gloria Patri.* Another of these Japanese, one Matthias, suffered vicarious punishment, substituting himself very adroitly for the genuine Matthias, a monk of the convent. The executioners were informed of the substitution, but as the man had confessed himself to be a Christian, they did not care how the prescribed number was made up, and were ready to take him with the rest.

Martyrdom cancels many sins. But for that fortunate fact, it might have been impossible for the remaining virtues of the Franciscan confessors in Japan to obtain the glory of ecclesiastical sainthood. Their acts in Japan were quite irregular. Pope Gregory XIII. had expressly reserved to the Jesuits the missionary ground of that heathen empire, and, in face of that reservation, the Franciscan brethren were no better than interlopers. But before their heroic death all objection falls; and it is not for men to interpose a doubt, when even the birds of heaven have left their witness. For it is piously related, that the fowls of the air refused to feed upon these blessed corpses, and that the faithful of Manilla and Macao were able to ransom the precious bones. By a decree of the 10th of July, 1627, Pope Urban VIII. declared these crucified monks to be martyrs; by another decree of September 11th in the same year, the twenty-three Franciscans were "beatified"; and two years later, in 1629, the three Jesuit brethren were also permitted to become "Beati." Since that decree, more than two hundred and thirty years have gone by; and there have not been wanting scoffers to instance with indecent mirth this long delay as an insult to the memory of the holy martyrs. The pious, however, will be pleased to find in it another proof of the excessive caution of the Church in works of this serious nature. There can be no graver sin than to admit improper persons into the selectest circles of heaven. Better that many real saints should be excluded, than that one soul of doubtful sanctity should find a place in the society of the Lord.

A service of such moment should of course be celebrated with all imaginable pomp. It should be, if possible, grander than a Jubilee, and the most magnificent religious spectacle within the memory of man. The world should be summoned to meet in the city of God, and to witness the rare opening of these gates of heaven. On the 18th of January, 1862, His Eminence, Cardinal Caterini, "Prefect of the Congregation" of Rome, addressed a circular to all the bishops of the Catholic world, in states heterodox not less than in states orthodox, inviting them, all and singular, to come up on the following Pentecost to the city of solemnities, and there assist in this

sublime manifestation of the power of the keys. In ordinary cases, it would have been sufficient to summon the prelates of Italy to give countenance to the ceremony. But the melancholy revolt of the Italian sovereign making it probable that but few of the Italian bishops would find it convenient to be present, his Holiness was compelled to send out a wider call, and suggest to the obedient vassals of the Church this way of meeting the religious duty of visiting the sacred shrines. The wicked world was not quite able to recognize the wisdom or to appreciate the motive of this new assembly. Not only in Turin and Florence, but in Paris and Vienna, were voices raised in doubt of the expediency of such a gathering. Some suspected a political design, and not a few zealous Romanists thought it unfit to attempt a display which was more likely to reveal the weakness than to illustrate the strength of the Church. But Pius IX. trusted in the Lord and in the hearts of the believers. The circular was sent out far and wide, in spite of objectors. The Vicar of Christ did not condescend to explain his motives to the secular powers, or to contend with evil-minded men of the world. It was enough that the faithful listened and approved. From all parts sympathizing letters came. The rumor increased that such a gathering would be seen on the next Pentecost as had not been witnessed since the day when the creed of Trent gave the law of the Church for all future time. Not only bishops, but priests and deacons and laity innumerable, announced that they should go up to the feast. And the prospect was, that in multiplicity of dialects the Roman Pentecost of 1862 would surpass that first day in Jerusalem, when the Spirit descended in cloven tongues of flame.

As early as May, it became evident that the "Catholic world" was moving Romeward. On all the railways, in all the steamers, the ordinary costumes of travel were plentifully diversified by the long robes of the ecclesiastical orders. The roads of Italy being virtually closed to pilgrims on this errand, (since Victor Emmanuel declined to permit in foreign priests what he could not allow to priests of his own dominion,) France became the great religious thoroughfare, and Marseilles the favored port of embarkation. This old city has

not heretofore been specially noted for its religious charm. The use of sacred names has been rather to point profanity than to illustrate piety, and the "Star of the Sea" has not been worshipped very ardently by the mariners of that bay. But the advent and departure of such numbers of holy men so transfigured this profane city that it seemed, in the language of M. Chantrel, "to renew scenes worthy of the most beautiful ages of faith." Pious chants took the place of vulgar songs; crowds knelt to receive episcopal benediction; the few discordant voices were lost in the general acclaim; and the bishops from the lands of the infidel were charmed to find that France had returned from its scepticism to the sincerity of faith.

The transit of the vast multitude was made without accident. The Queen of Heaven watched over these pious voyagers. We may presume that, on landing at Civita Vecchia, they were not exempt from the tribute which all travellers are compelled to pay to the officials and the *facchini* of that religious city, and that not a few inwardly cursed the necessity which forced them to Rome through that doorway of iniquity. The most skilled in extortion may take a lesson from the arts and lies of the Papal seaport. The dangers of this purgatory were safely encountered, however, and the prelates seem to have arrived in Rome without loss of robes or ornaments. It is pleasant to the French heart of M. Chantrel to reflect that the "eldest daughter of the Church," as was proper, took the lead of all her sisters in the number of her pilgrims and the elegance of their costumes. For a dozen years and more, French military uniforms at every corner have reminded the Roman people of their civil vassalage; but now, as one letter-writer enthusiastically avers, "everywhere you see the *rabat;* the *rabat* is present in all the manifestations; the *rabat* is the master of Rome." The *rabat*, we may add, is the long white-bordered mantle which marks the robe of the French priest.

On Thursday, the 22d of May, was held in the Royal Hall, between the Sistine and Pauline Chapels, a "semi-public consistory," of the College of Cardinals and more than two hundred bishops, in which the Pope pronounced an "allocu-

tion" in the Latin tongue, setting forth his wishes, asking the prayers and aid of his brethren, and mildly rebuking his persecutors and enemies. At this consistory, by a unanimous vote, the august assembly consented to the canonization of the twenty-six martyrs of Japan. Two days later, another similar consistory of cardinals and bishops ratified by their suffrage the nomination of the blessed Michael de Sanctis. That this self-denying service might not go without its just reward, the Roman Senate, by a grave decree of the 22d of May, "in the year 2646 of the foundation of Rome, and 1862 of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ," (A. U. C. et A. D., — a happy combination of the Pagan and Christian dignity of the world's capital,) admitted all the prelates assisting in these ceremonies to the rights of citizenship; gave to "these valiant defenders of the faith, who have deserved so well of the Catholic religion, the same honors in which Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles, gloried; and, to keep the tradition of a day so memorable, and of this decree, have resolved to place an inscription in marble in the halls of the Capitol." It is to be feared that the rights of a Roman citizen will not avail in other states to save from arrest or to secure respect; and to one who considers the character of the Roman police, the value of citizenship, even within the municipal limits, may be questioned. This was followed, on the first day of June, by the address of the young men of Rome, in which the fidelity of this class to the Holy Father was affirmed, and the wicked schemes of the revolutionists and the Utopian dreamers of Italian unity were suitably denounced. Two hundred voices then joined in a hymn to Pius IX. and in four other *cantatas* in his honor. We are not informed that this delegation represented the general sentiment of the Roman young men; and even Cardinal Wiseman seems to hint, in his condescending reply to the address, that there is some difference of opinion on the general question, and that the young men may have to vindicate "by arms" what their songs and their rhetoric have so feelingly expressed.

It was painful for the Holy Father, in welcoming the faithful from foreign lands, — from heretic England, and schismatic Russia, and infidel Syria, and America beyond the sea, — to

miss the faces of his dear Italian brothers, and to know that in this mingling of voices the sweet Tuscan tongue must be of all most mute. But his sad heart was in a measure consoled by the loyal and sympathizing messages that absent Italy could send to the feast at which she might not be a guest. And Italy was not wholly unrepresented. Not to mention the supply of holy men which Rome and its neighborhood were able to bring, a few Neapolitan prelates were providentially present in Rome, whom the fortunes of war had driven from their former abodes. Sixtus Riario Sforza, sometime Archbishop of Naples, was able to occupy his seat in the Sacred College, and to vote for the canonization. Reggio, Sorrento, Sora, and Aquila were all represented by their rulers in the Lord. And these, though few in the comparison with the delegates from other Catholic states, could confirm the claim of the council to be Œcumenical, — of "all nations."

A few statistics may not be wholly without interest. There were present at the solemnity of canonization in Rome, on the 8th of June, 1862, forty-three cardinals, five patriarchs, fifty-two archbishops, one hundred and eighty-six bishops, in all two hundred and eighty-seven princes and pastors of the Church. Only eighteen of the cardinals were absent, the present number of the Sacred College being sixty-one. Of these eighteen, ten were prohibited from attending by the order of Victor Emmanuel, one by the order of the king of Portugal, and the remainder were detained either by physical infirmities or by pressing official business. Of the eleven "patriarchs" of the Catholic Church, five were present; the patriarchs of Constantinople, of the West Indies, of Venice, of Antioch, and of Constantinople in the Greek Catholic communion. Of the archbishops present, nine were from France, seven from Germany (including Poland and Dalmatia), seven from the East, four from Spain, four from America, three from Italy, and one from Ireland; the others having their sees "*in partibus infidelium.*" Of the bishops, forty-one were from France, twenty-seven from Austria, twenty-four from Italy, twenty from Germany and Prussia, twenty from England and Ireland, sixteen from Spain, five from the East, three from Belgium and Holland, two from Russia and Poland, thirteen

from the United States, and the remainder from various heretical lands. Guinea, Egypt, India, Sweden, Scotland, were represented by their "Apostolic Vicars."

It was with such a magnificent and august body of assistants. that Pius IX. was enabled to complete his sacred task. The heavens smiled approvingly; and the cannon of the Castle of the Holy Angel saluted a splendid dawn and a clear horizon on the long expected 8th of June. At the first break of day, crowds from every quarter of the seven-hilled city were seen pressing on to the great square in front of the cathedral of the world, the broad dimensions of which became soon an immense sea of eager, joyful, and wondering faces. Those nearest to the church were privileged to beguile their impatience by the study of the colossal pictures along the façade, presenting, in the grandiose style of Roman festival art, the celestial glories of the new saints in contrast with their terrestrial pains. On the large banner which floated in the wind these rapt souls were shown seated upon the clouds and "drunk with the abundance of God's house." Above the principal door were exhibited the forms of the Franciscans, nailed to their crosses, yet without sign of agony in limb or feature. Over the door to the right, the meek triad of suffering Jesuits smiled benignantly upon a kneeling bishop and a prostrate king, with his courtiers around him. Over the left door Jesus Christ was seen handing, with the most tender compassion, his divine heart into the bosom of his servant, Michael de Sanctis. Suitable inscriptions aided the faithful to understand these symbols.

At a few minutes past seven, the sublime procession, having passed the Sistine Chapel, down the "Scala Regia" into the colonnade on the right, and across the square, through the colonnade on the left, entered the grand doorway of the church. It were a weary and endless task to enumerate those details of the vast procession on which our author lavishes his pious rhetoric. To those who have been in the pontifical city such pomps are sufficiently familiar, at least in their general features. To others they are simply tedious. We forbear to describe the devices, the dresses, the colors, and the emblems of the several ranks in the interminable

line. Impartial witnesses have testified that they were worthy of the occasion.

As the foot of each attendant in the procession crossed the threshold of the Basilica, he was expected to chant the *Regina Cœli;* and soon the vast vault of the cathedral resounded with the murmurs of these myriad voices. Passing up the nave, the procession halted in front of that great altar, used only on occasions of state, to allow his Holiness to descend and kneel beneath the *baldachino* above the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles. This first service of prayer performed, the Pope is conducted to his throne in the raised tribune at the upper end of the basilica, where in turn the several dignitaries approach to pay their homage. The cardinals kiss his hand; the prelates kiss his knee; and the other dignitaries are sufficiently honored in saluting the foot of the Holy Father. Then, when all have found their appointed places, and the special assistants are grouped around the throne, the Cardinal Clarelli, with a lighted torch in his hand, approaches, kneels reverently, and in a clear accent, through the mouth of his attendant, enunciates the formal request of canonization: "Beatissime Pater, reverendissimus dominus Cardinalis Clarelli hic præsens, *instanter* petit per Sanctitatem vestram catalogo Sanctorum Domini Nostri Jesu Christi adscribi, et tamquam Sanctos ab omnibus Christi fidelibus pronunciari venerandos, beatos Petrum Baptistum, Paulum, eorumque Socios, Martyres, et Michaelem de Sanctis, Confessorem."

This is the first call. His Holiness promptly answers through the mouth of his scribe, Monsignore Pacifici, that he is well disposed to grant the request; but that it is first proper to implore the aid of the heavenly host, the blessed Apostles and the Immaculate Virgin; which is done by the choir singing the Litanies, and the answering chorus of innumerable voices. Then the Cardinal kneels again, and the demand is made more pressing. It is now, not "instanter," but "instantius." Still the Holy Father is reluctant. The Holy Ghost must be summoned; and the voice of the Pontiff is heard intoning the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, to which the assistants and all the people shout the "Amen." A third time the demand is

pressed, and it is now "instantissime." There need be no longer delay. The saints are present, the Apostles have heard, the Mother of God bends over them, and the Spirit moves above them. Seated in his chair of state, as Doctor and Chief of the Church Universal, Pius IX., in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, solemnly decrees and pronounces that the names of the twenty-six martyrs of Japan, and Michael de Sanctis the Confessor, are henceforth and forever inscribed on the catalogue of the saints, "ad honorem Sanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis, ad exaltationem Fidei Catholicæ et Christianæ religionis augmentum, auctoritate Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, Beatorum Apostolum Petri et Pauli, ac Nostrâ; maturâ deliberatione præhabitâ, et Divinâ ope sæpius implorată, ac de Venerabilium Fratrum Nostrorum Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ Cardinalium, Patriarcharum, Archiepiscoporum et Episcoporum in Urbe existente consilio."

The kneeling Cardinal gives back the thanks of the Church for the gracious decree. A swift scribe is directed to engross it upon enduring parchment. Led by his Holiness, forty thousand voices join in the grand Te Deum. The bells of the basilica and the cannon of the castle give signal to the hundreds of bells on the churches of the city, and summon the faithful to raise thanksgivings and to gain "indulgences." The intercession of the new saints is invoked, and the new form of prayer suited to these saints is repeated. A grand pontifical mass is celebrated, and a learned and touching homily pronounced by the lips of the Pope. With the Papal cross in hand, an apostolic sub-deacon promises to each of the assembled multitude a *plenary indulgence*. The offerings of candles, of bread, of wine, of water, of doves, pigeons, and little birds, are presented by the assistants from three tables at the left of the altar. The Holy Father washes his hands in water poured upon them by the Roman Senator, and wipes them with a napkin which the assisting Cardinal hands to him; and the ceremony is concluded. "Ite, missa est."

In this rapid summary we have said nothing of the internal decorations of the cathedral; of the showy tapestries on the columns, the gigantic candelabra, the quaint inscriptions; the twenty-two pictures distributed upon the walls, illustrating

the numerous miracles and the cruel sufferings of the new saints; the blaze of light from the thirty-six thousand pounds of wax consumed in the service of six hours; the brilliant hues of the dresses and ornaments, the stars and the crosses, under this overwhelming light; — all these in that miracle of art and grandeur, the Cathedral of St. Peter. Well might the believer exclaim, that this was indeed the promised glory of heaven! Well might the enraptured pilgrim feel ready to die after his eyes had looked upon this amazing marvel.

If the reports of the several prelates, on their return to their homes, are to be taken as proof of the general sentiment of the Council, this great synod at Rome in the year 1862 was in every respect a triumph and a success. No discordant voice was raised to mar the harmony of the consenting throng. It was a marvellous illustration of the unity of God's Church upon the earth. All that was wanting to the full triumph of the scene was the presence of those "illustrious strangers," the Japanese ambassadors, whom Providence seemed expressly for this end to direct to the European shore. If they had obeyed these leadings, and had taken Rome on their returning way from London and Paris, M. Chantrel is confident that the spectacle of faith and prayer, and the honors paid to their countrymen, would have convinced them of the superior greatness of Christian society, and perhaps have won their hearts to Christ, and so secured the new conversion of their nation. In the joyful words of the historian of this great ceremony, "The canonization of the martyrs of Japan opens a new era in the history of the Church, — the era of the conversion of the East, of the end of the Greek schism, the return of the Protestants, and the defeat of the Revolution. Let us not be alarmed at the crises which it must pass through; these are the last pains of a sickness that is healed, the last efforts of impiety to retard the inevitable hour of its disaster."

It is impossible for one not bred a Romanist to read the tiresome detail of ceremonial, — of which we have given but a very small part in the foregoing sketch, — or to listen to the tone of official enthusiasm in the recital, without a painful sense of something in them at once childish and effete. We do not dispute — for we have ourselves experienced — the

effect on the imagination of these ecclesiastical pomps, winding, with quaint robes and emblems, through the melancholy streets of Rome. We have been touched by the symbolic meanings covered in those gay and strange disguises, — still more by the fact that they are the emblems which speak to the eye, even now, of that awful and overshadowing power of the Church of the Middle Age; by sympathy, also, with what will sometimes appear in them sincere and tender, as belonging to the real faith of a living people. We do not quarrel with them because they speak to us in a dialect of past ages of faith, so foreign and strange to us. But one contrast strikes us, when we think what these ceremonies — and especially this crowning one of canonization — have been to other times, and what they are to ours. In this view, they are far from being the triumphal spectacle, and the earnest of spiritual dominion, which they have seemed to our enthusiastic narrator. On the contrary, they are the most pathetic symbol of the change which the passing centuries have brought upon the Church and the world.

If we recall the sainted names of the first age of the Church, we find they include those dearest to the memory and imagination of every Christian believer, from the narratives of the Testament, or from the tragical annals of early martyrdom. If we recall the names of the second age, we find they include those of the heroes and martyrs of the Christian civilization of Europe, — such as Martin, and Boniface, and Anschar, — who represent the victorious encounter of Christianity with the merciless paganism of the French, the German, and the Northman; or of others, as St. Bavon and St. Germain,* and so many of the pious monks, who taught the first lessons of humanity and mercy in the corrupt and wicked estate of the perishing Empire of the Cæsars. Still further on, such names as St. Louis and St. Roch, St. Bernard and St. Charles, speak to us of the Church in its era of nobility and power, when it was the consecration of royalty to be the helper of the weak, when the healer of pestilence, the redeemer of captives, and the feeder of the poor, stood highest in that hierarchy of

* See Guizot's "Civilization in France."

illustrious men whom the Church held worthy of its celestial honors. The sweetness and purity of the noblest womanhood has never been more delicately embodied than in those Catholic idealizations that made the fairest inspiration of mediæval art. These all represent to us phases of that great and manifold life by which Catholic Christianity has rendered its indispensable services to the world; and, while that was in its best estate, its representative names were likewise the foremost and noblest of their age. It was not only natural, but right, — a means of influence without which the work of the Church would have lacked one very essential thing, — that the feudal hierarchy in the state should be matched by an ecclesiastical hierarchy in the unseen world; and it is to the lasting honor of the Church, that those whom it raised to its rank of supreme beatitude should have included not only the noble and the strong, but also so many of the humble, the poor, the suffering, and the weak. So far as it went, this hierarchy did in fact do honor to genuine Christian virtues; and among them the high and the low had impartial recognition.

It is to the credit of that Church in its decline, that the candidates for its supreme rank of sainthood should still include the poor of this world, rich in faith, and those whom God has "chosen in the furnace of affliction." That one lesson of the profoundest humanity may still be read on the flaunting banners, and in the myriad of kindled tapers, that do honor to the few poor and nameless men who died in torture for their faith, in an obscure and distant island, so long ago, that, without this gorgeous ceremonial, the world would have forgotten that they had ever been. We are far from mocking at even the hollow form and unmeaning words that may possibly convey to any human heart the sense of sympathy offered to the humblest from the highest, — the lesson that it is precisely the humblest that are nearest to the heart of the Most High. But we think of that wealth of the noblest life in these later days which by the creed of Romanism is outcast and accursed; we remember how far its sainted catalogue is from including the true representative names of modern Christianity; and then these pompous ceremonials seem to

us little less than a profanation and a lie. Then it is to us a confession of failure and decay, the more touching because unconscious, that, letting pass in despair the so far grander army of the faithful in the world's battles of holiness and truth, that Church can find illustration of the virtues fit to win its highest official honor only in the obscure, almost forgotten, half-mythical lives of these poor martyrs of Japan.

Art. VI. — DEMOCRACY ON TRIAL.

1. *Democracy in America.* By Alexis de Tocqueville. *Translated by* Henry Reeve, Esq. *Edited, with Notes, the Translation revised and in great part rewritten, and the Additions made to the recent Paris Editions now first translated, by* Francis Bowen, Alford Professor of Moral Philosophy in Harvard University. Two volumes. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1862.
2. *Quarterly Review* for July, 1861. Art. *Democracy on its Trial.*

The rebellion of the Southern aristocracy against a lawful government was a godsend to the high conservatives and defenders of prerogative everywhere, who welcomed it as heartily as if there had never been a rebellion before, or as if there never had been an unjustifiable one, or against any other than a democratic government. Especially the Tory party in England, which has lost ground every year more and more as liberal principles of government have gained the ascendency, has been eager to turn our misfortunes to their own uses as a party argument. If this were all, we could very easily understand it; but that the so-called liberal press, which professes to sympathize with free institutions all over the world, should be just as ready to rejoice at the anticipated overthrow of free institutions here, is hard to explain, except by the bigotry with which they reverence one special form of free institutions.

We republicans have been disposed, of late years, to let the argument as to forms of government be dropped. Agreeing to the doctrine of Pope's hackneyed line, that "that which is

best administered is best," we have heartily given England credit for having a free and well-administered government, — resting on a false basis, as we believed, but so elastic and easily adapted to the changing wants of the nation, that its equilibrium was always maintained, and it was on the whole the best government for that people, besides having some features which we should be glad to adopt here. We were satisfied when Italy was made a constitutional monarchy under Victor Emmanuel, rather than a republic; and there has ever been a strong disposition among us, we are ashamed to say, to laud the usurped despotism of Napoleon III. But our English friends are less tolerant; they are afraid to trust their case to its own merits, and seem to think that the only way to prove theirs a beneficent and well-balanced form of government is to show that ours is not. So they refuse to wait for the results of the present struggle, when they will be able to study events a little in perspective and with some degree of calmness, but insist upon an immediate verdict of guilty.

In entering upon a defence of American Democracy, we desire to state distinctly, at the outset, what it is that we wish to prove. In the first place, it is American Democracy we are to speak of, — the intelligent, law-abiding Democracy of the United States, — not the turbulent democracy of Athens, Paris, or Mexico. Neither are we to speak specially of the American Constitution, nor of American society, except in so far as directly connected with the democracy of the country. Moreover, we are far from claiming that our government is perfect, either in form or administration. We have faults enough, Heaven knows, both as a people and as a nation, perhaps many of them directly traceable to our institutions; and we trust we shall not be led by a false patriotism to extenuate any of these. What we claim is, that democracy is a sound and conservative basis of government, — we think the soundest and most conservative; that the government we have founded upon it is the best adapted to our wants as a nation; that it is far from being as defective in its regular working as is commonly charged; and that its chief faults are not the necessary growth of the democratic principle, but are extraneous and curable, and indeed directly owing to the democratic principle being car-

ried out only partially and imperfectly, while many of the faults of which it is accused do not exist at all. We say so much in behalf of the national government. With respect to some of the State governments, — those in which the population is most purely American, and in which the principle of democracy is most completely adopted in practice, — we do not hesitate to go further, and assert that no communities of equal extent in history have been so well governed as these.

It seems to be hard for European writers to conceive of democracy except as the government by a particular part of the people, — that part which the Greeks called the *Demos*, the Romans the *Plebs*, and the English the *lower classes*. If this were a true definition, the question would be settled at once against democracy; for this portion of the citizens, acting as a class, are quite as selfish as any other class, and less enlightened. But, however it may have been in Athens or Rome, this is not the idea or the practice of American democracy, whose maxim is, that the government belongs of right to the whole people, and not to any class, whether distinguished as such by wealth or birth, or by the want of these. Only one class has ever exercised extensive political power in this country, — that of the slaveholders; but their domination, which has been at the root of most of our political evils for the last generation, has been at last thrown off, and we have no reason to fear the predominance of any other class, unless false theories of democracy succeed, as they have already succeeded in some cities, in throwing the power into the hands of the mob. Mobocracy is the corruption of democracy, as despotism is of monarchy, and oligarchy of aristocracy.

But it is urged that the lower classes cannot help but rule where they have equal rights with the higher, because they will always form a majority. To this two replies may be made. First, that wealth and social position have so much inherent power, that they will generally succeed in obtaining the control of public affairs wherever matters are left, as in a democracy, to take their natural course. Even in New England it is not often that any but men of means are chosen to important offices; and the complaint that the rich manage things as they please, is oftener heard than the opposite one, that the poor

vote away the money of the rich. Secondly, there is a remarkable degree of equality among us, not merely political, but actual, resulting as well from the institutions as from the general prosperity of the country.* We know that absolute equality is out of the question, even if it were desirable; and that the growth of wealth and population, and the centralizing of industry, are constantly tending to counteract this natural influence of our institutions, and afflict us with all the evils that wait upon civilization. But to meet these evils we recognize as one of the chief problems given to our nation to solve; and much is done towards solving it when we have secured to every man the fullest control over himself. We think it ought to be met, and the solution effected, not by any agrarian, socialistic laws, but by the fostering of every branch of national industry, and the free operation of natural laws of distribution; that this wealth as it increases should not, as is usually the case, be distributed more and more unequally, but that, as the country grows richer, the mass of the people should grow richer likewise, and not a few millionnaires.† The surest means to prevent the lower classes from ruling, is to have no lower classes.

It is in this antagonism between rich and poor that Lord Macaulay, in his famous letter to Mr. Randall, finds the chief danger to our institutions, where he says: "The day will come when, in the State of New York, a multitude of people, not one of whom has had more than half a breakfast, or ex-

* "America exhibits in her social state an extraordinary phenomenon. Men are there seen on a greater equality in point of fortune and intellect, or, in other words, more equal in their strength, than in any other country of the world, or in any age of which history has preserved the remembrance." — De Tocqueville, Vol. I. p. 67. It was a similar equality in Athens (in the privileged democracy) that made the choice of magistrates by lot not so utterly absurd as it seems at first sight.

† There is no doubt that this is the case in New England, where the most striking fact attendant on the growth of public prosperity is the diminution of the number of the very poor. Fifty years ago there was a large class of wretched, degraded poor in all the country towns. Now there is no such class, except in secluded districts here and there; and it may almost be said that there are no native paupers. For instance, Dedham, Massachusetts, a very fair specimen of a New England country town, has now less than a dozen native paupers in a population of about 6,000. In 1818 it had 26 (mostly native, of course), in a population of about 2,500.

pects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of a legislature will be chosen?" We will observe that a proletariat in the condition described, (especially of Americans, who are accustomed to have plenty to eat,) which, nevertheless, should patiently wait to choose a legislature, and have that legislature pass laws for their relief, at the expense of the rich, would be a most remarkable proletariat, and well worthy the elective franchise. People in this condition usually help themselves, and to control them in such a case depends, not on the form, but on the energy of the institutions. Democratic institutions may be as energetic as any, and De Tocqueville bears ample testimony to the extensive powers possessed by our magistrates; in which the prophets across the water, who bewail the high-handed measures of our Executive, seem to concur. We have had strikes and riots here, but our institutions have survived them, just as the English have. But Lord Macaulay seems to have been under the delusion, that we intended to adopt the English policy of free trade. He should have known that, except for the controlling influence of slavery, to which free trade was an important auxiliary, there has never been a time when the masses of this country have not been clear-sighted enough to adopt the American system, of protection to home industry and development of national resources, which benefits all classes alike, in preference to the English theory, which tends to throw all power and wealth into the hands of a few. When we pride ourselves on the increased prosperity of our country, we mean not merely that the wealth is greater, but that it is better distributed. We have already shown that, so far from the tendency which Lord Macaulay prophesies, the prosperity and comfort of the masses have increased with the increase of population, and exist at the present day in the general ratio of the compactness and average wealth of the several States.

We have already intimated that the chief danger to our institutions consists, not in their having a democratic basis, but in this principle of democracy being at times lost sight of in practice, and specious theories foisted in its place. There is a false democracy, which has had much influence, and wrought irreparable mischief, which has done its best to put all power

into the hands of those least fit to exercise it, and the practical effect of which is, that the country has been ruled for years by the joint power of the two most dangerous classes, — that of the slaveholders, founded on unjust wealth, and that of the city mob, used as the tools of the former. It was an honest, plausible theory at the start, that all adult males should vote, and vote for all officers; if democracy was right, why not carry it out consistently? But the actual, inherited, American theory of democracy was lost sight of.

The American idea of democracy is based upon the right of every person to have a share in the government, as the only guaranty against oppression. On this alone rests the claim to a right to vote. But the suffrage is not merely a *right* necessary for the protection of the individual; it carries with it also a *power* over the property and actions of others. The exercise of this power has nothing to do with the rights of the individual. It belongs to society, to the state, and it is only as a member of the state that the individual possesses it. It is a dangerous power, whatever hands may hold it, and has seldom in history been exercised without being abused. Still it must be placed somewhere, or the state does not exist. If it were possible to determine by any process who in the community are fit to be trusted with it, it should certainly be given to them; for where natural rights do not exist, we must follow expediency. To give it to any one man, or any body of men, selected by chance or birth, is absurd; even wealth and culture are no certain guides; for although they may imply ability, they do not necessarily imply purity of motive. We Americans believe it is safer to give it to the whole people, than to any part of the people. But inasmuch as it is a trust, and not a right, we hold that it is the duty of the state — nay, its only salvation — to see to it that the citizens are rendered capable of exercising it. Education and virtue are the only safeguards of democratic liberty.

This is the American theory of democracy. It gives to every man a share in the government, partly as a right, partly as a trust; and it recognizes the duty of the state to fit its citizens to exercise this sacred trust, so far at least as political institutions can accomplish it. The words which Burke wrote

in condemnation of democracy we accept heartily, and act upon as the fundamental principle of our democratic government. "All persons possessing any portion of power ought to be strongly and awfully impressed with an idea that they act in trust; and that they are to account for their conduct in that trust to the one great Master, Author, and Founder of society." How far we have wandered in practice from this lofty ideal, we know too well. We do not expect that our institutions will ever actually bring about a state of society such as this theory would demand, in which every member shall be virtuous and enlightened. Nevertheless, we place our mark high, and can but do our utmost to reach it. And we believe it is so far practicable as this, — that the vast majority of the community shall be so trained as to be at once honest and intelligent in political affairs. We believe we have accomplished this in New England, where the proportion of the worthless and vicious in the native population is so small that it has absolutely no weight; they may have the right of suffrage, but it is harmless in their hands. Indeed, we assert without hesitation, that the native population throughout the Northern States might be safely trusted with the most unlimited freedom of suffrage. Imperfect as their educational institutions are, compared with those of New England, they have accomplished the result they were designed to accomplish, and created a people fit for democracy. But, unfortunately, a theory which answered well enough when it was first put in practice was boldly kept up after the country had been overrun with hordes of ignorant and vicious foreigners, — the outgrowth of monarchical and aristocratic institutions in Europe, just as the "poor whites" are the outgrowth of aristocratic institutions in the South. It is these, not native Americans, who have been the tools of demagogues, and who have cursed the land with the rule of the slave power. And it was false theories of democracy that put the power into their hands.

Now, neither the theory of universal suffrage, as we have propounded it, nor its traditionary practice in the States of the American Union, is at all inconsistent with restrictions upon its universality. Indeed, it requires them. If the

franchise were merely a right, no restriction would be admissible; but it is also a trust, and must be carefully guarded. But observe, there is this fundamental distinction between the restrictions imposed here and in England. There, the aristocratic theory takes for granted that the franchise belongs to few, and grudgingly asks, now and then, how much further it will be safe to extend it. Here, we assume that it belongs to all, and only ask who has forfeited it. This question is answered variously in different States. Foreigners, of course, must pass more or less of a probation before being admitted to it. A certain degree of maturity is necessary, and it has been fixed roughly at twenty-one years. The prejudices inherited from our ancestors have confined it to the male sex; the prejudices derived from slavery, to the white race, in most of the States. In Massachusetts and Connecticut, the two typical New England States, ability to read and write is a test; in Massachusetts, the payment of taxes is also required. These two qualifications go as far, in respect to property and education, as we think of any real consequence; but they are of importance, not so much from their actually restricting the suffrage, (which they effect very little in a community of such general prosperity and intelligence as ours,) but as a safeguard for the future. In our cities they are of value already, and if some means could be devised of restricting the suffrage in the direction of crime, the great peril of our institutions — mobocracy — would be nearly averted.*

The theory we have described is practically developed and carried out in the New England town system, of which De Tocqueville gives an accurate and appreciative sketch. This system is the fairest exponent of American democracy, and has in full the merit which Mill ascribes to theoretically good governments, as consisting "partly of the degree in which they promote the general mental advancement of the com-

* This is, perhaps, hardly the place for suggestions of this nature; but it seems to us that, if convicted criminals were to be deprived of the franchise for a term of years after leaving the prison, the desired end might be accomplished. This would leave the door open for reformation, and at the same time would deprive the *class* of criminals of political power, — those who live by crime, and are sent to jail as a matter of course every year or two.

munity, including under that phrase advancement in intellect, in virtue, and in practical activity and efficiency, and partly of the degree of perfection with which they organize the moral, intellectual, and active worth already existing, so as to operate with the greatest effect on public affairs." We think that this system, the most characteristic product of American institutions, deserves some little notice from English writers upon our affairs, who always choose to take the city of New York as their specimen of American democracy, — a city where genuine democracy does not exist at all, and where unlimited suffrage, not modified by adequate institutions of political education, has given the control of affairs to a city rabble (largely composed of naturalized foreigners), and made New York perhaps the worst governed community in the world. A mobocratic rule like this is one of the chief dangers to which democratic institutions are liable; but it is no more their necessary consequence, than an oligarchic terrorism like that of Venice or South Carolina is the necessary growth of the aristocratic constitution of Great Britain. The New York mobocracy may be well taken as a warning to overhasty innovators among ourselves, but we protest against its being considered a legitimate outgrowth of democracy. The cause of its degeneracy is, that the ardent radicalism of thirty years ago conceived that the theory of democracy required unrestricted suffrage, and the election of all officers by the people; so it is (or has been) practically open to everybody to vote who chose, and indeed as often as he pleased, and of course every city officer has been chosen by the mob. But they did not see that this was only one half of democracy, — the half, too, in which democracy would fail if anywhere, when compared with other forms of government, and which, without the other half to balance and direct it, might be rather pernicious than beneficial. It is true that the town system cannot be applied to cities, whose inhabitants are too numerous and know too little of each other to admit of pure democracy. This is a defect in the nature of things, for which there is no certain remedy, and which constantly tends, in large cities, to turn democracy into mobocracy. But, for this very reason, it is all the more necessary to protect the purity of election here

by all possible safeguards, and to make the country towns (from which the cities draw their life) nurseries of practical democracy. Neither of these things was done in New York. The polls were left to the control of the Empire Club and emigrant-runners, and the townships were left with only imperfectly democratic institutions. We repeat, — and it cannot be repeated too often, — this is not democracy, but false democracy; and it is this which is to be held responsible for the partial failure of free institutions in our large cities.*

In New England we have thus far resisted the temptation to substitute theory for the hereditary and well-balanced democracy under which we prosper so well. We have not accepted the doctrine, that the suffrage is the natural right of every vagabond and scoundrel, and we have not made the tenure of all offices dependent upon periodical election. At the same time, we have maintained the principle of decentralization in local administration, and above all have recognized the duty of the state to educate its citizens. For this end our common-school system was established. But valuable as this is, it is infinitely less efficient than the democratic town administration, in which every citizen can take a personal part. Schooling is not enough; if it were, German peasants would be as well fitted for democracy as New England farmers. The other Northern States are nearly as zealous in public education as those of New England, but it is a serious, perhaps fatal defect, that their town affairs are not conducted on the principle of pure democracy, but that they delegate the powers which the people of New England exercise directly.

We will illustrate this by explaining in a few words the difference between the New England town system and that of New York, which also prevails in other States of the Union. In New York, the citizens choose their town officers and vote supplies, generally without discussion; and *there is all they have to do.* These officers decide upon all details of administration, and expend the sums put into their hands, we believe generally with good judgment, and under what seem to be

* The recent disgraceful affairs at Harrisburg and Albany are results of the same system.

adequate checks and controls. In New England, on the other hand, scarcely anything but the mere detail-work is left to the discretion of the magistrate. The people come together, always once, and usually three or four times a year, to decide on all matters of town interest. If a road is to be laid out, a new school established, a bridge or a "town-house" built, a petition presented to Congress, or any town concern to be brought before the Legislature,* the whole matter is thoroughly discussed by whatever citizens choose to speak, and then voted upon. Indeed, the powers of the people extend so much into detail, that plans and specifications of a building to be erected, and the precise way in which a road is to curve, are often laid before the meeting. On the first Monday in every March, over three hundred meetings of this sort are held in the State of Massachusetts, in all which there is shrewd, earnest, sensible debate on such points as we have mentioned, carried on by those who have the most immediate concern in the decision. We have listened, at these meetings, to argument, wit, and eloquence of a high order. Now, it is obvious that such a process as this insures practical, economical administration; the discussions are on questions that all understand, and every one feels that the rate at which he is to be taxed, the quality of the schools to which he sends his children, and the safety and comfort of the roads which he drives over every day, depend on the way in which he votes. It is rare that town action is not at once liberal and economical. A Pennsylvania gentleman, with whom we were conversing once on this subject, remarked, "We should think it poor economy for a whole town to come together to do what half a dozen men can do as well." Perhaps it is poor economy, although we do not think so. But we are sure that, in every other respect, our system is the true one. The social influence of these town meetings, where neighbors meet on common ground; the certainty that there can be no favoritism or jobbing; and, above all, the political education that every citizen

* The original settlers of Massachusetts being of a common religious faith, their institutions were based on the identity of church and state. So the towns formerly managed the church organizations as well as the schools. But this was given up when church and state were separated, and the voluntary system introduced.

receives, the practical acquaintance with public business, municipal law, and parliamentary practice, — these render the New England town-meeting the most valuable political institution we have.

These democratic institutions, joined with the religious basis on which all her commonwealths were from the first established, have raised New England to the lofty position she occupies before the world. No other institutions have ever produced a community with so high an average of prosperity, intelligence, and character. Nowhere else in our country does conscience enter so largely into political affairs, — a morbid and unenlightened conscience, her detractors say, who win their political victories by the aid of the pure and enlightened conscience of the Five Points and Egypt; at any rate, a sincere one. In no other section is there such a prevailing tone of true conservatism, — a conservatism of whatever is just, stable, and well-ordered; of an independent judiciary, purity of election and administration, municipal order, and institutions of religion: in no other, so much true radicalism, — desire and effort to root out whatever is rotten and harmful in the body politic. These qualities she owes to her democracy. We hear much said of a reconstruction of the Union, with New England "left out in the cold." God grant it may never come to this, — a new Union with slavery for its corner-stone; but if it does, the best boon New England would ask is to be left out.

But we rate our town institutions so high, not only because they are the best school for a practical acquaintance with public affairs, but because they are the best, perhaps the only, means of reconciling the perplexing claims of law and liberty in the habits of the community. We are called a law-abiding people, and as a nation the reputation is deserved. The English and Americans, being accustomed to govern themselves, respect and obey *law;* Europeans, being governed by force from without, submit to nothing but *authority*. Now, seeing that in a republic the principle of authority is wholly discarded, its institutions should aim above all things to cultivate the principle of law. In New England this is done. Every citizen has a personal share in making the laws, and conse-

quently feels no desire to break them. But in the other States this feeling of individual responsibility does not exist, by reason of the very slight connection which each citizen has with the administration of affairs; and we have as a result neither pure law, as in New England, nor pure authority, as in Europe, nor traditional habits of order, as in England; but the practice of authority partially engrafted upon republican forms. And the necessary consequence, in a population so restless, unsystematic, and impatient of arbitrary restraint as ours, and so largely composed of foreigners, who have learned to hate the very name of law, and who know no mean between despotism and license, is an alarming, and, we fear, increasing lawlessness.

How this lawlessness is to be restrained, is a serious problem for the States in question. It appears as if there were only two alternatives, namely, to extend the practice of authority to an unreasonable and unrepublican degree, or to develop the democratic germ, which does exist in their institutions, into activity, somewhat as it is in New England. But their native population is so intelligent, and by nature so orderly, and popular education is so admirably managed among them, that we have little fear as to the final result. We may reasonably expect that they will in time develop some entirely new system of democratic action, as well adapted to their wants as ours is to our wants. These great border States are to rule the destinies of the country, and they are characterized by broad, vigorous, and liberal action, which attests their political capabilities. New York, in particular, is already distinguished above all other States for its enlightened legislation on the law of property, its system of popular education, and its benevolent institutions. We are confident that so splendid a career as hers will not stop short of the truest and soundest democracy. Meanwhile no insignificant political education is afforded by the caucus system, which, when properly conducted, is found to be a valuable part of our political machinery, and a very efficient means of tempering the formalities of constitutional procedure with the freedom and individuality of private activity.

The real danger we have to fear is from the cities. Pure

democracy is impracticable in them; powers must be delegated, instead of being exercised immediately by the people. But even here there is little cause for apprehension, so long as false theories of democracy do not prevail. Where these hold sway, where democracy receives such a definition as it has received in New York, the result must inevitably be what we see there. For cities are congregating points for all the ruffianly elements of society. By virtue of numbers, unscrupulousness, and facility of being marshalled by demagogues, these will surely outvote the better members of society, if they are allowed to do so. We do not by any means rejoice, as our countrymen are apt to do, in the rapid growth of our cities. These idle and vicious throngs ought to be spread over the vast lands which lie ready for them to occupy. Then they would become orderly citizens; now they are an excrescence. But we have the cities, and it is our business to see that they do not work the ruin of our democratic institutions. To prevent this result we only see two ways, — to exclude the openly vicious from the suffrage, or to deprive the cities as a whole of certain prerogatives. The first of these is that which is partially adopted in Massachusetts, and which we have shown to be in entire conformity with the spirit of democracy. The other is wholly at variance with our institutions, but the people of New York have been driven to adopt it,* because they see no other way of escaping the gulf into which their political theories are leading them. Better meet the question boldly, and if it is come to this, that a cherished theory must be abandoned, or the essential practice of republicanism, examine the theory afresh, and see whether the events of thirty years have not thrown some new light upon it. De Tocqueville shows the admirable balance of our federal system, — how with a highly centralized national government local independence is jealously maintained, — thus at once avoiding the usual weakness of federal states, and carrying out republicanism on a larger scale than had been thought practicable. But this new experiment in New York attacks

* In the Municipal Police Act, which took the control of the police of New York city entirely out of the hands of the magistrates and people of the city, and gave it to the State.

this balance in a most vital point, in that it puts the municipal management of the chief city of the continent into the hands of strangers. Yet even this is better than the mobocracy which made it necessary.

In the preceding pages we have sketched with some minuteness the theory of democracy which, consciously or unconsciously, is universally accepted in America. All Americans agree that democracy is the true and the best form of government for a community *which is fitted for it;* and all the United States hold it to be their duty to provide such educational institutions as shall fit their citizens for it, except the Slave States, which reject the theory of democracy, and consequently reject the educational institutions of the Northern States. Where the experiment of democracy is tried, faithfully and thoroughly, its working is most satisfactory; where it is only partially put in practice, there are very decided and obvious faults, which have led superficial and prejudiced observers to distrust the whole system. Even in these States, however, we are satisfied that its benefits are greater than its defects. "The defects and weaknesses of a democratic government," says De Tocqueville, "may readily be discovered; they are demonstrated by flagrant instances, whilst its salutary influence is insensible, and, so to speak, occult. A glance suffices to detect its faults, but its good qualities can be discerned only by long observation."* Few English writers care to bestow more than a glance upon this country; the glance shows them exactly what they wish to see, and they hasten to proclaim it.

They see that most of our large cities are ruled by the mob, and conclude at once that mobocracy and democracy are the same thing. They see excessive party spirit, — a fault of all free governments, and therefore peculiarly the fault of the freest. They see a certain vulgar tone given to public affairs by the fact that men of cultivation and character have not their due weight in them. They see a low standard of public morality, and, forgetting that Russia is even more distinguished for this than the United States, charge it upon democracy. We acknowledge in a measure the truth of

* Vol. I. p 302.

this charge,* but deny the inference. We have not yet hit upon the remedy for the evil, but we are sure that a remedy exists. We remember that the ages of Charles II. and of Sir Robert Walpole were notoriously corrupt; that the "glorious Revolution of '88" was wrought by a set of men most of whom would be infamous at the present day; and that the movement in England has been since then almost invariably in the direction of public morality, democratic institutions, and purity of manners. Hence we infer that a nation may emerge triumphant from worse corruption than that which exists among us. It could be shown that the causes of this corruption are to be found chiefly in practices and constitutional provisions which have nothing to do with democracy, and that in several well-known instances the worst form of political corruption has been thrown off, and an upright administration restored by the energetic action of the people; but our space will not allow the digression. These critics also see numerous social follies and vices, and do not consider that these are quite as truly the product of our peculiar position in a new and vast country, untrammelled by precedent, and unusually free from authority, as the rapid growth of prosperity, which they are never tired of repeating, is mainly due to these external advantages.

A point we have already glanced at is the alleged mediocrity of our public men, — a charge which certainly has some show of truth in it, although much exaggerated. We need only remark the inconsistency of crying out in one breath that we have no able public men, and in the next reproaching us with passing over our eminent statesmen, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and choosing Polk, Pierce, and Lincoln to the Presidency. We must, however, acknowledge the charge in its entirety, as

* The corruption in America is among the public men, while the elections, except in some cities, are entirely pure; in England, the public men are generally above reproach, but the elections very corrupt. "The practice of bribing electors is ..... notoriously and publicly carried on in England. In the United States I never heard any one accused of spending his wealth in buying votes; but I have often heard the probity of public officers questioned; still more frequently have I heard their success attributed to low intrigues and immoral practices." — De Tocqueville, Vol. I. p. 287.

far as the Presidency is concerned.* The ingenious method which the framers of the Constitution contrived, to avoid this very evil among others, — which "The Federalist" says "affords a moral certainty that the office of President will seldom fall to the lot of any man who is not in an eminent degree endowed with the requisite qualifications," — has failed completely. The conflicting interests of various States and sections, the difference in availability as respects this part of the country and the other, and the complicated arrangement by which the choice is made, partly by the States and partly by the people, make it necessary in ordinary times to select as candidate rather the man who has fewest enemies than the one who is fittest for the place. We have no doubt that a direct choice by the people, or one by Congress, would oftener hit upon the right man than the present method. There is no difficulty found in choosing the best men as Governors of the States. The lists of chief magistrates of New York and Massachusetts contain illustrious names, which would do honor to any country; and the same is more or less true of every important State. And after all, what European country had an abler body of statesmen twenty-five years ago than the United States? Or is it true that even our present statesmen are so very inferior in natural ability to the half-dozen men of cultivated mediocrity who have taken turns in managing English affairs since the death of Peel? "Themistocles and Pericles," says Mill, "Washington and Jefferson, were not more completely exceptions in their several democracies, and were assuredly much more brilliant exceptions, than the Chathams and Peels of the representative aristocracy of Great Britain, or even the Sullys and Colberts of the aristocratic monarchy of France."

* Still, Mr. Lincoln was not chosen because of his obscurity, but because he was the best representative of the conservative "Border State" republicanism, which carried the day at the Chicago Convention. All the leading statesmen of the party, Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Clay, and (less decidedly) Mr. Banks, belonged to the other, or radical wing of the party. It was certain that no one of these could be nominated, not because they were too well known, but because they did not represent the prevailing opinion in the Convention, which had therefore to make its choice from obscurer men; Mr. Bates and Mr. Cameron, hardly better known than Mr. Lincoln himself, were his only rivals from this point of view.

Still the charge is true in part. Congress ought to be made up of the best ability of the land: instead of that, it consists mostly of men of moderate parts and business habits, and of local reputation, among whom a small minority of able and experienced men take the lead in all public matters. In this it does not differ from Parliament, and most other legislative bodies, except in degree. The causes are various. But it is not true that the best men cannot be chosen to office; it is only that they will not. The fault of our people is hero-worship; but it is true, or has been of late years, that the best men can hardly be induced to enter public life. Why is this?

The repulsiveness of party manœuvring has kept many men of the better sort out of politics. This weighs less, however, than it did, because this better class of people have learned at last, that, if they desire a good government, they must see to it themselves, and have begun to resume their rightful place in the management of public affairs, to which they have been welcomed by the mass of the people, and where they have already imparted a higher and more healthy tone to party management. A second cause is the wretched salaries of the high functionaries, who receive here much less in proportion than in any other first-class government. It is no trifling matter when such men as Judge Curtis and Governor Banks cannot afford to remain in public life. But the chief cause is the insecure tenure of official position, which renders it almost impossible for a first-rate man to devote himself to public affairs.* In England, if a candidate is defeated for Westminster, he can present himself for Southampton, and so remain still in public life; but, in this country, we have carried the principle of locality (itself a principle of fundamental importance) to such a length, that no person whose politics differ from those of the community in which he resides can venture to make public life his profes-

* Enough weight is not always given to the consideration, that in this country almost everybody has his bread to earn, and that, if a man of high standing in any profession or business accepts public office, it must be at the sacrifice, for the time, of his professional standing and income. Daniel Webster could not have afforded to sit in his country's councils, except for a large sum of money raised and presented to him by the merchants of Boston.

sion; and the ablest man in the Democratic party at this moment can find no higher scope for his ambition than to represent a small town in the General Court of Massachusetts. The miserable principle of rotation in office aids in this. The nation is deprived of the services of the ablest and most experienced member of the Maine delegation in Congress, because — Penobscot has had it long enough, and Piscataquis claims her turn. We can never have a large class of thoroughly trained statesmen until these two destructive and undemocratic* practices — rigidly local representation and rotation in office — are given up.

Of all the dangers and evils charged upon democracy, none is so incessantly harped upon as the "tyranny of the majority"; nor is there any one which is so vague and purely theoretical in its nature; which rests so little upon what really is, and so much upon what possibly may be; and which has so little basis in the actual workings of any democracy, (unless, perhaps, in that of Paris for a few frenzied months,) least of all in that of America. The friends of democracy are as much scared by this phantom as its foes. De Tocqueville considers it the most serious defect in our institutions, that it gives opportunity for this tyranny, but only adduces two or three actual instances, — instances which have no connection with the power of the legally exercised majority, but with its irregular manifestations, and which are very easily matched in other countries. First, as to mob law. Most certainly there have never been more violent popular outbreaks against unpopular minorities in this country, (leaving out the Southern States, which have been ruled by an oligarchy,) than in England in the cases, among others, of Lord George Gordon and of Dr. Priestley. And if it be answered that this was long ago, and that the people of England have changed since then, we accept the argument as precisely to the purpose. When these events took place, England was completely under the control of the nobility; she has grown more democratic since then, and in proportion as she has grown democratic, she has also grown

* Undemocratic, because they take away from the people the free right of choice, for the benefit of party managers.

orderly and tolerant. The English reformers, whom Pitt tried to crush by legal process, and whom his mob tried to crush by violence, were much less dangerous conspirators against even that oppressive *régime*, than are the Vallandinghams and Woods, whose persecutions are so commiserated across the water, against the Constitution they have sworn to support. And as to De Tocqueville's second illustration, that the blacks in Philadelphia were obliged to abstain from voting, notwithstanding their legal right, we do not know where we should find an apter parallel than in the highest and most enlightened circles of the most powerful and enlightened nation on the globe, where, for years after Dissenters were permitted by law to attend the great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, it is notorious that the place was made so uncomfortable for them that they were fain to content themselves with the inferior advantages of London.

The writer in the Quarterly Review finds this judgment of De Tocqueville an authority for laying the responsibility of secession and of the war upon democracy, choosing to consider the South as revolting against the oppression of the majority in the matter of tariffs; adding, "On its assumed premises, the position of the North is unanswerable. If slavery were alone, or principally, in issue, the conduct of the South would not only be unreasonable, but unintelligible." Now, considering that nobody on this side of the Atlantic, North or South, connects the rebellion with any question in the world but slavery, we do not know that our cause could desire any handsomer or more complete defence than this from the Quarterly Review. But as both defenders and opponents of democracy seem to agree in placing its peculiar danger here, it will be well to discuss this point at some length, premising that the proposition for the representation of the minority, so ably and conclusively maintained by Mr. Mill, has little to do directly with this question. The representation of the minority would increase the efficiency and elevate the character of the government; but it would be as easy to override a minority then as now. The accusation we are considering concerns an alleged evil, not a proposed advantage.

The charge made is, that "the tyranny of a majority is the

chief evil to be feared under a democracy." Very true. So is the tyranny of an individual the chief evil to be feared under a monarchy, and that of a minority, under an aristocracy. In a democracy, the tyranny of a majority is the only tyranny to be feared, because it is the majority that rules. That is to say, the power of making the final decision in matters of public concern, which must be lodged somewhere, is in a democracy lodged with the whole people; and it being so lodged, the decision of the majority of this people is accepted as final, rather than the will of any smaller portion. Precisely analogous to what happens under an aristocracy, a majority of which prevails over a minority, as a matter of course. Thus, the only respect in which our institutions differ from the English (in principle) is, that what may be called the constituent body forms a larger proportion of the whole population. Here, a majority of the whole people decides; there, a majority of a small minority. The writer in the Quarterly argues as if our affairs were immediately directed by large assemblies, forgetting, or not knowing, that, except in our New England town system, our government is as completely representative as the English. In each country the majority of the constituent body has the right of making ultimate decisions; but in each, this right is delegated to a representative body.

Two points, therefore, come up for discussion. First, whether the lawful powers of our majority are more irresponsible and dangerous than those of the English; secondly, whether any additional peril grows out of the enlarged constituency. The second of these points has already been sufficiently discussed in the general statement of the democratic doctrine. As to the first, no thoughtful advocate of democracy has ever meant to set up an irresponsible and unlimited power of the people; and when the defenders of prerogative attack such a doctrine as this, they only set up a man of straw and knock him down again. We do not need to be told that such a power, wherever placed, will almost certainly be abused. Perhaps, too, it is true, as so often claimed, that the tyranny of many is harder to bear than the tyranny of one; but we do not believe it is worse than the tyranny of a few. No term in the vocabulary of political

science is so identified with cruelty, selfishness, and rapacity as Oligarchy.*

We do not doubt that the majority would grasp all power and abuse if it could. Men are no nearer perfection in a large body than individually. We already have political maxims, quoted every day with approbation, which show its temper. "The greatest good of the greatest number," — this popular cry makes into a formula the total denial of the rights of the minority, "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," which transfers the maxim that the king can do no wrong, from a chance individual to a chance collection of individuals. But the framers of our Constitution were not so blind as to overlook these tendencies, which they endeavored to counteract by constitutional provisions. De Tocqueville mentions as mitigations of the power of the majority, the absence of centralized administration; the legal tone of public proceedings, arising from the control which the judiciary exercises over the legislature, and the prominence of the legal profession; and the trial by jury. These he considers inadequate. But he fails to mention the chief guaranty, — the Bill of Rights attached to the Federal Constitution under the form of Amendments or special sections, and, if we are not mistaken, to be found also in the constitution of every State. These articles of the Constitution were intended to cover every considerable matter where there was danger of violation of personal rights; and, in combination with the political power and independence of the judiciary, form the most complete set of safeguards ever devised, — certainly far more complete than the English Constitution contains, whose Bill of Rights is much less extended, and is besides wholly subject to the caprice of Parliament, whereas no one Congress can effect any change, however small, in these fundamental articles in our Constitution.

But of course even constitutional provisions can be eluded;

* The writer in the Quarterly has omitted to quote De Tocqueville on this point. "It is certain that democracy annoys one part of the community, and that aristocracy oppresses another." (p. 241.) "It cannot escape observation, that, in the legislation of England, the interests of the poor have been often sacrificed to the advantage of the rich, and the rights of the majority to the privileges of the few." (p. 307.)

and whenever our people are sufficiently degenerate, and the bench sufficiently corrupt, these safeguards will be wholly set aside. During the dark days of the rule of the Southern oligarchy, the doctrine of constructive treason was trumped up, in open violation of the Constitution, just as it was in England at the time of the French Revolution. But there never was a conviction under it. By the same influence, the rights to the trial by jury and the *habeas corpus* were taken away from a certain class of citizens, under a legal fiction, by the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law. But this infamous law was passed, not by a tyrannous majority, but by an intriguing minority, and under the shadow of an institution that blasted everything it touched. In matters not the subject of such bitter party action, our record is clean. In the Dartmouth College case, the sacredness of contracts was maintained. In the Hyannis kidnapping case, a wretch whose guilt was manifest was freed in the face of an overwhelming popular sentiment, because the jurisdiction was not clear. But these were by judges appointed for life. Take the Lemmon case, then, where elected judges, in a community which had little sympathy with the claimants, declared their freedom on constitutional grounds, and the decision was reaffirmed by court after court.* So far, our judges have shown themselves fully as ready to protect against oppression as the Thurlows and Bullers of England.

Besides these constitutional provisions for the protection of the minority, there are several subsidiary balances found in the political habits and procedure of the country, the combined effect of which in tempering the action of the majority is very considerable. Our radical reformers have often been impatient at the obstacles from this source in the way of bringing about their desired reform; forgetting that the same causes that delay the progress of justice and humanity will be equally efficient, when the time comes, to hinder the evil schemes of designing men, and protect against the tyranny of

* No doubt elected judges are unduly influenced by popular sentiment. Still — except in the cities — the popular sentiment is so healthy that the system of an elective judiciary has so far worked much better than would naturally be expected. It is at present a dangerous tendency rather than an actual evil.

numbers. The very same conservatism which had hampered the antislavery movement for years, thwarted and delayed the secession movement, and thus gained precious months for us. Foremost among these influences is the legal character of public proceedings, already alluded to, the great influence of the legal profession, and the conservative character of the common law, which we have inherited from England, as compared with the civil law, in force on the Continent. "The English and American lawyers," says De Tocqueville, "investigate what has been done; the French advocate inquires what should have been done. The former produce precedents; the latter, reasons."* Another is the complication and mutual interference of Federal and State action. Each has a natural jealousy of the other, which sometimes leads to embarrassment, and even peril, but, at all events, is to some extent a protection against misgovernment. Then the balance of power in elections is held in almost all the States by an uncertain, floating mass of "trimmers," always ready to quit the party that is carrying things with too high a hand, and put its rival in power. Party spirit, too — in its abuse a most dangerous thing — has often a very beneficial effect in keeping the opposition compact and organized, well trained in defeating extreme measures by party discipline and parliamentary tactics. But, after all, the only sure and permanent safeguard is educated public opinion; — what Mill calls "the unwritten maxims of the Constitution, — in other words, the positive political morality of the country." Such a public opinion is created and maintained in no other way so surely as by the thoroughly democratic institutions and administration of New England.

Having considered the nature of American Democracy, and the general charges which are preferred against it, we come to the special trial through which it is now passing. It seems to be thought by foreigners that we are living here in a genuine reign of terror, — a despotism exercised alternately by Abraham Lincoln and the New York "shoulder-hitters," who, as Blackwood has it, form the strength of the Republican party. How grossly these evils are exaggerated we need not say.

* Vol. I. p. 353.

Twice — when the war began, in April, 1861, and after Bull Run, in August of the same year — the fearful peril in which the nation was placed called for extreme measures. The President took the responsibility with a vigor and decision that will make his name illustrious. The traitors were overawed, and the danger passed. Perhaps — probably — there were arbitrary and unjustifiable arrests. It was impossible, at such a crisis, to discriminate with exactness; but the rights of the individual must give way when the nation is to be preserved. At the same time, sundry offensive persons and disloyal newspapers were mobbed. We have nothing to say in defence of this. Lynch law, however useful in the new settlements of the West, is not in keeping with our democratic institutions in the East. Our courts of justice are pure and sufficient, and any mob-law is a disaster. But if it was ever righteously exercised, it was when it was turned against that newspaper which had for years labored with all its energies to undermine the public virtue of the North; which had at every step defended the traitors who were in arms against their country; and had just before done its best to stir up a mob to crush free speech in the very cradle of liberty. It had sown the wind: it reaped the whirlwind. And we must confess to a feeling of satisfaction at historical justice, when Breckinridge and Vallandingham were forbidden to talk treason in the city which four months before had almost been in open revolt. But when the crisis was passed, the people and the government settled down into their habitual good-nature. The easy dealing of our authorities with disloyalty has made us ridiculous in the eyes of friends and enemies, and seriously impaired the efficiency of our arms. And, at present, open sympathy with the rebellion is expressed every day in every Northern town. Perhaps the frothy declaimer ends with challenging the government to send him to Fort Lafayette; but the government has other work to do, and his cheap treason is only laughed at.

The first and most important test to which our institutions were put by this contest was in respect to the spirit of republicanism. We were so accustomed to acquiesce in the result of elections, that we hardly realized at the time what a vital

decision was made, when we determined to go to war rather than allow the Southern States to secede by force. Their taking part in the election was a tacit promise to abide by the result, and our action was to decide then and forever whether our republic was to follow the example of the South American republics. There was no avoiding the issue. A convention might have dissolved peaceably the bonds which held the States together, and that is what the North offered. But if the right of secession had been acknowledged, formally or tacitly, then farewell to all peace and order and liberty on this continent. This first severe trial democracy passed through triumphantly. Another peril like the first followed. When Sulla was unjustly deprived of his command, he refused to obey, — the civil war followed, and the Roman republic was at an end. Twice during this war the same danger has seemed possible. If the insidious prompting of partisans, or the malicious whispers of enemies, or the open encouragement of the London Times, had had weight with Generals Frémont and McClellan, it seemed as if the terrible fate of Rome might have come upon us without a moment's warning. But these true and patriotic men no more thought it possible to disobey the orders relieving them of their commands, than the humblest line officer in the army. This peril also is past, and republicanism is safe.

The second test was in the conduct of the war. Democracy was competent to manage in time of peace; could it conduct a tremendous civil war, sprung suddenly upon it? The result must show. Terrible mistakes have been made, and the war is still raging which we thought would have been ended before now. But if democracy is to be held responsible for the mismanagement on land, surely it should have the credit of the naval successes, — the exploits of Du Pont, Foote, Farragut, Worden, Boggs, and the Porters. It is not often in history that a great crisis has found just the right man in power, and perhaps we are no exception.* It is, at any rate, something, that we have an honest, earnest, industrious man, who has no

* It is a defect, not of democracy, but of our Constitution, that we are liable to be tied down to an incompetent official for a term of years, and that Buchanan had power nearly to ruin the nation after his successor was already designated.

small measure of clear common-sense, and who is not afraid to assume responsibility. It seems to be a characteristic of the Anglican race, as it was of the Romans, to begin by blundering. We have no cause to be ashamed of our blunders when we compare them with those the English made in the Crimean war and the Indian revolt. But England has a habit of not being disheartened by failures, and of carrying her undertakings through by sheer pluck; and perhaps we have inherited something of this. Had we given up at the outset, or after the first failures, we should have deserved and received the execration and contempt of all time. And after all, what is the record? Of the four important departments, the navy has been spoken of already. On land, too, in spite of our reverses, we have gained vastly within the year. In foreign affairs, whatever mistakes have been made by Mr. Seward, he cannot be said to have failed, when we consider how few misunderstandings have arisen with foreign powers in affairs of such magnitude, delicacy, and complication. And as to Mr. Chase, no one can deny him the credit of having conducted the national finances with rare skill and success through a most perplexing period. It is easy to criticise individual measures; but if we look at the result, we must be astonished at the little embarrassment the government has experienced in providing itself, and the smallness of the debt incurred in proportion to the immense scale of operations.*

* Perhaps this is the most fitting place to introduce an extract from an article in the Quarterly Review for last October, which really deserves a place among the curiosities of literature. "If McClellan had been a Wellington, he would have done nothing under a superior, who . . . . . put an empty braggart like Pope over his head, because he had 'known him in the West.' If Mr. Chase had been a Turgot, he could have done nothing with a master who had made up his mind not to levy a farthing of direct taxation till the elections for Congress were over." 1. Pope was never over McClellan's head; he commanded the Army of Virginia, and McClellan the Army of the Potomac, both under Halleck. 2. Pope was not an "*empty* braggart." A boaster, perhaps, but that he was not *empty* is shown by Northern Missouri, New Madrid, and Island No. 10. 3. As for Lincoln's "knowing him in the West," (if the expression is correctly quoted,) it means, of course, either that he knew him personally to be a capable officer, or that he knew it from his career in the West. 4. The President has nothing to do with taxation, except to sign the bills when they are passed. In this case, Mr. Chase and Congress waited until the people demanded taxation, — a fact not perhaps to their credit, but certainly to that of the people. 5. The tax-bill was passed last spring, and the

A third test is in the temper and habits of democracy. We enter upon this branch of the discussion with diffidence, because it will be hard to do justice to the conduct of our people during this contest without seeming to indulge in the spirit of boasting. We feel less reluctance, however, in view of the grossness of the slanders which have been heaped upon us. Those who are on the watch for discreditable manifestations have no difficulty in finding them; we take no pleasure in being obliged to call their attention to what they have chosen to overlook. Many of our national faults are such as the trials through which we are passing will serve to correct. Already we see their fruits in many directions. The subversive, levelling, "no-government" theories, which amused in times of peace, will never again find a foothold among us, and the lawlessness of Young America will, we trust, be checked somewhat by the new military spirit. We have learned to brag less, and at the same time have acquired a manlier bearing and truer confidence in ourselves; we have become less thin-skinned, as we have found out how little the judgment of foreign journals is worth to us. The spirit of loyalty and of nationality, which had almost died out during those sad, shameful years of our degradation, have sprung up afresh and more buoyant than ever. We know now what it is to have a country of which we can be proud, a flag which symbolizes liberty and law, a nationality united, powerful, hopeful, and free.

But such points as these can be better understood when the struggle is over; we are to speak now, not of what the war is to teach our people, but of the testimony it has already borne to their capacity for self-government, of the proofs that have appeared that our institutions have done the work expected of them, and educated the people to high political capabilities. First, in their logical comprehension of the issue. We have

elections for Congress were held in the autumn, about six months later. This is a fair specimen of the article. The writer may have the benefit of the alternative, consummate ignorance or wilful misstatement. But what shall be said of the "Edinburgh," which, in order to give the weight of Hamilton's authority to the doctrine of the impossibility of coercing a State, quotes (from Spence) a passage from the Federalist, showing the weakness of the central government under the old Confederation, and designed to serve as *an argument for the adoption of the Federal Constitution*?

already spoken of the weighty decision made in behalf of republicanism at the outset, not distinctly acknowledged, but clearly felt, as a vital and momentous one. It is, however, in relation to slavery that the logic of the situation was most remarkable. Every one saw that slavery was the cause of the war, and felt that it must perish by the sword it had drawn. But every one saw, too, that it was only on the ground of nationality that the contest could be maintained, and that any attack upon slavery, except as a military necessity, would be of the nature of a *crusade*, and indefensible at this stage of the world's history. So all classes — Abolitionists, Republicans, old-line Democrats — united in waiting patiently for the working of Providence in the matter of this national sin, thanking God meanwhile that they had lived to see the great work begun.

We do not speak of the promptness and unanimity with which the nation rallied to defend the flag when it was first struck down. That might have been the passing enthusiasm of an excitable people. But we look with pride upon the steadfastness with which they have clung to their purpose through dark and sorrowful months, — rallying speedily after a moment's bewilderment at the unexpected defeat at Bull Run; waiting patiently and trustingly through long, weary, anxious months of preparation; paralyzed for a while by the terrible disasters of last summer, but then rising with a majesty and determination infinitely nobler than that of the year before; surrendering without a murmur the most precious lives to their country's cause; giving lavishly everything the government asked, and more than it asked; unmoved by financial troubles, undisturbed by sneers and abuse; turning to private association and enterprise, when the government was once well armed, and supporting the most gigantic and admirable charities by individual donations, — the Sanitary Commission, the Educational Commission, the Cooper's Shop, the Soldier's Home, hundreds of hospitals and Soldiers' Aid Societies. We do not believe that history affords a more heroic spectacle than this of the American nation in these sore calamities. We are told that the age of chivalry is past. But our chivalry is loftier than that of knights and princes. Every day we read

or hear told some new example; every battle gives a mournful lustre to some new name. The zeal with which men pressed forward for the mere honor of serving their country in her hour of need; their uncomplaining fortitude under suffering, their unwavering resolve, their intrepidity, their cheerful promptness, — these records cannot be surpassed by the tales of any age or country. All the world honors the names of Havelock, Hodson, and Headley Vicars; but our country claims the glory of scores of names as pure and noble as these, martyrs in the cause of Christianity and civilization.

We are not disposed to criticise our government too sharply for the failures it has made in a work of such difficulty. But it has never been in earnest as the people have been in earnest, never has appreciated the determination of the people, never has led the people. Never was a government so fully, so heartily, and so liberally supported by every class, as ours has been. When the magnitude of the financial problem became manifest, and public men were appalled, and credit began to fail, the people first called for direct taxation; and it was not until the demand became clamorous that Congress ventured to take up with the idea. When the extent of our disasters in the summer became fairly known, and it was seen that we must start again and do our work over again, the people first said, "Draft"; and it was the President's wise and timely adoption of their suggestion that first renewed confidence and gave a fresh impulse to the national cause.

Even our friends in England, — and we wish John Bright, John Stuart Mill, and our other defenders, could know the affectionate gratitude they have won from a whole nation, — even the friends of our cause have generally thought it necessary to except the Trent affair from their defence. We think no event has been more creditable to our community than this. When the news came of the arrest of the two traitors, there was honest and universal rejoicing, as was natural. But the question was asked at once, whether the seizure was legal, and the expression was almost universal that, if it was not, they would of course be given up. The very evening paper in which we read the news of their arrest contained an extract from Wheaton which seemed to make it clear that they

were lawfully taken.* Then followed discussion after discussion, examining the subject from every point of view; the effect of all which was, that the community had generally settled into the sincere belief that the act was justifiable, and the surprise was great and genuine at the blustering and indecent language of the English press. Then the sentiment was universal, — We believe we are in the right; and if so, we will go to war rather than yield; but if it be proved that we are wrong, let the men be given up. We do not think our government acted altogether frankly in the matter, but we congratulate ourselves that there was no such breach of good faith and common courtesy on their part as Earl Russell was guilty of in suppressing Mr. Seward's disclaimer, and suffering the English people to lash themselves into a fury, which a word from him would have calmed down. It is as easy to say that the ready acquiescence of the American people was owing to fear, as it was to say beforehand that their vindictiveness and unreasoning passion would never consent to the prisoners being given up. But we know that the temper of the community was such at that time that they were ready even to plunge into a war with England rather than abate one jot of their fair rights. They acquiesced because they were convinced that these rights were at best doubtful; and we will not deny that there was a general feeling of relief and congratulation that the matter was peaceably settled.

These qualities we have enumerated are just opposite to those we should have been told to expect. We need not be surprised to see the sudden enthusiasm spread all over the land swift as a prairie-fire; but to see it burn with such a steady and glowing heat, — that was the wonder. Democracies are called impatient; but we waited months and months with hardly a murmur. They are called turbulent; but we showed such ready submission under lawful authority, that the old charge would not answer any longer, and we were taunted with being mean-spirited and abject. They are called unjust; but when was people ever so tender and considerate to a de-

* Why persist in calling Admiral Wilkes "a pirate," after his modest and manly letter, showing the pains he took to inform himself as to the law of the case, and his full conviction that he acted legally?

feated general, through whose failure they had suffered such cruel and grievous disappointment, as the American people towards General McDowell, after Bull Run? They are called vindictive and fierce; but what insurrection was ever treated with such magnanimity, we can almost say weak mildness, as this has been? They are called fickle; but when was a more constant and devoted — almost fanatical — fidelity shown to a personal leader, and through more trying circumstances, than in the adherence of vast multitudes throughout the land to the fame of Generals Frémont and McClellan, — who are at this moment, in spite of the cloud under which both are resting, perhaps the two most popular men in the United States?

We have spoken only of the American democracy, because it is this which is most traduced, and because in the United States democracy has its fullest development. We need not, however, have confined ourselves to this country. European writers may study, at their own doors, the operations of an orderly, prosperous democracy in Switzerland, — the one country of Europe where an American feels most at home. The populace of France is not supposed to be especially fitted for free institutions; but listen to the testimony of an English writer,* who lays down the general law that "the more educated classes of a nation ought to bear rule," yet who is "obliged to confess, with surprise and mortification, that the French *prolétaire* and the Emperor, his nominee, seem capable of wiser instincts and nobler sentiments than either Orleanists, or Legitimists, or Republican statesmen, — than either Guizot, Thiers, Chateaubriand, or Cavaignac." But he need not have looked across the Channel. If any people within this generation has surpassed the American in heroism, it is the operatives of England, whom the most terrible privations have not excited to disorder nor tempted to disown the claims of conscience. Nothing is more touching than their declaration that they are willing to suffer, if through their sufferings deliverance can come to the slave.† None of these people are

* National Review for October, 1862, p. 345.

† "That the classes of England just low enough to be excluded from direct political power sympathize with the North, wherever they have enough acquaintance with facts to know that the revolted South consists of Slave States, is clear from all

politically educated. But it is proved that the popular instincts, even of French peasants and English operatives, may be the safest guide in national policy. The work-people of England might not have produced a great statesman, but they would not have committed the fatal blunder, by the craftiness of diplomacy, of alienating the one nation best fitted and best disposed to be a fast friend.

Democracy is the latest born of all principles of human government.* No nation before our own has had more than a glimmering of its truth and majesty; even we only half understand it, and adopt it timidly and imperfectly. Just as the modern conception of liberty, as a natural right granted by the Creator to all men, has succeeded to the narrow and selfish idea of the ancients, with whom Freedom meant the special privileges which distinguished citizen, patrician, baron, from slave, plebeian, vassal; so American democracy discards the false notions which have had sway under its name, and would have all men worthy, and all worthy men citizens. It is surely and steadily gaining in power. Either true democracy, which means order, religion, intelligence, morality, freedom, is to bear sway, or false democracy, that is, anarchy, slavery, corruption, the tyranny of the mob. America has made her choice, and we believe she will find strength to correct those disastrous errors she has made in time past, and build up her institutions on the sure corner-stone of democracy founded on religion and education.

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ostensible facts..... In the manufacturing districts, four or five attempts have been made by sympathizers with the rebellious slave power to take advantage of the sufferings of the operatives, and get from them an address to the Ministers or Parliament, which should be interpreted as proslavery; but have failed in every case known to me. 'Amendments' have been carried, not indeed in word justifying the North, but equivalent to it. For when a people which is all but starving, which is selling and pawning its household furniture to get bread, and foresees in the coming winter the direst destitution, absolutely deprecates interfering in your war, when clever deceivers assure it that to do so will bring them plenty and prosperity, we may be sure that they have a conviction that the rebels have a wicked cause, and bravely refuse all connection with it, come what may." — *Letter from Prof. F. W. Newman, Sept.*, 1862.

* "Although a democratic government is founded upon a very simple and natural principle, it always presupposes the existence of a high degree of culture and enlightenment in society. At first, it might be supposed to belong to the earliest ages of the world; but maturer observation will convince us that it could only come last in the succession of human history." — *De Tocqueville*, Vol. I. p. 270.

Art. VII. — LATER PHASES OF ENGLISH FEELING.

Correspondence on the Present Relations between Great Britain and the United States of America. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

The thin, handsome volume whose title we have quoted is an interesting monument of a state of feeling which, we trust, is passing rapidly away. It consists of a *bona fide* correspondence between gentlemen* of professional culture, connected by intimate friendship, writing in mutual respect and courtesy, and alike lamenting the estrangement between the kindred nations, which had so nearly proved a calamity of the first magnitude, both to them and to the world. It ranges over nine months of the past year, — from January to October; covering in its commencement the moment of perhaps the deepest animosity on one side and resentment on the other, and reaching in its close to the first marked symptoms of that reaction in the public mind abroad, compelled by the development of events here, which we trust is the pledge of a firmer alliance and a closer kindred than ever of old.

It is impossible to read this correspondence — though it is couched in phrases not merely of strict courtesy, but of sincere and cordial friendship — without being struck by the difference in tone of the two writers. The American pleads earnestly, as for the welfare and honor of a native land in peril, — confessing its past errors and guilt, but contending manfully for its national life, and feeling that every blow struck at that is one which stabs him also. The Englishman, by comparison, handles the argument in a certain distant and *dilettante* way; he is very cool on every point that does not touch his personal honor as a Briton, or his personal feeling of the single moral point involved in slavery; there is an unmistakable something in his tone, that shows he is not in earnest in considering the point in debate as one really to be seriously argued at all. This lawyer-like style of treatment is very evident in most of

* Hon. Charles G. Loring, of Boston, and Edwin W. Field, Esq., of London.

the arguments we have seen from our English friends. If they have not absolutely prejudged the case, at least they have taken their brief, and are rather annoyed than helped by any suggestions that interfere with the plausible making-up which it is their business to offer the court. *Tant pis pour les faits.* It seems an impertinence to them, that an American should seriously argue his own side as if he believed in it.

It is this tone among our friends, even more (we are tempted to think) than the bitter insolence of our open enemies in the English public, which has so deeply grieved and estranged us. Whatever the patience, even friendliness and courtesy, with which our remonstrances were heard, it was with an air that told us, if words did not, that we were children, — our vexations and griefs real to ourselves, no doubt, and natural under our afflictions, — but nothing more. Like children, we must grow older and wiser. Of course, we should fail. Of course, we had made a very great blunder in undertaking the struggle at all. It was very provoking, too, to them, and a very uncomfortable, nay, an intolerable and unpardonable thing, that our fighting for existence should be carried on with so little consideration to their convenience. In fact, for them to keep neutral in the great battle of republican freedom and slaveholding despotism — not to interfere for the triumph of the latter — has been so often held forth as the acme of political honor and magnanimity, for which we should be loudly and humbly grateful, that some of us almost forgot that we had the common law of nations on our side, or any political rights which English logicians "were bound to respect."

It is a cheering thing, and one which does infinite honor to the better sense of the British nation, that — as we fully and gratefully believe — the tide is turning there in favor of liberty and justice as we have understood them all along. Of course this change has much to do with the emancipation policy which our government have been reluctantly compelled to adopt, — reluctantly, because in conflict with our traditions of constitutional law; not less, perhaps, with that ferocity of tone with which the South has answered back to the last summons and threat of the authority it had defied. A policy that not only mercilessly sacrifices the negro, but threatens to hang

white prisoners, and hunts white women down with bloodhounds,* is justly outlawed from the comity or the compassion of mankind. We think, however, that, as soon as the better feeling is secured, a better judgment also will confess that there was something in the phrases *national integrity* and *constitutional law*, which our critics abroad have so long insisted had, and could have, no sense or meaning to us. We think, also, that the restored clearness of vision will discover facts that have long been willingly covered or disguised, — facts that told as plainly at the first as now, what was the nature of the struggle which the South had deliberately provoked. All these things will come in time. And it is better for our English friends to find them out for themselves, than to take them at any compulsory showing of ours.

What we wish to recognize now, frankly and gratefully, is the nobleness of temper — showing, in its stanch persistency through so many months of obloquy, the very finest qualities of British *manliness* — which is beginning to be victorious over prejudice that had seemed quite impregnable. In the words of one of the speakers† at the late magnificent meeting held (January 29) in Exeter Hall: "The good sense of the British people, and the inherent justice of our cause, are likely to take from us all chance of being martyrs, or of being said to advocate the cause of justice under unfavorable circumstances. The cause of justice and of the North, so far as my observation goes, is increasing in vigor every day." ‡ We quote also from private correspondence these cheering words of a noble and brave defender of our republic. "Let us take courage. The heart of the millions beats as true as ever, and sympathizes with you. . . . . I never seemed to see so clearly a Divine hand overruling man's folly, as in this war. I long, I sigh, I pray, for the early and complete success of your just cause." In the words of still another,§ — always friendly and

* If we can believe the recent terrible reports from Northern Alabama.

† Mr. Taylor, M. P. for Leicester.

‡ From the report in the London Star. The Leeds Mercury of January 30 contains a report of a meeting held at the same time at Bradford, with a full report of the noble speech of Mr. W. E. Forster, M. P.

§ In the London Inquirer of January 24.

just, except for the sort of pre-judgment we have spoken of, — "Though the tide of antislavery feeling seemed to have ebbed, the ocean which supplied it is as full as ever, and the waters are again rising in their ancient channels." It is not merely from an unmanly leaning on foreign opinion, and courting of foreign favor, that we hail these symptoms with gratitude so deep and so devout. It is because we have regarded the estrangement of these two powerful and kindred peoples as a dishonor to one, and a calamity to both; as a dark and terrible menace hanging over the future fortunes and hopes of free humanity. When certain designs of France upon this continent craved countenance from the insidious phrase "rehabilitation of the Latin races," it was time to remember — then, if not before — by what families of mankind the durable triumphs of constitutional freedom have been won; and to long, even passionately, for the restoring of harmony, and mutual understanding, and consent of policy and purpose, between those nations most solemnly pledged by their past history to the welfare and the progress of mankind.

It is a pity to see how much of the ancient love and honor we used to feel towards England has faded out in the disputes of the last two years. We will not go over the melancholy story of it again. But it is easier now, and it is pleasant, to remember how much has been honorable in the life of England in the past, — how much there is, even now, to win rather our sympathy than our distrust. The magnificent courage and endurance of her people, even in the shadow of sickness and starvation, and the terrors of approaching winter, we have already alluded to.* And besides, — with all the jealousy and ill-will and half-concealed hostility which she has seemed to show towards us as the one formidable and organized democracy among the nations, — with the same jealousy and ill-will and half-concealed hostility is England herself regarded by the despotisms of the Old World, as the citadel of free thought, as the champion of liberty in the forms of law. She has well earned the honor of that hate. Genuine British thought is the natural foe of tyranny.

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* See note, page 293.

Not all the world, as we sincerely think, has shown so noble and rich a literature as England in these past thirty years, — that is to say, the truest representative expression of her truest representative minds. And this, not merely because of learning, genius, eloquence, imagination, or philosophical depth. In each of these there may have been higher examples elsewhere, or in other times. But because the great questions which lie at the heart of man's belief and life and hope have been more frankly met than elsewhere, illustrated with greater wealth of thought, and ripeness of culture, and nobleness of principle, and have lain more at the heart of that literature, which is the most genuine expression of the English mind. England has grown the ripe and mellow fruit, from the seeds of which much of our best planting has come. We do not forget or refuse to honor her now for that.

And yet again. It seems to us that, by the irresistible doom of Providence, England is set to working out those practical problems which touch nearest our own thoughts and prospects of the future. We do not forget the political follies, the political crimes, of which England has been guilty; still less can we forget the wicked and unjust threats that have been cast against us from her in our time of trouble, or the deliberate malice with which her wealth has been spent to cripple us, by moneyed speculators in piracy, ignored by official indolence at Liverpool, and cheered by official insolence at Kingston and Nassau. But neither do we forget the heroism of that struggle, centuries long, by which the liberties of England, and through them ours, have been won. We do not forget the gallant conflict that goes on there, year after year, from generation to generation, — the conflict against the abuse of power, the hardships of law, the ingrained wrong in institutions that have been growing old these thousand years. The relations of law and justice, of labor and capital, of population and land, of machinery and men, have nowhere led to so sharp and obstinate contentions, to such earnest hopes and bitter fears, as there. We have trusted that, in the providence of God, England should yet solve more of the terrible questions that press on the heart and hopes of humanity, as she nobly settled that of slavery thirty years ago; and we have thought that,

next to our own, there was no nation on earth on whose existence, prosperity, and strength so much of the world's future was staked. These thoughts have been too much stifled in the unhappy criminations of the past two years. We rejoice with the deeper thankfulness, if England will permit us to revive them now.

We remember, too, that the proud and powerful nationality of Britain has been forged out of materials hostile as our own, by the battle-hammers of a thousand years; — the process, like the welding of numberless fragments of metal at white heat; the result, the most tough and obstinate cohesion. Our nationality is at this hour passing the same terrible ordeal of fire and blood: the result, we will not doubt, shall be as solid and enduring. The true destiny of England has slowly dawned upon her people through the dust and shadows of a hundred bloody fields. Our destiny is darkened by the same cloud of civil strife that so long brooded in her sky. Her victories are the surest augury of ours. And one more element of confidence is revived in us when the tides of fraternal feeling flow again in the ancient channels; when something of the old half-loyal sentiment is restored, which has always made our New England proud of its affinity with that noble and imperial isle.

Note to Article I.

A misprint on p. 175, resulting from an error of copy, is corrected in the following note from the writer of the article: —

"Diophantus was a mathematician of Alexandria. He wrote thirteen books on 'Arithmetical Questions,' of which six remain. He wrote also a book on 'Polygon Numbers.' The problems which go by his name belong to the geometry of the square. They are of great variety, extraordinary ingenuity, and of no utility. If they had any use in ancient geometry, the modern calculus has superseded them, as it has nearly all ancient methods. They used to be, however, great favorites with mathematical pedagogues; and to solve a 'Diophantine,' — that is, a Diophantine problem, — or to puzzle another with it, was a joy in mathematics such as only pedagogues can know."

Art. VIII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

6, 16, 13,

THEOLOGY.

THOUGH the small volume of "Sermons preached at Nîmes" * came to our hand more than a year ago, it would be an unpardonable neglect to omit notice of any work of such a writer as Timothy Colani. The poorest of his sermons is better than most that we find in the volumes even of famous preachers. His thought is always clear while it is profound, practical while it is philosophical, free while it is reverent, and simple while it is noble. His style has glow, strength, and purity, and is wholly free from the tricks of rhetoric. He preaches to the heart through the intellect, and urges upon the conscience no plea for which he has not full reason. His exhortations are always restrained by modesty and good sense, and there is no egotism in his earnest personal address. We are tempted to justify this opinion by the quotation of many of the passages which we have marked; but we limit ourselves to a single passage in the discourse upon Cornelius, where the efficacy of prayer is alluded to.

"I can understand how any one may doubt the efficacy of prayer, when it is concerned even with the best of the good things of earth, for it may be contrary to the Father's wise and holy love to grant us these; and an eminent Christian (Thomas Adam) has said, that, if God should take us at our word in all that we ask of him, he would make us wretched for time and for eternity. Moreover, experience certainly proves that most of our prayers for earthly good things remain without visible result. But those in which we ask God to save us from doubt and bring us to the light are all and at once answered, if we have offered them with a true filial earnestness. What, in fact, do we ask of our Father? To enable us to worship in spirit and in truth But this worship, my dear hearers, has in every case for its fundamental doctrine confidence in the Lord, and for its first condition the thirst for things divine. It consists, then, in prayer itself: in asking God to make us know the true religion, we are already practising it; in throwing ourselves into his arms to implore him to teach us how to fly, we have already taken our flight toward the heavenly regions."

VERY different, in every respect, from the Sermons of Colani are the Sermons of the Pastor Mouchon, which he has faintly disguised by the title of "Scenes and Pictures from the Story of the Gospel." † We have no information concerning the writer or his antecedents, and only know, from his dedication of the book, that he has had the care of at least two churches. He dedicates it to the church which he leaves and the church to which he is going, — "to the one as a souvenir, to the other as a promise." The tone of the discourses indicates an author still young, and the allusions bear witness that the preacher is

* Quatre Sermons prêchés à Nîmes. Par T. COLANI. Strasbourg et Paris: Treuttel et Wurtz. 1861. 12mo. pp. 131.

† Scènes et Tableaux de l'Histoire Évangelique. Par HIPPOLYTE MOUCHON, Pasteur. Paris: Meyrueis. 1862. 12mo. pp. iv., 253.

nominally of the orthodox party. His orthodoxy, nevertheless, is of a very mild type, and, with the exception of a few phrases, there is nothing to indicate any sympathy with Calvinistic theories. Even where dogmatic discussion would seem to be natural, as in the sermon on "Gethsemane," there is a studied avoidance of any statement which might commit the author to a creed.

The style is often eloquent, but much oftener ambitious. There is no lack of confidence, certainly. The writer comes in with his evangelical volume, like Elihu in the poem of Job, to settle beyond doubt questions which the elders have not been able to decide. He rebukes the philosophers, the logicians, the critics; and professes to have found in his method of florid evangelical sketching the true and high secret of Christian instruction. It is a pity that a temper so kind and charitable should not have for its companion a thought more deep and wise. In mere expression these sermons are good, and, delivered by an orator, could doubtless, even in translation and in our American pulpits, be made very effective. But they belong to a class which is not of the first order. We give one extract, perhaps the most original statement in the volume: —

"We have ordinarily very false ideas in this regard; we believe that, when the Peters and the Johns followed Jesus Christ, they knew perfectly what he was and what he wished; we fondly imagine that the centurion and the Canaanite woman, the Samaritan leper and the adulteress, that Zaccheus and the good thief, all had upon the nature, the person, and the work of Jesus Christ notions as exact as we can have ourselves; — yes, that they were orthodox according to the confessions of faith of the sixteenth century. It is an immense delusion. All these men, of whom many are offered to us as models of faith, and who had over us the advantage of seeing with eyes of flesh the living person of Christ, had upon his moral person and his divinity very incomplete, if not very false ideas; — which proves, by the way, that, *if knowledge is one of the elements of faith, it is far from being the most important.*"

The Life of Xavier has never been worthily written. Copious materials exist in the shape of his numerous letters, but no one until Mr. Venn * has cared to confute with his own words those who made his life as unreal as an Arabian Nights story. Instead of Xavier's converting a million of heathens in a few months, overthrowing hostile armies by a mere look, outfacing the most formidable perils in the Spice Islands, he never was exposed to serious danger; his ministrations being confined to the seacoast, where he was protected by the Portuguese navy. He was tempted, by possessing unlimited authority in all matters of religion, to adopt the maxim, that missionaries without muskets make no converts of any value. So he endeavored to advance the Gospel by the sword of the civil magistrate, by the terrors of persecution, and the bribes of worldly advantage. But his own letters show that the results of so much expenditure of money,

* The Missionary Life of Francis Xavier, from his own Correspondence. By Henry Venn, Prebendary of St. Paul's. London: Longman. 1862.

such united and energetic action, such zeal and self-sacrifice, were exceedingly small. As he could not speak the native languages, his influence was confined to baptizing heathen infants by the thousand, and teaching the assembled young to commit the creed to memory. In the Spice Islands, where Christians existed before his arrival, he added to the baptism of children a general visitation of those already baptized, communicating with them as well as he could by interpreters. Only one Brahmin embraced Christianity, and he from the hope of being supported as a teacher. His mission to Japan was for commercial as well as religious purposes; and it was through this fatal taint that, less than ninety years after, Japanese Christianity was extinguished in blood, the reigning monarch believing that the native Christians had conspired with the Portuguese king to overthrow his government. If we may trust Xavier's own correspondence, this Royal Commissioner, Papal Nuncio, and Jesuit Director, with all his energy, generosity, fervor, loveliness of disposition, and self-sacrifice, accomplished nothing which puts Protestant missionaries to shame. He built his spiritual fabric upon the sandy foundation of secular authority; and prepared, in Japan especially, for the signal overthrow which defeated all his hopes at last.

In Marsden's "History of the Later Puritans" * a clergyman of the Established Church shows that the best opportunity of uniting the mass of Englishmen in a modified liturgy was cast foolishly away at the accession of Charles the Second. He points out dispassionately the faults on both sides, dating back to the unhappy refusal of Baxter to become Cromwell's chaplain, which would have given Puritanism a more moderate course. He shows fully the mistake of Baxter and his Presbyterian friends in declining, with one exception, the bishoprics offered them by the restored king. He seems to believe that, had not the Covenant been insisted upon, a national Church might have been reconstructed in 1648; forgetting for a moment the duplicity of Charles, the bitterness of the ejected Episcopalians, the frenzy of the Fifth-Monarchy men, and generally the necessity of such a political storm's blowing itself out before there could be peace. The volume ends abruptly with the ejection of the Non-conformists, to whose virtues and sufferings Mr. Marsden does scanty justice; but whose removal from the ministry he shows to have been a national calamity, from which England recovered slowly and after many years.

Two years of the most important period in the ecclesiastical history of England are given by Mr. Stoughton,† with studied impartiality and painstaking minuteness, with the aid of fresh materials from the State Paper Department of the Public Record Office. Liberal quotations

* The History of the Later Puritans. By J. B. Marsden, M. A. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

† Church and State Two Hundred Years Ago. By John Stoughton. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1862.

are made by Mr. Stoughton from these reliable sources of history, as well as constant references to them; and while very anxious to correct the mistakes of previous historians, he is candid to admit that he may have committed similar errors himself. The lovers of spiritual liberty on both sides of the water will be grateful to one who has contributed in so truthful a spirit a most interesting chapter of church history. Abstaining from homily or disquisition, he has given a lifelike picture of the resurrection of English Episcopacy under Charles the Second; he has furnished a most convincing argument for freedom of conscience; and made a thorough vindication of the nobility of soul of those English Non-conformists from whom we derive our lineage and inherit our spiritual liberty.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE life of Mohammed and the doctrines of Islam, if still regarded with a certain wonder, have yet not failed to share in that steady contempt with which the West now looks back upon the East. Nevertheless, there is something in the character of Mohammed, as in the diffusion of the religion of which he claimed to be the prophet, which will never cease to possess a permanent interest or to reward a careful study. A phenomenon in human history, solitary, portentous, inexplicable, confusing us by its contradictions, and overshadowing us with its vastness, the origin and the career of Islamism alike invite the ingenuity they baffle and elude the learning they task. More than a hundred millions of men — one tenth of the human race — cherish to-day a belief in the doctrines of the Arabian Prophet. From the banks of the Ganges to the valleys of the Danube, — through this vast Oriental world, with its many races and its diverse speech, with its traditions of civilization and its inheritance of barbarism, — sullen, gloomy, fanatic, sweeping slowly on to decay, there is but one hope, one fear, one destiny, one religion, — one quivering chord of life, one great tumultuous heart.

An historical investigation into the life of Mohammed must of necessity soon become a philosophical study of his religion, if the past is to serve us in explaining the present or in forecasting the future. And therein lies at once the difficulty and the fascination of the subject. The temporal power of Mohammed, of which it is easy to trace the origin and describe the growth, does not explain his religious influence, which it is as difficult to understand as to define. The facts of his life, as known to us, — and nothing, perhaps, remains now to be discovered, — fail to dispel the obscurity which has ever shrouded his personal character. Mr. Muir, in his recent elaborate work, in which all the learning of the subject is displayed with equal ability and zeal, takes refuge in the theory that he was possessed of a devil after the Scriptural manner, which drove him blindly to his work; while Mr. Carlyle, on the other hand, finds in him only another example of that heroic element by which all human greatness is accomplished and explained. Sprenger, however, adopts a more general theory, less definite and less dramatic; yet one which better harmonizes, perhaps, the conflicting facts of his life, and more easily explains the peculiar

tendencies of his religion. "My investigations," he writes, "have resulted in the conviction that Islamism sprang, not from the will of man, but from the necessities of the time." A long residence in India, and a patient study of the sources of Arabic literature, a singular familiarity with the character of the Eastern mind, — with its mysticism and vagueness, with its spiritual cravings and its underlying pantheism, — together with a certain freedom from prejudice and a critical yet philosophic temper, cannot fail to give authority to his opinions, while they assure the accuracy of his facts. But a more clumsy book than his "Life and Doctrine of Mohammed" * was, doubtless, never put together. Ambitious at once to attract the general reader, and to satisfy the Oriental scholar, the author has added to the chapters of the general narrative vast appendices of abstruse, and, as he confesses, often irrevelant matter, — in the hope thus better to reproduce the age of which he treats, thus to construct, as it were, a background for the picture which he aspires to paint. A difficult plan, — of which we have only to say, that the author breaks down wholly in the execution. Yet he may rightly claim the merit of having, in a degree, enlarged our knowledge of the age of Mohammed and of the origin of Mohammedanism, if not the greater honor of breaking the ground for a fresher and fuller study, for a juster and more philosophical contemplation, of the religion and literature, of the manners and morals and mode of thought, of the Arab races and the Eastern world.

"*Islâm* is the verb, and *Moslim* the participle, from the same root from which is derived the well-known word *Salâm*, health, peace. *Islâm* means, therefore, to render one content, and that through *submission*." The key-note of Mohammedanism is, indeed, *subjection* — to one creed and one ritual. A dogmatic, proselytizing religion, — confounding forms with faith, relentless and cruel in its assertion, corrupt and barbarous in its exercise of power, — Islamism went hand in hand with Oriental Christianity in extinguishing the last remains of the more genial philosophy of paganism, and in delivering the world over to a thraldom of superstition which still threatens its progress and still darkens its life. "At its first appearance by no means a dry, philosophical system," says Sprenger, "not even a seeking after truth, but a religion of ceremonies, of ascetic practices and superstition," Islamism has preserved the character, and illustrated the influence, of a stern, unyielding faith, which, in commanding homage, will not permit inquiry, — the same to all lands and all generations, out of the reach of change, nothing if not divine. The moment it ceased to spread, it began to perish. The fire which it kindled in the soul for aggressive activity, for swift and terrible conquest, consumed itself in the wasting apathy of peace. A civilization developed only by war or by material progress turns to barbarism when the outlets of its mental life are choked by the rubbish of worn-out creeds, or barred by the power of an arro-

* Das Leben und die Lehre des Mohammad nach bisher grösstentheils unbenutzten Quellen bearbeitet von A. Sprenger. Erster Band. Berlin: Nicolais'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung. (G. Parthey.) 1861.

gant faith. Thus it is with Islamism to-day. Decrepit, tottering, doomed, it writes its own story of decay, while it reads to us a weighty lesson on the impotence of dogmas to preserve a religion, and the inevitable tendency of fanaticism to destroy a nation.

In its intensity and its corruption, in its ceremonial and its superstition, Mohammedanism exhibits at once the impassioned character and the degrading arts of its founder. Yet to deny that Mohammed was a prophet is not to prove him an impostor. Without question, there were in him the elements of a strange power, the tokens of a mysterious influence; for thus to sway the faith of men, to lead captive the souls of nations, is evidence of a mightier genius than the conquest of states or the founding of empires. To affirm that he was an impostor ensnared by his own devices, will account for his marvellous success as little as it will accord with his peculiar mission. Less than a prophet and more than an impostor, he was a man of soaring ambition, of vast capacity, and of terrible will. The religious element in his character — nurtured by all the subtile influences which pervade a nation's life when it first awakes to the consciousness of a new career, and is struggling with a sense of a loftier destiny, and developed by the cravings and the necessities of the time, which he alone could foresee and fathom — assumed at last the mastery of his life, and swept him on in his daring career, the incarnation, as it were, of the spirit of his age, the instrument of its superstition, and the victim of its delusion.

The peculiar hallucination under which Mohammed labored has been made by Sprenger the subject of an exhaustive and not unsatisfactory inquiry. He finds it to have been a psychological disease, aggravated or accompanied or caused by physical disorder, exhibiting itself in visions and convulsions, in feverish transports and vague utterances. "Glowing enthusiasm allied with vulgar cunning, pure devotion to a higher aim united with grovelling selfishness, obsequiousness, even dependence upon others, accompanied with obstinacy and craft, acquiescence with treachery, — such are some of the contradictory psychical symptoms of the disease under which Mohammed labored." It is a disease known by various names, not infrequent with women, but more rarely found among men. Schönlein calls it *hysteria muscularis*. It manifests itself for the most part in paroxysms, with a contraction and expansion of the muscles when the attack is slight, — the lips and tongue trembling as if wanting to taste something, the eyes rolling, and the head moving automatically, — the convulsion being in some cases subject to the will, but in severer attacks wholly independent of it. Mohammed suffered also, it is affirmed, from pains in the head (*hysteria cephalica*), — followed by catalepsy when the paroxysm was violent, — falling upon the ground like one intoxicated, his face red, his breath drawn with difficulty, snorting "like a camel." But he does not appear in these cases to have lost his consciousness; and in that respect these attacks differed from epilepsy. It was directly after these "visitations of the angel," it is to be remembered, that he delivered always to those who stood about him one of his revelations from

Heaven. It is thus, also, that his irresistible tendency to sensuality in his later life — symptom and proof of his psychical disease — is reconciled with the fact of his earlier virtue.

To pass, in this state of trance, from the seeing of visions to the uttering of prophecies, is a natural and easy process. Yet it is not pretended, even by Sprenger, that Mohammed was not at first aware of the utter falsehood of the communications which he delivered as divine. Driven on by the secret impulses of the age; overcome with the grandeur of the mission to which he was appointed; mistaking the passions with which he was inflamed for the inspiration he craved; reckless, daring, subtle,— he preserved, in the midst of his delusions, in all the confusion of his teeming fancies, in all the disorder of his wild ambition, that steadiness of purpose, that marvellous wisdom, that just conception of the tendency of the age and of the wants of his nation, and that absorbing identification of his mind with its mind, of his will with its will,— that profound understanding of the influences which controlled it, of the passions which deformed and the virtues which ennobled it,— which would have made him one of the greatest of sovereigns, if he had not succeeded in becoming one of the greatest of reformers. As he grew to manhood and came forward into life, six centuries had elapsed since the birth of Christ; and during that period Christianity had failed to escape many of the corruptions of the paganism it assailed. Its simple doctrines were perverted, its spirit almost destroyed, by the dreary refinements or the baser superstitions to which it was subjected or exposed. In Arabia it had made but insignificant progress, already encumbered as it was with theological machinery too obscure for the easy comprehension or the satisfactory solace of those fiery sons of the desert, who, in the midst of their idolatries, had never wholly lost sight of the Jewish conception of One God. Christianity had to plant itself in the hearts of the nations it subdued. Mohammedanism was already existing. It was but roused by Mohammed to a newer life,— quickened by a fresher impulse. The fire, once kindled, spread rapidly and far. The heart of the East throbbed fast. Fired by the visions of the future which opened upon their fevered eyes, the armies of the Prophet swept over Western Europe, till, struck down in their drunken career by Charles Martel, they reeled away forever. It is thus, in the previous history of Arabia, in the religious condition of its people, that the chief explanation of Mohammed's success is to be found. Other men may have been as great, but the sphere was wanting for the exhibition of their power. Revolutions which are to have a significance in the history of the world, which mark phases of progress and constitute epochs of change, never fail to develop remarkable characters,— to perplex us again with the mystery of genius. But without this world-wide meaning, a revolution is but a whirlwind or a disease, and dies away from the memory of man as swiftly as it came. Thus in all this long history of the East, among these ancient races, through these countless ages, there is but one name to attract, one career to instruct us,— the life of Mohammed and the doctrines of Islam.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

THE Canadian government commissioned Professor Hind to examine the country between Lake Superior and Selkirk settlement, to establish a route across our continent wholly within the British dominions; especially, to investigate the resources of the valleys of the Red River and the Saskatchewan. The work fell into the right hands.* The learned Professor seems to have enjoyed his experiences of frontier life, to have let no opportunity of knowledge escape him, and to have satisfied his own mind of the feasibility of regular communication between the Atlantic and Pacific without passing through any part of the United States. He gives the impression of an immense and unoccupied region in the Northwest, with a soil generally productive, fields yielding without manure fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, streams readily traversed by the laden canoe, and prairies offering no unusual obstacles to the passage of heavy wagons or the transmission of a regular mail. The Indians seem generally friendly; the climate healthful; the hardships no more than belong to all pioneers; the scenery very various, and sometimes very beautiful. But when the winter thermometer sinks forty degrees below zero, the aspect of things must change entirely, and the prospect of reclaiming this vast wilderness must seem hopeless indeed. Evidently, the game is rapidly decreasing, and, with the disappearance of his main stay, the Indian will disappear too; without whose guidance and help these immense rivers and trackless prairies would be impassable. Besides this, the demands of commerce appear to have settled the matter, and taken advantage of the Mississippi River for the transaction of the immense business of the Hudson's Bay Company, now employing 100,000 Indian hunters, and extending its sway across 4,500,000 square miles of territory. On the 1st of June, 1860, a weekly express began to run from St. Paul, the head of river navigation on the Mississippi, to Fort Garry on the Red River; and its enterprising conductors engage to transport goods from England in bond, and deliver them at this remote trading-post, occupying but nine days in the passage from river to river. This easy, regular, and rapid communication is to Professor Hind's route like a summer picnic to a voyage round the world.

Professor Hind's narrative is, of course, full of scientific details: he would have failed entirely of his purpose had he endeavored to make merely a pleasant book of adventures; but the second volume especially has attractive views of Indian life, and the whole is superbly illustrated and enriched with maps and indexes so as to be a work of standard value, unsurpassed in its kind. One peculiarity of the Professor's views is his faith in the reclamation of the Indians through wise missionary effort. He holds it to be established that compact reservations, surrounded by whites favor Indian civilization, and even secure their increase. He depends chiefly on the school-house for success.

* Narrative of the Canadian Red River Exploring Expeditions of 1857 and 1858. By HENRY Y. HIND, Professor in Toronto College. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1860.

He would give every head of a family a fixed portion of land; would keep them away from the stations of fur-traders; would banish intoxicating liquors, and gradually extinguish the organization of tribes. These safeguards, under the quickening influence of an intelligent, devoted missionary, would, he thinks, save the Indians from disappearing entirely, and even recruit their numbers, and enable them to take a place with the civilized race upon the soil once exclusively their own.

WHATEVER else may be said of the American Diary of Mr. William H. Russell,* no one can deny that it is a very interesting book. Its conclusions will not be palatable to many on this side of the ocean; nor will all its criticisms to fair-minded men seem perfectly just. But, on the whole, the reasonable verdict of candid readers will be, that it is in most particulars a truthful book. Perhaps the open mention of so many names is not in the best taste; and it is hardly a fit return for hospitalities to show so widely the faults and eccentricities of distinguished men. There is nothing in the book, however, to show that, in all the large gallery of portraits which this book contains, the author has intended to draw any one with exaggerated traits, or to gratify his spite by making an enemy ridiculous. He may be accused of ingratitude and of impudence in these minute personal sketches, but he cannot be justly accused of partiality.

A great merit of this book, in our judgment, is its bluff English honesty and manliness. Its author is not afraid to say just what he thinks, whether it offend or not. In fact, he only says openly what most of us say in private, only chastises in vigorous rhetoric what we confess as our shame and almost as our despair. The American convulsion is no proof of the unsoundness or the failure of democratic institutions,—even of our particular form of federal union; yet we can hardly blame an Englishman, in the view of the events of the last two years, for coming to such a conclusion. It is to be regretted that the ablest writer who has described this country to Englishmen in these last years should have failed to visit "the swarming communities and happy homes of the New England States." Such a visit might have mitigated the severity of his judgment concerning the land.

In one respect, the impression of Mr. Russell's book is very positive, and to us very satisfactory. Its descriptions of Southern landscape, Southern manners, Southern life, and Southern men completely sustain all that Mr. Olmsted, Mr. Kirke, or Mrs. Stowe have written. No kindness of reception, no show of the comforts of plantation life, no logic of aristocracy, no conviction of the greater fitness of negro labor for the culture of sugar, rice, and cotton, could prevail to warp the moral sense of one who saw in slavery, even in its best form, only a solecism, a wrong, and a lie. If the North get little comfort from the prophecies of this book, the South get no support whatever; it is a damaging blow to its cause, and must turn aside from it the sympathies of thousands which it had almost secured.

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* My Diary, North and South. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 1863. 12mo. pp. 602.

In the little book entitled "Hellas," * which bears the imprint of a new publishing house in Cambridge, Mr. Thomas Chase, formerly Tutor in Harvard College, gives the story of a tour in Greece, made nearly ten years ago, in the summer of 1853. In a country so progressive as Greece, and where political changes come so rapidly, prophecies of the future seem as uncertain as sketches of the present condition of things. Mr. Chase's chapter on the Modern Capital and Kingdom is wisely short and vague. He went rather to see the land and the ruins of Greece, than to see the court of Otho or the *cafés* of Athens. His stay in the land was only long enough to make a few and somewhat hurried excursions, not long enough to study the monuments minutely or make very accurate observations. His enthusiasm is very charming and sincere. We have to regret, however, that the enthusiasm does not accompany some new discovery or information, and that his notes add nothing to what was well known before.

The idea of a series of children's books on Egypt and Syria is excellent. Dr. Eddy has some special gifts for carrying out that idea. His style of writing is easy and familiar. He has travelled in the East, too, and can tell what he has seen. And he has the good taste, moreover, to refrain from preaching, from intrusive moral reflections, and from pious sentimentalism. The first instalment of his series of six volumes † promises well for those which are to follow. It takes very much from its value, however, as a book of travel in Egypt, that it leaves out wholly the Nile voyage, — the boat-life, — the ruined cities, tombs, and temples, — the extraordinary varieties of birds, — in fact, gives very little of the larger and the most interesting part of the land. It is hardly worth while for half a dozen persons to go to Egypt as first-class passengers merely to ride on donkeys and to climb the great Pyramid. And at the close, the impression is left that the result of the visit is immensely disproportioned to its outlay.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Bulfinch's well-known "Age of Fable" and "Age of Chivalry" are now followed by the "Legends of Charlemagne." ‡ Externally the book is much handsomer than the former ones, and doubtless will prove in the contents of it equally valuable and interesting. This excellent series is one which the elders should see that the young people have on their book-shelves. Messrs. Tilton & Co., who deserve much credit for the elegance of this volume, have published a new edition of the Age of Fable, in uniform style with it.

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* Hellas: her Monuments and Scenery. By Thomas Chase, M. A. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1863. 16mo. pp. 220.

† Walter's Tour in the East. By Daniel C. Eddy, D. D. Walter in Egypt. New York: Sheldon & Co.

‡ Legends of Charlemagne; or, Romance of the Middle Ages. By Thomas Bulfinch. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

THE Poems of Adelaide A. Procter* were favorably known through the newspapers before any collection was published in this country. The volume just issued, in the favorite blue and gold, is one of those rare collections in which it is difficult to find anything vapid or weak. Miss Procter's poems have a vigor, grace, and wealth of imagery which certainly place the author far above any living female poet. Her narrative poems, "A Tomb in Ghent," and "A Legend of Provence," with vivid coloring and clearness of outline, show very delicate skill of handling in their rhymed melody, with great sweetness and pathos of incident, and considerable dramatic effect.

A large proportion of the poems are perhaps sad in tone, but it is the sorrow through which we grow stronger and braver, rather than a weakening or depressing influence, — as, for instance, in the noble pathos of "True Honors." They are written in a spirit of warm sympathy with the poor and unfortunate, and of confident faith in the unseen and eternal, — in a spirit of love to man and of serene confidence in God most refreshing to meet. The religious poems, in particular, are exquisite, — among the most beautiful types of that Catholic piety which is illustrated in many parts of the volume, and is made the special burden of the closing part.

EXQUISITE taste in selection and beauty of execution make "The Golden Treasury"† well worthy of its winning title. The choicest lyrics of the English language are arranged in four periods, not in strict chronological order, but after some subtile association of poetic fancy. The selection excludes living poets. It is inscribed to Alfred Tennyson, whose name, as well as the compiler's own statement of his purpose, is a guaranty for the quality of the poetic judgment that has presided in the selection. As a gift-book, at once inexpensive, beautiful, and of perennial value, it has no rival.

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* The Poems of ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language. Selected and Arranged, with Notes, by FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 16mo. pp. 405.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, newly translated and explained from a Missionary Point of View. By the Rt. Rev. J. W. Colenso, Bishop of Natal. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 261. (Characterized by directness and plainness of thought, simplicity of style, and a peculiar sweetness and sincerity of spirit. The dogma of everlasting punishment is argued against, at length and earnestly, in the notes on Chap. VIII.)

The Life of Our Lord upon the Earth, considered in its Historical, Chronological, and Geographical Relations. By Samuel J. Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner. (A series of minute discussions as to the detailed exposition of the narrative; apparently well posted in the recent literature of the subject, but with no criticism going behind the text.)

Transition; a Remembrance of Emma Whiting. By H. S. Carpenter. New York: Carleton. 12mo. pp. 179.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Essays. By Henry Thomas Buckle. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author, and Photographic Portrait. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 209. (The Sketch is ambitious in style and disappointing in substance. The leading Essay is on Mr. Mill's writings; and chiefly valuable as illustrating the writer's genuine earnestness as a champion of intellectual freedom.)

The National Almanac and Annual Record for the Year 1863. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. 12mo. pp. 698. (A manual of extraordinary completeness, showing every evidence of care and fidelity in preparation; for general reference both convenient and indispensable; its chronicle of events brought down to December 31, 1862; especially valuable for its very full digest of United States Laws since December 1860, and for its record of all matters pertaining to the military force of the nation, and the history of the rebellion.)

A Second Book in Geometry. By Thomas Hill. Reasoning upon Facts. Boston: Brown and Tileston. 12mo. pp. 136. (An accomplished mathematician, President Hill is much more besides. His volume will be found very suggestive and valuable, especially to two classes, — teachers, who need such aids to widen their range of thought, and thoughtful learners, who are pursuing their studies without an instructor, and need to be shown why and how the study is of use. As a text-book for classes, we doubt if it will supersede manuals very inferior to it in intellectual value.)

A Talk with my Pupils. By Mrs. Charles Sedgwick. New York: John Hopper. 12mo. pp. 235. (Sober, but genial: among the best books of practical counsel to the young, and excellently illustrated with examples.)

The Institutes of Medicine. By Martin Paine. Seventh edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 1130.

The Soldier's Book; a Pocket Diary for Accounts and Memoranda. New York: Samuel Colman. (Conveniently and skilfully arranged, and highly recommended.)

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CONTENTS.

Art.		Page
I.	Dr. Doyle	157
II.	Professor Wilson	184
III.	The Immortality of the Brute World	199
IV.	Prison Discipline in England	232
V.	The Canonization of the Martyrs of Japan	246
VI.	Democracy on Trial	262
VII.	Later Phases of English Feeling	285
VIII.	Review of Current Literature	301

Theology. Colani's Sermons, 301. Mouchon's Gospel Scenes, 301. Life of Xavier, 302. Later Puritans, 303. Church and State, 303. — *History.* Sprenger's Mohammed, 304. — *Geography and Travels.* Hind's British America, 308. Russell's Diary, 309. Chase's Hellas, 310. — *Miscellaneous*, 310.

New Publications Received 312

*** *The postage on the Examiner for a year, when prepaid, is twenty-one cents. Single numbers seven cents each.*

University Press:
Welch, Bigelow, and Company,
Cambridge.

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

No. CCXXXVII.

MAY, 1863.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, ... verus philosophus est amator Dei." — St. Augustine.

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The Christian Examiner

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

MAY, 1863.

ART. I. — BENEDICT SPINOZA.

Tractatus Theologico-Politicus. A Critical Inquiry into the History, Purpose, and Authority of the Hebrew Scriptures, with the Right to Free Thought and Free Discussion asserted, and shown to be not only consistent, but necessarily bound up with true Piety and good Government. By BENEDICT DE SPINOZA. From the Latin, with an Introduction and Notes by the Editor. London: Trübner & Co. 1862. 8vo. pp. 359.

THIS first attempt to present in English, with any fulness, the very thought of one of the most marked representative minds in modern metaphysics, gives evidence that the name of Spinoza is still a living power among men, and offers a fit opportunity for a sketch of his life and writings, derived from other and wider sources.* His name has generally been used merely as the symbol of a controversy on the loftiest and abstrusest topics of human speculation. We hope to show that it deserves honor, likewise, for the noble human qualities it

* We subjoin a list of the publications which will prove most valuable to those who desire to study our subject in greater detail: —

B. von Spinoza's Sämmtliche Werke aus dem Lateinischen mit dem Leben Spinoza's. VON BERTHOLD AUERBACH. 5 Bände. Stuttgart. 1841.

B. de Spinoza Opera quæ supersunt omnia. Ex Editionibus principibus denuo edidit et præfatus est CAROLUS HERMANNUS BRUDER. 3 vol. Lipsiæ. 1843 - 46.

B. de Spinoza Tractatus de Deo et Homine ejusque Felicitate Lineamenta atque Annotationes ad Tractatum Theologico-Politicum ed. et illus. EDVARDUS BOEHMER. Halæ ad Salam. 1852.

Zeitschrift für Philosophie und philosophische Kritik. Neue Folge. 36ten Bandes. 1stes Heft. Halle. 1860. Art. *Spinozana*, von ED. BÖHMER.

betokens, and for the singular place it holds in the history of intellectual liberty.

The Portuguese Jews, from whom Spinoza was descended, came first into Holland in the year 1603. Persecutions had pressed hard upon them; they had been outlawed, tortured by the Inquisition, compelled to the abjuration of their ancient faith, banished. Driven from Spain under Ferdinand and Isabella, great numbers of them sought refuge in Portugal, only to be driven thence in turn by fresh cruelties of persecution. Holland had achieved independence of Rome and the Spanish yoke, had become republican, and extended free toleration to the diversities of belief and worship. Hither flocked the oppressed of all lands, and hither came these outcasts seeking rest for the sole of their foot.

They proved a valuable accession to the new republic. They had intelligence, material resources, and business enterprise, while in point of literary and social culture they were far in advance of their fellows elsewhere. This superiority, together with a certain pride of birth, — for they accounted themselves descended from the royal tribe of Judah, — was the occasion of their assuming an attitude of exclusiveness towards their brethren of other lands; and to this day it is said to be very rarely that a Portuguese Jew allies himself by marriage or otherwise with one of German or Polish extraction. They entered with interest into the commercial enterprises of the time, and what with their industries and wealth, they added materially to the growth and prosperity of their adopted country.

For the rest, they were zealously devoted to the faith of their fathers, and assiduously cultivated its rites, — all the more, probably, that they had been long forbidden its profession and observance. The Law and the Talmud were the great matters of study with them. Very learned doctors were devoted to the exposition of them, and they were carefully inculcated upon the minds of the youth. The Aristotelian era of Jewish philosophy, under Aben-Ezra and Maimonides, corresponds nearly in date, as in character, with the Schoolmen's attempt to reconcile faith with reason, to wield logic for the Church.

In the family of one Spinoza, Spinosa, or Espinoza, an Israelitish name already of some note in Spain and Italy, was born in Amsterdam, November 24th, 1632, a son called of his parents Baruch. He was the third child in the family, the two others sisters, named respectively Rebecca and Miriam. The parents were in comfortable circumstances, not wealthy, the father a respectable merchant of Amsterdam, and residing on the Burgwal, near the Synagogue.

Left very early an orphan, little Baruch was destined for the Synagogue, and his training for that end was after the most thorough rabbinical methods. His chief teacher was Rabbi Saul Levi Morteira, a name distinguished in that time for learning and polemic ability.

The course of study was curious. An old Jewish work of this century thus describes it: —

"Each school is divided into six classes; to each class a separate instructor. In the first, the children learn to read Hebrew; in the second, the five Books of Moses, with the usual recitative exercises thereon; in the third, they translate the five Books, with the commentary of Raschi; in the fourth, they learn the historic and prophetic Books in course, with oral recitation; in the fifth class the boys are habituated of themselves to read and take the meaning of the statutory portion of the Talmud (Halacha), speaking only in the Hebrew tongue, studying also grammar, and a daily exercise from the Gemara; also, in the time of a Feast, the rules of this Feast in the ritual-book. Hence the pupils come into the sixth class, in the High School under charge of the President of the Rabbinical College. They here learn daily a section in the grammar and in the different commentators, hold disputations upon Maimonides and other doctors, have free access to a very copious library, &c. At home they have at the same time a teacher who instructs them in reading and writing the language of the country, also in writing Hebrew."

Baruch was an apt boy, frail in structure and of delicate health indeed, but exceedingly keen and penetrating, ardently devoted to acquisition, and by his fifteenth year had become a very accomplished Talmudist, equal, for that matter, to the best of the rabbis. Morteira took great pride in his pupil, and doubtless high hopes were cherished of him in the Synagogue.

But here was a mind not to rest in rabbinical dreams or

old wives' fables. Naturally pervaded deeply with the religious element, he sought firmer ground to stand upon than these effete traditions. The struggle seems to have begun with him, as with so many others beside, upon the problem of authority. Aben-Ezra, he tells us, had hinted, though timidly and obscurely enough, that the authors of the historic books of Scripture were other and less ancient than commonly supposed. From this he passed not unnaturally to the question of the claim of the Hebrew Scriptures as a whole, and found himself unable longer to accept it as final. He was also struck with the fact of the lameness of the proofs relied on in it for certain doctrines deemed of prime importance in the Jewish church, — as the immortality of the soul, the personal existence of angels, &c. At about the same time he entered upon the broader studies, commencing Latin first with a German teacher, and prosecuting it afterwards with Van den Ende, a physician of Amsterdam, formerly a Jesuit, but now the proprietor of a popular philological seminary, to which the wealthy of the city intrusted their sons and daughters for instruction. This Van den Ende is charged by his enemies as having been guilty of certain infidelities in belief, and of inculcating them upon the minds of his school. He may have exerted some influence at this time upon the thought of Spinoza. Under the influence of the recent revival of science, great attention was given to studies of physical nature, and to these Spinoza devoted himself ardently, in company with two or three other friends, young and enthusiastic like himself.

Of course, as his interest in these things increased, his interest in the Jewish dogmas and ceremonials diminished He became infrequent in his attendance upon the synagogue, reserved and reticent towards the rabbis. The eyes of the watchful were upon him; here was a case that required attention. Two young persons were deputed to approach him, and, under guise of friendship and desire for illumination and instruction, to draw out of him the points of this belief, that they might act the informer against him. The judges of the synagogue, aflame with zeal, and full of indignation for the dishonor shown their law, summoned the offender before them. Spinoza obeyed cheerfully, conscious of no wrong.

Pained and apprehensive from the reports that were told of his belief, anxious that the hopes his early promise had raised should not be disappointed, they had called him, that he might, if innocent, vindicate himself; if guilty, let him remember the terrible consequences, and in quick time purge himself of his sin. Upon his affirming that he had uttered no impiety, the two stood up and testified that he had spoken disparagingly of the Jews, pronouncing them the most narrow and superstitious of all people, unknowing what God is, yet claiming with utmost effrontery to be of all the especial people of God. He had also spoken against the Law, pronouncing it of human origin. To these statements were added others, professing to report his words touching the Divine existence, the soul, angels, and spirits; and altogether the multitude were excited to such exasperation as loudly to clamor for his condemnation, even before the accused should have had any opportunity for defence. The judges shared fully the prevailing feeling, and plied importunity and threat to the utmost. Spinoza answered sharply and with sarcasms.

Morteira, apprised of the perilous position into which his pupil was brought, hastened to the assembly, determined to correct and recover him. He reminded him of the great pains taken for his early education, the deep solicitude and devotion of the teacher through all these years, and of the strong obligations of gratitude that bound the pupil. Was this to be the requital? Would he thus disappoint the cherished hope, become an outcast and a curse, and meet, as he must, the avenging wrath of the Almighty? His sin was great and damning; but here and now was opportunity for repentance.

Spinoza was nothing moved by all this and much more, the specious argumentation, and passionate *in terrorem* appeals. Nothing could sway him from the steadfastness of his belief, and he replied only as became a free man. Fully conscious, as he declared, of the weight of the threat, and of the power for personal injury his enemies had over him, he yet had nothing to retract, could equivocate in nothing. Morteira, chafed and enraged that he could effect nothing, vowed his excommunication. He deemed that the threat would, ere the

day for its execution, intimidate and subdue him; but the result showed that he had not yet learned what qualities of courage and persistence were in that young man.

Bribery and assassination were each in turn attempted. A pension of a thousand florins was offered him, on condition he should keep still, and assist from time to time in the ceremonies. The proffer was rejected with scorn. Soon after, as he was returning one evening from the synagogue, he saw the gleam of the assassin's knife before him. He parried the blow, and the instrument penetrated no deeper than his coat. The garment he preserved, and used sometimes to exhibit as a memorial.

Meanwhile the synagogue went on preparing the excommunication. Among the different forms of excommunication, that pronounced against Spinoza was the severest known to the Jewish ritual, full of direst imprecations. Mingled with the utterance of the execration and the curse were certain scenic representations, designed to impress upon the beholders a deep sense of the horrid fate to which the outcast was consigned. There were dismal chantings, and the shrill notes of a trumpet, black wax-candles lighted and held reversed, that they might fall drop by drop into a tub filled with blood, and finally plunged of a sudden therein.

Spinoza was about twenty-three years old when thus renounced, made a hated outcast from his kindred and people, and thrown solitary and unfriended upon Gentile hospitalities. He received the sentence with calmness; is reported to have said, when the account of it was related to him, (he was not present at the time, for he had voluntarily left the synagogue before,) "They compel me never to anything which I would not otherwise have done of myself." He wrote a defence of himself in the Spanish tongue, a work never printed, but probably given in substance in one of the chapters of the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*.

The house of Van den Ende afforded him a refuge; he prosecuted his studies, and, as compensation for board and tuition received, was after a time to assist in the school. With a daughter of Van den Ende, herself also an assistant in the school, he fell deeply in love, and would fain have wed her.

But he had too powerful a rival in one Kerkering, a young Hamburgher and a fellow-pupil, who, being able to make costly gifts of pearl and jewels, carried off the fair prize, and our young philosopher again found himself in deep solitude. The disappointment, however, though severe, was not crushing, for he was erelong himself again, and buried more deeply in studies than ever.

Hardly content to spend his time altogether in the business of school instruction, and desirous to become in such measure as he might independent and free for his chosen pursuits, he learned the glass-polisher's trade, polishing for microscopes and telescopes. His acquaintance with mathematics and optics was intimate, giving him superior advantage in this manufacture; his friends took care for the sale of his wares, and the reputation of these became erelong so good as to give them a ready market.

The Jewish hierarchy moved the authorities for the banishment of this young "blasphemer" from the city. They referred the matter for investigation to the reformed clergy, and these in turn, with characteristic intolerance, — an intolerance hardly less intense in those days with Protestants than with Papists and Jews, — took sides with the Jewish inquisitors, and decided for the banishment. Spinoza, accounting himself already unsafe in Amsterdam, since the attempt at assassination, withdrew to the house of a friend a short way from the city, where he found shelter in deep seclusion. In 1660 he removed to Rhynburg, near Leyden, and here commenced that life of exclusive devotion to meditation and study which he henceforth uninterruptedly led. By nature of a deeply meditative turn, his experiences of life had wrought in the same direction. His renunciation and bitter persecution by his own people, his disappointment in love, his deep isolation and solitude from all, doubtless contributed much to throw him in upon himself.

His acquaintance with the Latin tongue gave him access to Des Cartes, who was at this time a great name in Europe, especially in Holland, where he had lived and taught. In this philosopher was opened a new mine to him. Here was recognition of the realm of substance, affirmation of the authority

and transcendent worth of the ideas of the soul; and Spinoza became an ardent, though not a blind disciple.

The fruit of these studies appeared, in 1663, in a work entitled *Renati Des Cartes Principia Philosophiæ*, the only writing he ever published over his full name. Here he substitutes for his Hebrew prænomen Baruch the equivalent Latin Benedictus. The *Principia* is a clear and impressive exposition in geometric method of the leading points of the Cartesian philosophy, while the Appendix contains certain metaphysical reflections of his own. He had also in readiness and desired to publish another work, the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, but the reception of the *Principia* among his countrymen did not offer him such encouragement as he had hoped.

The *Principia*, however, attracted the attention and admiration of cultivated and thoughtful men everywhere. Numbers came to visit the young author, and he had a large correspondence. But there were trials and manifold embarrassments. Bigotry did what it could to cripple him and subject him to outlawry. He seems to have found no abiding-place; he was at the Hague, at Voorburg, at Schiedam, at Amsterdam, and again at Voorburg, all in the space of three years. Mention is made in one of the letters of this time of "manifold businesses and solicitudes, — almost too great for extrication." Many a battle, he observes, must one fight, ere he can have attained to full freedom, holding the world under his feet. "Love towards the Eternal and the Infinite fills the soul with joy alone, and it knows no sorrow."

From 1666 to 1670 he seems to have resided at Voorburg, and a part of the time in the family of one Tideman, a painter. With him he studied the art of design, and became an expert. Men of affairs as well as men of letters sought his presence, military men, merchants, and statesmen; among them the celebrated Jan de Witt, who was, not only strongly attracted, but deeply impressed by Spinoza. At the instance of these friends he removed, in 1670, to the Hague, where he remained to the end of his life. He resided at first with a widow Van Velde, but for considerations of economy he took quarters erelong in the house of one Van der Spyck, a military official, and also a painter.

In this year appeared the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, issued anonymously, and purporting to have been printed at Hamburg, Henry Künrath, whereas it was done at Amsterdam, Christoph Kunrad. Such perilous difficulties still beset the utterance in print of any free individual thought.

This tractate deals with problems of deep and permanent practical interest. The relations of men to the ecclesiastical and civil power, the connections and interdependencies of these upon each other, the true scope and limitations of each respectively, present questions even yet not sufficiently examined and understood. These questions had especial emphasis at that time, as under the shock of the Reformation all foundations had been much disturbed; and especially were they apposite in Holland, which, with the freest government in Europe, was distracted and torn with the violence of theologic faction. Spinoza declares for the largest liberty, yet favors no license. He advocates full freedom of thought and expression, and, while he would take away all power of ecclesiastical infliction, he yet invokes for the state, out of regard to the public order, the right to regulate all outward observances. It fell also in his way to examine the matter of miracles and the institution of the priesthood. The insignificance of the one for purposes of authentication, and the unfriendliness of the other in its bearing upon human welfare, are effectively exposed.

The vitality of the book may be judged somewhat from the amount of opposition excited. Its sale was quickly prohibited, and a host of adversaries, numbering representatives from all the sects and parties, — Jew and Gentile, orthodox and heterodox, Lutheran and Socinian, at one in this matter, — appeared against it. The number of "refutations" issued within the next few years is very remarkable. Readers were, however, found. The book was surreptitiously sold. Issued under the oddest and most illusive title-pages, to avoid the vigilance of the Inquisition, it was passed into France, England, and Spain. One Stoupa, a military official of Louis XIV., stationed for the time in the Netherlands, writing in 1673 of the Religions of Holland, describes the adherents of Spinoza as then already pretty numerous. Some of the so-called refutations

are in reality the work of friendly hands, endeavors in disguise at exposition and support of the proscribed system.

Wholly without pecuniary resources, yet inflexibly averse to being in any measure a pensioner upon the bounty of his friends, Spinoza supported himself by the grinding of glasses. His fare was of the plainest, and his eating and drinking singularly moderate, never, under any circumstances, exceeding the bound of nature's requirement. At the Hague he was brought in near contact with those popular excitements and exasperations with which Holland was distracted. Jan de Witt visited him; they met intimately, the man of the world and the recluse philosopher, and spent much time together. The friendship, warm and lasting, was terminated only by the death of De Witt. This death, August 20th, 1672, so tragic and cruel, a ruthless murder done by the infatuated populace, in a fit of rage, upon their life-long friend and benefactor, brought heavy grief to Spinoza, and, it is said, drew tears from those calm eyes. For a moment he gave way to the bitter sorrow; but he presently commanded himself, and, seeing one of the friends utterly overcome, quietly asked him, "Of what value then to us were wisdom, if like the multitude we surrender ourselves entirely to feeling, without power of self-recovery?"

During the invasion of Holland by Louis XIV.,—an invasion which, by the way, had relation to the terrible outbreak which occasioned the death of De Witt,— Condé, whose head-quarters were at Utrecht, had great desire to see Spinoza. He sent him a military pass, accompanied with a warm invitation to visit him. Spinoza went to Utrecht, but some important business had called the Prince away ere his arrival.* He was received very hospitably, however, by Luxembourg, and urged to remain awaiting Condé's return. Stoupa, at the instance of Louis, solicited that he would dedicate his next book to that monarch, promising a pension as the reward. Spinoza declined with emphasis to do anything of the sort, and without longer delay set off to his home at the Hague.

The popular suspicion now fell upon him as being a spy,

* The time of Condé's departure from Utrecht is fixed in history as during the month of July, 1673. Lambert Van den Bos, *Krieyschauspiel*, IV. 18.

for he had been in communication with the enemy, and there was danger that the house he lived in might be assailed and torn down by the mob. Spinoza bade his landlord feel no fear. "I can easily justify myself," said he; "there are persons enough, and of the first in the land, who know the object of my journey. But be that as it may, soon as the people appear before your door, I will go out to them, even should they do with me as with the ill-fated De Witt." Fortunately, however, the anticipated outbreak did not occur.

Carl Ludwig, Elector Palatine, offered him the chair of philosophy at Heidelberg, with the provision, however, that he should teach nothing in conflict with the prevailing religion. Spinoza was very well aware of the direct and inevitable bearing of his philosophy upon the current dogmas, and, unwilling to submit, at whatever price, to any abridgment of his freedom, he courteously declined the offer.

Meanwhile the studies and the writing went forward. The *Tractatus Politicus* and the *Ethica* were already finished, and lay waiting opportunity of publication. In 1675 he went to Amsterdam in reference to this business. But an untoward report, that in this work he had denied and attempted to disprove the existence of God, — a report started with the clergy, and generally accredited, encouraged also by the narrow Cartesians, who were extremely jealous of being suspected of holding anything in common with Spinoza, — and an accusation lodged with the authorities against him on this ground, prevented his accomplishing his design. He returned to the Hague, and both works remained in manuscript to the day of his death.

Being naturally of slender constitution, with predispositions to pulmonary consumption, his intense application to study, coupled with his omission to take requisite physical exercise, broke him down early. In the beginning of the winter of 1674 he writes in one of the letters that his health was "not quite firm." From this time he seems steadily to have lost ground. In 1676 we find him suffering much from consumption already fastened upon him. "If life serves," he writes to a friend, July 15th, 1676, "I may perhaps some time explain myself of this with you more fully," referring to a

certain point in philosophy. He was throughout calm and contained, and to the end intently occupied upon the great problems to which he had dedicated his life.

"Neither his landlord nor the other people of the house," writes Colerus his biographer, Lutheran minister at the Hague, "supposed that his end was so near; nor did they think it even till a short time before his death. For on February 20th, 1677, which, that year, came upon the Saturday before Lent, the family went to church to hear the discourse preparatory to the sacramental supper. As Van der Spyck casually entered the house about four o'clock, Spinoza came down and talked long with him, and especially upon the matter of the pastor's discourse, and after smoking a pipe of tobacco, he retired to his room and to bed. Sunday early, before church, he came down again to his landlord, and held conversation with him and his wife. He had written to Amsterdam for the physician Ludwig Meyer to come. Meyer had the family procure a fowl and cook it, that Spinoza at noon might eat of the broth; he did eat, and with good relish, on the return of the family from church. In the afternoon the physician remained alone with Spinoza; the family went again to church, and returning learned with astonishment that he expired about three o'clock. It was on the 21st of February, 1677, his age forty-four years two months twenty-seven days."

The story of the seizure by the physician of the coin and silver-handled knife on the table is probably a base scandal, so far as the intimation of theft is concerned. Meyer was an intimate and very much trusted friend of Spinoza, and, if he took these things at all, probably did so at the instance of the owner, who, feeling his end approach, may have desired to testify in some way his remembrance, as also his obligation for the kindness of the visit.

The burial, Colerus tells us, was four days after, "in the new church upon the Spuy," and in the procession were six carriages with a number of prominent persons. "On their return from the grave, the particular friends or neighbors were, according to the custom of the country, entertained in the house of the deceased with some flagons of wine."

Rebecca de Spinoza, his sister, and Daniel Carceris, his nephew, appeared as heirs, but gave up their claim rather than pay the little sum which lay against the few effects left. De Vries of Schiedam came forward, and assumed the debt,

taking the effects. The inventory drawn up shows upon how little this man lived, and was content.*

Spinoza had commissioned his landlord, Van der Spyck, directly upon his death to convey his desk, with the correspondence it contained, to his publisher and friend, Riewerts, at Amsterdam, a commission executed promptly and faithfully. In the same year appeared, under the initials only of the author, and without date of place, but certainly at Amsterdam, the *Opera Posthuma*, embracing the *Ethica*, the *Tractatus Politicus*, the *Letters*, and two works incomplete, one on the *Improvement of the Mind*, the other a *Hebrew Grammar*. Add to these a treatise on *God, Man, and Blessedness*, (unknown till recently even by name to the world of letters,) some annotations upon passages in the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, and the catalogue of his writings, so far as yet discovered, is complete.

In person Spinoza was of medium stature, dark complexion, black, bushy, curly hair, heavy eyebrows, a smallish, black, vivacious, deep-beaming eye, his features throughout very regular and attractive, and having strong marks withal of his Jewish Portuguese extraction. The portraits professing to represent him vary much among themselves, some of them differing widely from the recorded descriptions both of Colerus and Luke, and must therefore, beyond doubt, be ungenuine.

In temperament he was calm, equable, and self-poised, always cheery and genial, of exhaustless patience and untiring

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* Besides some books, copper-plates, ground glasses, and tools for the manufacture of these, enumerated in the auction inventory, are the following. They are set down doubtless just as they were "struck off," with the prices annexed.

	Florins.	Stivers.
1 Camlet Mantle, with Breeches, for	21	14
1 other do. (gray)	12	14
4 Sheets,	6	8
7 Shirts,	9	6
1 Under-bed and 1 Pillow,	5	0
19 Neck-ruffs,	1	11
5 Pocket-handkerchiefs,	0	12
2 Red Window-shades, 1 Bed-quilt, 1 small Feather-bed,	6	0
2 Silver Buckles,	2	0

In all, a little more than $25 of our money. The entire proceeds of the sale (including, we suppose, the books, &c.), "after deducting the fees, were 390 florins 14 stivers," or about $155.36.

devotion to his objects. Enduring as a Stoic, uttering never a syllable of complaint on his own account, he was yet warm-hearted, sympathetic, and full of kindly office for those around him. He was singularly free from that vice so common and almost universal among his people, — greed for money. His little pittance, scanty as it was, was sufficient, and he was therewith content. And even from this he spared to the worthy poor generously, as if he had himself abundance. Simon de Vries wished to give him two thousand florins, but Spinoza earnestly declined to receive it. The same person, being unmarried, desired to make Spinoza his sole heir, but the latter prevailed on him to leave his property to his brother, De Vries of Schiedam. He insisted, however, on settling upon him from his estate an annuity of five hundred florins, which Spinoza in turn cut down to three hundred. This little sum was paid him by the surviving De Vries punctually, to the end of his life. After the death of his father, the attempt was made — on what ground is not stated, but perhaps in some way in connection with the ban — to deprive him of his share of the estate. He vindicated his right at the law, obtained a decree that the property should be equally divided, then relinquished all to his sisters, save a single bed with its drapery.

In apparel he was very plain and frugal, yet scrupulously neat and well-ordered. A distinguished statesman, it is told, (probably Jan de Witt,) made him a visit, and, noticing the poor coat he had on, pointed to it somewhat in the way of censure, and offered him assistance to obtain a better. Spinoza responded quietly, "It is unfitting to put a costly garment upon a poor thing." In conversation he was very kindly and free, full of lively gayety, but keeping this so well regulated that he never wounded causelessly any the most sensitive feelings.

Character was throughout the great aim with Spinoza. To translate the eternal laws into individual history, to realize the ideal, to build up a lofty personality, to attain repose and a sublime freedom, — for this he strove and labored continually. To this end he carefully laid aside every weight, practised the most thorough continence and temperance, schooled his spirit perpetually to patience, sobriety, and earnest, untiring activity.

The result was a manhood ripe and strong, dwelling in an atmosphere superior to circumstance, joyous in solitude, walking content through dreary wastes of desertion, loneliness, and suffering, wakeful, busy, brave, and trustful to the last.

One of the first things that strike us in the writings of Spinoza is this pervading, unbroken calmness. There is no heat, no haste, no bias, hardly even the warmth of a living breath and of a beating heart. His aim everywhere is, to lift himself above all disturbing influence, all power of individual consideration or human feeling, and survey the world and the soul from the stand-point of pure intellect. He would examine human conduct and appetences, he tells us, "as if the question were of lines, surfaces, or solids." Of this attitude of mind comes, perhaps, the manner and method of expression. It is terse, compact, careful statement, without adornment or any glow, with no kindlings of enthusiasm, or raptures of emotion, or outbursts of eloquence. The appeal throughout is to the inner consciousness and the reflective reason alone.

And there is corresponding clearness. As in a perfect mirror the realities of the universe were imaged in his mind. Doubt or hesitation was not in him. He speaks with the firm assurance of a seer, and certainly few men ever had the right to speak more confidently. Following the method of Des Cartes, — which, indeed, for this matter, is the method of all just thinking since the world began, — he takes his stand in consciousness. Here must be the ground of certitude, the final standard of appeal. Consciousness is its own testimony.* The clear and unmistakable presence of idea in the thought must be presence of truth in the soul. He seeks to read this record closely, that he may trace a clear boundary between opinion and knowledge, appearance and fact.

* Spinoza is, as he well may be, very specific here. The inner certitude and the outward fact, he declares, are the same: "Idem est certitudo et essentia objectiva." And, "Patet quod ad certitudinem veritatis nullo alio signo sit opus, quam veram habere ideam." "Veritas," he often repeats, "se ipsam patefacit." And he speaks of a true idea as "the innate instrument" whereby we apprehend. Also of the mind as reflecting and representing the facts of nature, — "ut mens nostra quoad ejus fieri potest, referat objective formalitatem naturæ quoad totam et quoad ejus partes." It is the first property of the mind, he says, that it should *know*: "Quod certitudinem involvat, hoc est quod *sciat* res ita esse formaliter, ut in ipso objective continentur." *De Intell. Emend.* 6, 7, 12, 15.

Deepest in the human soul is the thought of a somewhat real, perennial, abiding, infinite. This is primal truth of consciousness, older and more than any experience, revealed in the earliest thought of childhood, and overshadowing with its awful presence the ripest years of manhood. So essentially existent, so inherently vital it is, that it cannot be conceived not to exist. To attempt to imagine so, is to attempt the preposterous and impossible. All else may be brought to doubt, — may, perchance, be swept away as illusion, fiction of the imagination: this, never. Spinoza names this thing Substance; it underlies all, is reality of all.

Substance is one, self-caused, sole, absolute, eternal; it is the supreme sovereign Verity, — God. Under two attributes alone is it known to us, — thought and extension. These are for us the generic types of the Infinite Being; they are, like itself, infinite. Different and diverse as they seem and are to us, they are yet cognate, and at bottom one. "Thought is invisible extension, and extension is thought rendered visible." Mind is the idea of body, and body is the expression of mind. The Infinite utters and expresses itself infinitely. The universe is the voice and aspect of God; all the individual forms, creatures, and persons are but modes of the one changeless substance. God alone is free, "acting by the sole laws of his nature"; all others are controlled from without, instruments merely of the Supreme Will. The world sinks in this system as world to nothing: God is all.

Very rigorous is the process by which these conclusions are sought to be brought out and proved. Never were definition and axiom better put; never demonstration wrought out more careful, clear, and compelling. Done in geometric method, it has all the precision, rigor, and resistless force of geometry. Here are some definitions and axioms, placed at the opening of the *Ethica*.

"By Cause of itself, I understand that whose essence involves existence, or that whose nature cannot be conceived except as existent.

"A thing is described as finite *suo genere*, which can be measured by another of the same nature. For example, body is called finite, because we always conceive another greater than it.

"By Substance, I understand that which is in itself, and is conceived

of itself; that is, that whose conception needs not the conception of any other thing in order to its formation.

"By Attribute, I understand that which the intellect perceives of substance, as constituting its essence.

"By Mode, the affections of substance, or that which is in another, through which it is conceived.

"By God, being absolutely infinite; that is, substance consisting of infinite attributes, each of which expresses an eternal and infinite essence.

"That thing may be called free which exists solely by necessity of its nature, and by itself alone is determined to action. That, on the other hand, is necessary, or rather constrained, which is determined by another to be and to do in a certain determinate way.

"By Eternity, I understand existence itself, in as far as from the sole definition of an eternal thing it is conceived necessarily to follow. For such existence is conceived as an eternal verity, and cannot be explained by any duration or time, even though this should be conceived without beginning or end.

"All things which are, are in themselves or in another.

"That which cannot be conceived through another must be conceived of itself.

"From a given determinate cause the effect follows necessarily; and, on the other hand, if no determinate cause be given, no effect can possibly follow.

"The knowledge of an effect depends upon the knowledge of the cause, and involves it.

"Things which have nothing in common with each other cannot be understood by means of each other; or, in other words, the conception of the one does not involve the conception of the other.

"A true idea must agree with its *ideate*.

"Whatever may be conceived as non-existent does not in essence involve existence."

From these propositions an unbroken chain of deduction reaches to the end. God is sole, God is all. With him will and reason are one, existence and essence the same. There is no chasm here between possibility and fact; possible is actual, and there is nothing in the least contingent or doubtful. Spinoza cautions his readers against considering God, like themselves, a being of intellection, purpose, will, as we know those things. There is no lack of fulness to his being; no occasion, therefore, for the exercise of volition for the ac-

complishment of certain ends. He always knew, always chose, always possessed. He is like man, therefore, or rather man like him, only in remotest analogy. There is not more resemblance here certainly, to use his own illustration, "than between a dog on earth and Sirius, the dog-star, in the heavens."

He is even reluctant to call the Infinite *one*, for this seems to set him over against others, implying exclusion, whereas distinction of number there is none here. Thought is impotent, falls immeasurably short of reaching and grasping this essence. Finite, the scenes of existence, the things of time, are but ripples on this bosom, wavelets of the sea; nay, even this comparison, he avers, does injustice to the fact, for, while wave is water, part of the sea, finite is not part of infinite at all. It is a stupendous conception, a struggle of the human spirit to seize infinitude. This high speculation properly terminates with the First Part, the other Parts of the *Ethica* being occupied more with nature, and especially the human soul, — its relations to the world of the seen, on the one hand, and to the realm of the infinite, on the other, — its limitations and its power. "His," says Spinoza, in its closing, "Dei naturam, ejusque proprietates explicui, ut, quod necessario existit; quod sit unicus; quod ex sola suæ naturæ necessitate sit et agat; quod sit omnium rerum causa libera et quomodo; quod omnia in Deo sint et ab ipso ita pendeant ut sine ipso nec esse nec concipi possint; et denique quod omnia a Deo fuerint prædeterminata non quidem ex libertate voluntatis, sive absoluto beneplacito, sed absoluta Dei natura, sive infinita potentia."

Criticism is not impossible, for there are embarrassed points in this system, but refutation is not easy. Attempts at this have been made very industriously, and with marked ability, but all thus far have signally failed.

It avails not to deny the conclusions of Spinoza by seeking to set aside his ground of authority, his *criterium*. The argument proves too much; it annihilates all things, sweeping away the standing-place of the objector himself. Say, if you will, that we know only subjectively, that consciousness covers the domain of the inner experience alone, giving us only the subjective states of the changing mind, so that we have right

to speak of *phenomena* alone, of *noumena* not at all: it is true in a measure, for doubtless all our thoughts, ideas, and perceptions are in greater or less degree colored and qualified by the subjective condition; but, taken as a statement of the full fact in the case, it is grossly, suicidally false. For if there be no actual vital relation of thought to fact, — if consciousness, carefully and justly interpreted, be not the record and transcript of truth, its impress and revelation, — then are we cut off utterly from all possibility of knowledge, and thrown without help or resource upon the devouring waste of universal scepticism.

The ground of Spinoza, therefore, in this matter — the integrity of consciousness, the knowledge through it of the fact it reveals — stands unimpeached and unimpeachable; the limit of possible exploration is the only point upon which there is chance of question. Thought is the recognized presence of truth, its voice heard and felt in the soul of man. The universe, reality, the realm of substance, stands present to the mind, and man sees and knows as he feels and is. God shines into the depths of his being, and he sees God. The revelation is immediate; the presence is intimate and living, not more, but less, doubtful to man than the fact of his own existence. Here is the most certain of all certainties, the very essence of reality itself.

Obscure points are, without doubt, involved in the solutions; delicate tasks remain to be done. To purge the vision of all error, to correct the chromatic refraction of the lens, to make the eye single, that it may see purely and truly, is not easy, but difficult. Yet the embarrassment lies not against such metaphysical inquiries alone; it belongs to all practical life, all perception, all effort, all behavior in our relations to men. To rise superior to the individual and personal limitation, and stand in the universal truth and justice alone, is a work intensely arduous, a life-long labor. But none the less is it imperative and vital. The truth is real and requires to be sought; the judgment is true, and requires to be purged and cultured.

To say that Spinoza did not exhaust this problem, did not lay fully bare this deep mystery of existence, is only to say

that man has never yet been able to transcend the strange dualism of his nature. Perpetually runs this factor of the finite in every product; and no subtlest mathematics, however it may reduce, can ever eliminate it. It colors conception itself, and all our thought is cast in its form. The subtilties of this relation are too deep for human exploration. Certain gleams shine upon us, a certain fact everywhere presides; these are all we know. Finite is film and concealment, yet shadow and symbol of infinite, its method and illustration. The universe is the vesture and also the radiant face of God. Infinite is ever the transcendent and living, the reality of all, the beyond of time and space, of experience and possession, the ever-beckoning yet ever-unappropriated ideal. The manner of the connection of these, their mutual interfusion, so that everywhere there is contradiction yet unity, separation yet blending, — how infinite takes on finite, how finite reveals infinite, — we can never know. Existence is twofold, man himself dual, and while so he can never rend away the mystery. Here is the *crux philosophiæ*, the unanswered question through all the ages. This problem once solved, the riddle of life is explained, the mystery of being melts away; man becomes omniscient, and God. Spinoza could not succeed here. Bravely he wrestled and wrought; but he, too, like every athlete before him, has won only a partial victory.

But shall we not say that he has in this matter *put the emphasis right*, exalting to its true place and worth the world of substance, realm of the everlasting? Children of time as we are, we have need to reinforce ourselves from the eternities. Misfortunes betide, disappointment follows upon disappointment, prop after prop is struck away, until all we had leaned upon is taken, and we stand unsupported and ready to fall. Bereavements come, the dear ones of our heart are withdrawn beyond recall, and we are left in loneliness, desolation, and sorrow. How can we keep our poise and strength now, but by betaking ourselves to the bosom of the Infinite Truth and Substance, finding that here all is well, and all remains? There is no loss to the soul. In every solitude is society, and in bereavement itself possession. And sometimes we must steel ourselves, that we be not unduly

affected; remembering still, in the midst of whatever harrowing or distracting scenes, in the presence of terrible suffering, or the wildest outbreak of crime, that great Benignity and Order is supreme, and the Vindicator of all shall be revealed.

Spinoza brings forward and finely illustrates this general view in his doctrine of the inadequate and the adequate ideas. Through the one come limitation, intoxication, vassalage; by the other, enlargement, clear vision, freedom, and exhaustless measures of power. In the one, man is poor, perishable, and trivial, sport of circumstance, borne captive of sin, the creature of an hour; in the other, he is rich and immortal, lord of the worlds, denizen of the eternities, his inheritance one with the infinitude of God.

This is far enough from having in it anything of indifferentism, or of base cowardly surrender. It is conquest, not withdrawal. It is, having done all, to stand. Not renouncing any task or toil, it sees and accepts all, works with a will to the end, and at the end still holds and trusts, remembering the soul's self greater than aught finite, and its possession more than time. It is heaven-wide of any passiveness or unconcern; it is wakefulness, love, attainment, continence. It is the constancy of courage, the ripeness of action, the very crown and consummation of loyalty.

Such was it eminently with Spinoza. He never withdrew himself in indifference from the world, never looked coldly upon the men or things around him. Deeply, reverently, he cherished their presence, and delighted in the exhilarations so afforded. Before all outer privilege, he accounts the social. The sympathy of the human soul is very sweet. In the midst of the grave and dispassionate reasonings of the *Ethica* he declares, "Of all in nature, there is nothing given of such significance and value for man as the presence of a brother man living according to reason." In this, he deems, was the divineness of Jesus. He was temple of God, God's Son, for in him God, "the eternal Wisdom, most of all manifested and revealed himself."

And he never shrank from responsibility, or blinked any task or duty. Ardently he threw himself into the struggle for liberty, into the questions, too, of his hour and time, and did a

man's work therein. Deep-flowing pity and commiseration for those persecuted and slain, the victims of religious hate and cruelty, and indignant remonstrance and rebuke for the persecutors, came from this pantheist, who sinks all in God, and dwells speculatively in the profoundest depths of repose, — this idealist, who regards all individual events, all persons themselves, as but appearances, mere modes and accidents of the one universal being. Referring, probably, to the cruel persecutions done under Prince Maurice, and with his eye particularly, as would seem, upon the atrocious judicial murder of Olden Barneveldt, — who, guilty only of a broad humanity and quenchless love for freedom, and with the record of a long life of unsullied public and private virtue, of distinguished nobleness and worth, was brought, at the age of seventy-two, to the scaffold, — Spinoza speaks thus: —

"What worse thing can be conceived for a republic, than that true and venerable men, because they are dissentients in opinion, and know not to dissemble, should, like malefactors, be sent into exile? What more fell and fatal, than that men, without ground of crime or offence, but only because they are of free spirit, should be counted as enemies and led to slaughter, and that the scaffold, appropriately the terror of the bad, should become a grand stage for the exhibition of highest examples of fortitude and bravery?" *

And then that other point, made prominent and emphasized by Spinoza, — the utter sinking of the human in the divine, making man only a particle and modal expression of God. "Mens humana," he says, "est pars infiniti intellectus Dei." He affirms for man the deepest dependence on God; the human mind, he insists, lives and acts only in and through His vitalizing breath; the thoughts of the soul are, as he expressly declares, only God's thought in the soul. Now shall we not say of this, that it has large measure of truth? What height of meaning lies in a human presence! During its visible abode with us, our eyes are holden, that we do not see it for all it is. But when separation comes, when through death it is withdrawn, what significance gathers upon that history! What sacredness invests the memory, clothing all

* *Tract. Theol.-Polit.*, Cap. 20.

with a sort of high divine character, — the eye-beam, the look, the spoken voice wherein dwelt such music and love, the fleshly garniture even! We feel that we have seen something more than of time, more than finitude, more than death. God's face has beamed, God's voice has spoken to us in this the expressive language of symbol. We have here beheld a radiance or ray of the Infinite. It is a sacred, starry recollection evermore.

And again, how deeply, how vitally, we depend on the Infinite! As we receive, we have. Our thoughts are not our own; we do not originate, and we cannot command them; they come to us by Divine immission and inspiration. The nearer we stand to God, so much the more enriched and fruitful we are, receiving the visit of the heavenly messengers. We can in this matter but put ourselves in position to receive. All good gifts of sight, all high perceptions, all genuine power, are by direct inspiration and illumination of God. Cut off from the Infinite Soul, we are nothing.

The creed in this case testifies of the man. No base person, no trifler, none living on the low plane of the merely sensuous life, could have been visited by such a conception, or have so devoted himself life-long to its elaboration. Men have called Spinoza "God-drunken." He is so penetrated and possessed of God, so dwelling in essence and substance, that he forgets himself, forgets the world, thinking only of the absolute and imperishable. His eye gazes after Being; he would fain rest in its presence, knowing naught and loving naught but the Infinite. No provision is made here for the sensuous; the world of the seen is annihilated, only Substance is. This contrasts strongly with that apotheosis of the senses, which, however refined and concealed, we find at bottom in nearly all professed religious literature. Virtue, Spinoza declares, is its own reward, — "Beatitudo non est virtutis præmium, sed ipsa virtus." Nor, he adds, do we rejoice in it because we thereby restrain the passions, but we have power to restrain the passions in the fact that we rejoice in virtue.

And the record corresponds. It is throughout of a brave, genial, royal man, one dwelling in light, equal to his every occasion, living serenely and divinely. Perfect self-possession,

the attainment of unbroken felicity, and of a high, wise, all-accomplishing activity, — this was the constant aim. Without the natural fervor, the fiery, flaming enthusiasm of Giordano Bruno, he had all of his unshrinking devotion, indomitable courage, and quenchless fortitude. During his later years he seems never to have been tempted to any impatience or restiveness of spirit by the attacks of his enemies, numerous, wanton, and intensely irritating as they were. He bore all calmly, well willing to wait the sure issues of time. Life-long he suffered virtual martyrdom; he sacrificed reputation, friendships, and all social privilege; he was in privations and harsh exposures; his life was many times in imminent peril. Yet he never for this permitted any depression, any bitterness or sorrow, but kept a whole heart and good cheer to the end. Much, very much he must have suffered in the disease that wasted and cut down his life prematurely; but none knew of it by any word that escaped him. His principal writings lay long in manuscript, finding no opportunity to appear; the *Ethica*, his chief work, remained unprinted to the day of his death; but he indulged no impatience, anxiety, or regret. He had done what he could, and he rested content to leave all in the Supreme keeping. His last hours were solitary, marked as all his life had been by desertion, and made more oppressed by discomforts and attendant sufferings that friendly hands might have done much to soften or relieve; yet he waved kindly his farewell, and departed unsorrowing.

The thought of this lonely thinker could not remain inert or hidden. Already before his death the effect was large, and in those winter days of 1677 more eyes were turned and looking with anxious interest towards that humble cot in the Hague than the philosopher knew or dreamed. In this same year the *Ethica*, the *Letters*, and other writings of Spinoza appeared, and the opportunity for acquaintance with him was much increased. The doctrine had such elevation, withal such boldness and exclusiveness, was coupled, too, with such sweetness, serenity, and bravery of living, that it could not fail to awaken attention, and in numerous cases impress and quicken. Of course the first man, of the earth, earthy, could make nothing of this celestial food. But the men of contemplation and deep

religious feeling, to whom the thought and the felt is the real, who dwell in greater or less measure in the ideal, have found here congenial fellowship and rich repast.

Spinoza did not discover the infinite, nor was he the first who essayed to solve the deep questions of the spirit. He felt deeply, looked intently, saw clearly, and wrought out according to ability his result. It is, as all must be, but an approximate solution; nevertheless, it has truth and perennial worth. But to each man, as to each generation, comes this problem with the day's dawn fresh and new, impossible yet imperative and vital, and each must work out such best result as he may for himself. Never, while eternities overshadow, and ideals haunt, and the spirit yearns, and hope lifts, shall it become obsolete, or lose for men its vital and deep significance.

Art. II. — THE NEW HOMERIC QUESTION.

1. *The Iliad of* Homer, *faithfully translated into unrhymed English Metre.* By F. W. Newman. London: Walton and Maberly. 1856.
2. *The Odyssey of* Homer, *translated into English Verse in the Spenserian Stanza.* By Philip Stanhope Worsley. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood and Sons. 1862.
3. *On Translating Homer. Three Lectures.* Also, *Last Words* [in answer to Professor Newman's "Reply"], *a Lecture, given at Oxford.* By Matthew Arnold. London: Longmans. 1862.

Few things in the world of letters have been more charming to us than the healthy appetite and the trained executive skill with which English scholars have taken up and carried out, in their own fashion, the processes of Continental learning. For a whole generation, and till within the last fifteen years, it was the scandal of the insular schools, that they kept timidly to the ancient methods; and spoke of the theories that were revolu-

tionizing the outside world of erudition* only with a vague and far-away contempt, as shocking heresies, as infidelities which were hardly to be so much as named among them. So far as a common reader could judge, no sufficient reason was offered for this lofty scorn. Questions of learning in the schools, like questions of faith in the Church, were settled by sentiment and whim. From the standard classic reviews of England about all the information that leaked out as to the vivid suggestions of Vico, or the erudite critique of Wolf, or the constructive hypotheses of their successors, on the structure and authorship of the Homeric poems, was that they contained views abhorrent to the sense and conscience of every true Briton, — views altogether "tolerable, and not to be endured." Nay, Blackwood, as we remember, put their heresies in the category of sacrilege, and held that to deny the authenticity of the Iliad was as if one should question the genuineness of the Pentateuch itself.

The first vigorous and thoroughly independent treatment of this question before the English public, we believe, was in the very able introductory chapters of Mr. Grote's History of Greece. In these chapters, mastery of the argument, as conducted by Continental scholars, is balanced by a sound controlling common-sense; and nothing seems further from *mere* theorizing than the theory which he upholds against the general belief of his countrymen, namely, that, while the Odyssey is a single work, in our modern sense of that phrase, — a story first conceived as one, and wrought to its present form under the shaping of a single hand, — the Iliad is an aggregate of material, wrought out by a Homeric cycle of poets, and gathered about the original nucleus of an "Achilleis," or tale of the deeds of the chief Homeric hero; also that, while there may have been an invasion of some Asiatic town in the heroic age, as a true historic foundation of the legend, there is nothing in the legend itself, or in the immense accumulation of tradition about it, which need be accepted as evidence that Troy ever had an existence, or the towers of Ilium were ever assailed by Agamemnon, king of men.

* That Homer is a generic, and not an individual name, is assumed by Renan as the common-sense of Continental learning. *De l'Origine du Langage*, p. 21.

From this bold stroke of historical scepticism there was a natural and strong recoil in the British heart. The very able and scholarly History of Greek Literature by Colonel Mure seems to have charmed the British press as much by its vindication of the good old orthodox opinion as to the personality of the poet, the authorship of the heroic song, and the truth of the epic story, as by its other genuine qualities, of ample learning and enthusiasm for Hellenic letters. The fascinating work of Mr. Gladstone — one of the most interesting examples of scholarly tastes and pursuits abiding through the toils and ambitions of statesmanship — not only invests every feature of the story with a personal interest marvellous and vivid, but it enters so heartily into the discussion of all side matters and illustrations, that it seems far more than any other to have caught the very form and pressure of the Homeric time. Of course it does this by dint of immense idealizing. When the dramatic mythology of Homer is made symbolic of truths drawn from the genuine patriarchal traditions of the Holy Land, when Zeus is, not irreverently, allied with the awful name of the Hebrew Jehovah, and Apollo and Athene are made to stand for the broken but genuine hints which the Hellenic world had attained respecting a Divine Word made flesh, and a coming Saviour of the world, we feel that we are outside the range of literary discussion, and are perplexed to find common ground for argument with the author. Still, such hints and reasonings are part of the help he gives us, to grasp what is genuine in his own conception of the subject. His clear and skilful sketch of the Grecian tribes; his admirable analysis of the persons of the tale, its ethical tone, and the type of civilization it portrays; his exposition of the partly patriarchal, partly feudal associations of the phrase ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν, "lord of men"; even the thirty pages of dissertation spent to prove that, when Homer says the north star was "on the left," he means, being truly interpreted, "on the right," — all these details leave each its distinct impression of light and help, and combine in making up the grateful sense of its value and beauty, with which we at last take leave of the work.

The new Homeric question, of which we propose to say a

few words to our readers, leaves out all these topics of larger and more learned criticism. It takes up the poems and treats them purely as works of art. A new inquiry is raised, and one which proves to have a singular fascination and interest, — namely, How shall the poetic beauty and charm which every scholar feels in Homer be interpreted to the mind of a modern reader? The field of discussion is marked off pretty plainly by a sharp boundary at each end, — the gaunt prose of Buckley's Oxford version, known to school-boys, and that formal paraphrase (we were going to say parody) which, under the auspices and fame of Pope, shed a glimmering of the Homeric ray upon the delighted understanding of our childhood. The space between the two is a pretty wide one. Upon neither of them has the question so much as dawned, which the new translators and their critics have essayed to meet. One is content to say, bluntly, what grammar and dictionary, well plied, will give you of what the author has described; the other takes it as a groundwork, trims and expounds it, and puts it into rhyme, to fit the cultivated taste of the eighteenth century. The result is sometimes a stilted imitation, sometimes a grave burlesque. One instance lingers in our memory, from the reading of more than twenty-five years back, where Homer says simply of the tears of Achilles, that "the weeping spread throughout the house." Pope gives it: —

> "Th' infectious softness through the heroes ran:
> One universal solemn shower began;
> They bore as heroes, but they felt as man."

Ex pede Herculem. Let this suffice for Pope and his school. The absolute failure of Cowper's painstaking version, in blank verse, to command a rank or a popular hearing, excuses us from saying anything as to that. Chapman's Elizabethan version, with all its fire and fancy, most readers will confess to be disappointing in its general effect, aside from its startling departures from the original. We copy (from Mr. Arnold) the two brief samples following; — first, the words of Achilles: —

> "I know myself it is my fate to fall
> Thus far from Phthia; yet that fate shall fail to vent her gall
> Till mine vent thousands. These words said, he fell to horrid deeds,
> Gave dreadful signal, and forthright made fly his one-hoofed steeds."

And, secondly, of Hector: —

> "In this fire must Hector's trial shine:
> Here must his country, father, friends, be in him made divine.
> And such a stormy day shall come, in mind and soul I know,
> When sacred Troy shall shed her towers for tears of overthrow."

The question raised by the new school of critics and translators is different from what any of these have tried to solve. To interpret the sense; to satisfy the musical ear; to reproduce the poetic effect, — these three conditions of a satisfactory version of a great poem are better understood, and are judged by a critical tribunal infinitely more severe than that which pronounced the verdicts of twenty years ago. The cultivation of the English ear and taste by the mere fact that the poems of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold have been written, of itself imposes one terrifying condition on the new translator; while the subtile and exquisite penetration into the spirit of remote ages, and the sanctuaries of ancient faith, to which the pioneering of the giants of modern learning has opened the way, puts a bar at the entrance to any who will not approach the task with something like a religious reverence, — at least, a genuine sympathy with the spirit of a primitive and poetic creed. Add to this the questions raised by the mere vocabulary of Homer, — its wealth of radicals, its multitude of bare, brief vocables, with its perfect ease and pliancy in the combining of them, its facile disregard of the formalities of orthography and syntax, its antique phrase and coloring answering to we are not agreed what precise period of our own English literature, — and we have a problem that was well worthy to vex the ingenuity of the most skilful, and gauge the scholarship of the most learned, and test the poetic creed of the most cultivated pupils in the school of modern song.

It is far from being our purpose to go over the ground of all the various essays of the last few years in this direction; still less to enter on the discussion of that question so old, and yet so tempting always, as to what precise department of modern literature answers nearest to the Homeric lay. The practical results of the discussion in the attempted versions, and the state of the question at the point to which it is brought by the men of cultivated leisure, to whom it is one of the earnest

things of life, lie before our minds as a pleasant literary fact, worth recognizing as one of the mental phases of the time, apart from the points of pure learning involved or the genuine poetic pleasure attained. Almost every reader has associations of his own, far or near, with the father of song, enough to make him glad of anything that brings him intelligently nearer to the right understanding of him, and through him of the Greek world of poetry and art. The attempts that have been made to illustrate the ballad character which some have found in the Homeric poems, the versions appearing in Blackwood and elsewhere of single passages and books, the incidental criticisms in which Ruskin sketches so vividly that island-world open to the poet's eye, — all these have been part of that task of preparation by which the ear of the English public was to be won, and the way made a little plainer for "our friend, the coming translator of Homer," in whose behalf the charming lectures of Mr. Arnold have been written.

The translation of Professor Newman holds a conspicuous position among those preliminary essays of which we have just spoken. It does not claim to be, in the strictest sense, so much as a poem at all, — certainly not the consummate work of art which a satisfying poetic version of the Iliad ought to be. It would be quite unjust to judge it by any such standard. It is an attempt made by a very able and accomplished scholar to convey to the unlearned English reader exactly what the songs of Homer convey to a diligent student of them, — to do it without the restraints of rhyme (which makes strict fidelity impossible), but in a rhythmical form, which permits us to follow the original generally verse by verse, while it forbids us to forget that what we read is poetry, and not prose; a form also which enables us to keep sufficiently near the style of Homer himself, — a style, according to Mr. Newman, "direct, popular, forcible, quaint, flowing, garrulous, abounding with formulas, redundant in particles and affirmatory interjections, as also in grammatical connectives of time, place, and argument." Such a rhythmical form Mr. Newman considers that he has found by a process of analysis and experiment of his own, in a slight modification of the familiar old ballad measure, (the "common metre" of

our hymn-books,) giving it a cadence approaching that of the hexameter. Finally, having reached this result by considerations purely critical, he is gratified to find that he has "exactly alighted on the metre which the modern Greeks adopt for the Homeric hexameter, ever since they have abandoned the musical principle of *quantity* (or time) as determining metre, and betaken themselves to *accent*." He will not, moreover, let us forget that the poem we are reading is in a language very remote and strange; in a dialect of that language which was already antique, if not "quaint and odd," to the Greeks of a later day, with whom we have (in comparison) an every-day acquaintance, — a dialect, in fact, which answers, as nearly as may be (he holds), to that of Chaucer or the earlier Border Minstrelsy. Accordingly, we have in his version not only a studied antiquity of phrase in general, but a glossary including such strange terms as "gramsome" (direful), "mote" (assembly), "skirl" (to cry shrilly), "bulkin" (calf), and "bragly" (proudly fine); which last two especially have provoked no little playful satire from Mr. Arnold.*

An author may justly claim judgment according to the object he has in view, and indulgence for such principles of composition as he has in good faith adopted. But he will not wish to shun fair criticism. And, after making due allowance for the reasons which Mr. Newman pleads, even granting his phrases to be, now and then, both helpful and suggestive,† we feel his principle to be a mistaken one, and the thing he attempts an impossibility. An antique dialect, like Homer's, cannot be reproduced, even approximately, in the precise effect it has on the mind of the reader to whom it has grown

* "One of his friends gravely tells me that Mr. Newman 'lived with the fellows of Balliol.' As if that made Mr. Newman's glossary less inexplicable to me! As if he could have got his glossary from the fellows of Balliol! As if I could believe that the members of that distinguished society .... were, in Mr. Newman's time, so far removed from the Attic purity of speech which we all of us admired, that, when one of them called a calf a *bulkin*, the rest 'easily understood him'; or when he wanted to say that a newspaper article was 'proudly fine,' it mattered little whether he said it was that or *bragly*." — *Last Words*, p. 5.

† Such, for instance, as "curling-eyed Achaians" and "clumsy-footed oxen," with his notes thereon. The sweet phrase ῥοδοδάκτυλος ἠώς suggests to Mr. Newman the picture of an Oriental lady, whose finger-tips are dyed with *henna*.

familiar through a special training, — least of all through a medium which has become uncouth and strange to us, and which is in no sense the mother tongue of him who uses it. A gentleman and scholar has something the air, in handling the dialect of old ballads, so simple, quaint, and tender, that he would have in handling the pastoral crook, and deporting himself as a shepherd. It is a difficulty which runs through all attempts, however skilful; it crops out in all imitations of foreign speech, — unless, indeed, the effect aimed at be dramatic, not lyrical or descriptive. The Scotch is a genuine poetic dialect, because to Burns it was his own mother tongue. So with some very tender and pleasing lyrics we have seen in some of the ruder English dialects; so with the specimens we sometimes see in the *patois* of rustic provinces of France or Germany. Each tongue, each local dialect, has a flavor of its own, like a strawberry or grape, and each its particular charm. And it is not a despicable taste which prefers the wild flavor of the wood-strawberry to that of the rarest seedling. But the imitation of these rustic tongues in an affected rusticity of ours* is a pitiful failure, after all. And, with all the painstaking wit and genius of satiric fun in "Hosea Biglow," his efforts are at best a doubtful and a tiresome success. The Yankee dialect in them is not redeemed from its vulgarity simply because it is not genuine; it is the masquerading of a gentleman, and not the unstudied speech of the "uncouth swain." But the "Biglow Papers" no more disprove the possible idealizing of this quaint step-mother tongue of ours, — though they would do it if anything could, — than some genteel imitation of the Ayrshire jargon a hundred years ago would have made impossible Burns's "Field Mouse" or his "Highland Mary."† The objection we feel to Mr. Newman's ancient English is not the antiquity, but the modernness of it. Some words have altered their sense, and some have lost their senses altogether. It is in vain to argue on archæological grounds against the effect on a modern reader of such phrases as "dapper-greaved Achaians," and "with mighty skirling

* Of which a clever specimen appeared a few months since in the "Atlantic."

† Mr. Longfellow has shunned both failure and success, by not attempting to translate "The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillé" (as he suggests) into Scottish.

rushed," or of the address of Zeus to the Queen of Heaven, beginning, "O elf-possessèd wight!"* Mr. Marsh has laid it down, as the test of our familiarity with a given idiom, that one should be sensible of the ludicrous effect of a blunder in using it. The imitations of old English we have seen which have to us least of this ludicrous effect, are one or two brief poems of Mr. Kingsley, — and this, probably, because our ignorance of the particular idiom they copy is most profound. This difficulty is one from which grammars and dictionaries will not save us.† And it is only enhanced by those undisguisedly modern phrases which cannot be avoided, and which show like a ground of glossy broadcloth on which strips of serge and brocade have been painfully stitched, — as when the Greeks "held their shields *orbicular*," or when, in comforting his spouse, "Great Hector ‡ of the motley helm then spake to her *responsive*."

It is with sincere respect to the faithful and painstaking scholarship evident throughout this version, that we have tried to separate between what it does accomplish and what it either attempts not at all or undertakes on mistaken prin-

* The word thus rendered (Δαιμόνιος) gives a curious example of Mr. Newman's practice. We count ten instances of its use in the Iliad, addressed as above to Herê, (I. 561 and IV. 31); next, by Agamemnon to heroes and to laggards (II. 190, 200); by Helen to Aphrodite (III. 399); by Hector to Paris (VI. 326 and 521), to chide and to cheer; by Hector and Andromache to each other (VI. 407, 486); and, lastly, by Iris to Hecuba (XXIV. 194), in which instance it is rendered "lady" by Mr. Newman. The word "elf" (of which creature Puck is the English type) is, to say the least, an unfortunate equivalent of Δαίμων, which in Homer includes the greater deities, as Aphrodite (Il. III. 420). The word would seem to be a term of courtesy, originating (as all such phrases do) in a feeling of religious veneration; but nearly as devoid of any such suggestion, even in Homer's time, as it was afterwards in Athens, or as *Monsieur* is in French.

† We once set a very intelligent Spaniard about rendering "Paul and Virginia" from Castilian into English. In one passage the pretty pastoral shows Paul straying in his grief in lonely places, while "the lambs and kids followed him bleating"; or, as our young friend had it, "the lambs and the little he-goats *went gaping after him*." All which was duly vouched by the lexicographer. The complacency of many a modern Latin verse-monger lies no doubt in the fact that his true critics are buried in the grave of the Cæsars.

‡ Among the descriptive personal epithets, why does not Mr. Newman make Hector "tall," as Homer does? In Il. XXIV. 477, the term is thus rightly rendered, as applied to Priam. We are particularly surprised that he should present us the names of the Homeric deities in their Latinized disguises.

ciples. But the question, after all, is one which must be decided by feeling rather than argument. And it would be unjust to the translator not to give him the opportunity of illustrating his own canons of translation. We copy, therefore, as a not unfavorable specimen, part of that scene so stamped on the memory of every reader of Homer, — the parting of Hector and Andromache.

"Thus saying, gallant Hector stretched his arms toward his infant.
But back into the bosom of the nurse with dapper girdle
The child recoiled with wailing, scared by his dear father's aspect,
In terror dazzled to behold the brass and crest of horse-hair,
Which from the helmet's topmost ridge terrific o'er him nodded.
Then did his tender father laugh, and laughed his queenly mother,
And gallant Hector instantly beneath his chin the helmet
Unfastened; so upon the ground he laid it all resplendent:
Then poised his little son aloft, and dandled him and kissed him,
And raised a prayer to Jupiter and other gods immortal:
"'O Jupiter and other gods, grant ye, that this my infant
Soon may become his father's like, among the Troians signal,
Mighty to reign in Ilium, and terrible in prowess.
And when from battle he returns, may some one say hereafter,
"Far greater than his sire is he"; and may he with him carry
The gory trophies of the foe, his mother's heart to gladden.'
"Thus saying, in the mother's arms he placed the tender infant;
And she her own dear child received within her fragrant bosom,
Laughing amid her tears: the which her husband saw and pitied;
And soothing her with hand and voice, he spake, her name pronouncing:
"'O elf-possessed! let not grief extravagant betoss thee.
No man, o'erpassing Fate's decree, shall hurry me to Pluto;
But Destiny, I well aver, no mortal wight hath 'scaped,
From the first day he saw the light, — nor noble heart, nor coward.
But thou, returning to thy house, to thine own work betake thee,
The loom and distaff, — diligent; and see that thy attendants
Their tasks appointed duly ply; but *men* must care for battles, —
All who in Ilium are born, and I, thy Hector, chiefly.'
"So gallant Hector spake, and took his horsetail-crested helmet.
But his dear partner, leaving him, unto her home departed,
With many a turn and lingering, and gaze by tears beclouded." *

We copy one more passage, — one of the most striking in the poem, — in which Achilles is made to hold converse with his horses.

* Iliad, VI. 466 - 496.

"Around the steeds Automedon and Alkimus were busy:
Already round their breasts was placed the harness, then the bridles
Through their compliant jaws they passed, and strung the reins behind them
Unto the well-glued chariot. Automedon, assuming
The shining hand-adapted scourge, above the horses mounted.
And, full-accoutred, Achileus came leaping up behind him,
All-radiant in panoply, like to the amber day-god.
Terrific then he shouted loud to his own father's horses:
"'*Chestnut* and *Spotted*, noble pair! far-famous breed of *Spry-foot!*'
In other guise now ponder ye your charioteer to rescue
Back to the troop of Danai, when we have done with battle;
Nor leave him dead upon the field, as late ye left Patroclus.'
"But him the dapple-footed steed under the yoke accosted,
And drooped his auburn head aside straightway, and through the yoke-strap
His full mane falling by the yoke unto the ground was streaming
(Him Juno, white-armed goddess, now with voice of man endowed):
"'Now and again we verily will save and more than save thee,
Dreadful Achilles! yet on thee the deadly day o'erhangeth.
Not ours the guilt; but mighty God and stubborn Fate are guilty.
Not by the slowness of our feet or dulness of our spirit
The Troians did thy armor strip from shoulders of Patroclus;
But the exalted god for whom bright-haired Latona travailed
Slew him amid the foremost ranks, and glory gave to Hector.
Now we, in scudding, pace would keep even with breeze of Zephyr,
Which speediest they say to be: but for thyself 't is fated
By hand of hero and of god in mighty strife to perish.'
"So much he said: thereon, his voice was by the Furies stopped.
To him Achilles, fleet of foot, responded, sore disdainful:
"'*Chestnut!* why bodest death to me? from thee this was not needed.
Myself right surely know, also, that 't is my doom to perish,
From mother and from father dear apart, in Troy; but never
Pause will I make from war until the Troïans be glutted.'
"He spake, and, yelling, held afront the single-hoofed horses." *

Spite of the cavils of Mr. Arnold and Mr. Marsh,† these are not quite unpardonable verses. We do not question that, with many readers, they will produce the precise effect which the translator designed; that is, they will give, in a somewhat elevated and rhythmic form, the interpretation, both of words and spirit, which the student gets by careful study of the original. What they do not give is, any approach to the mere poetic delight which we receive, when the song of Homer speaks in its proper tongue to the ear and imagination. Mr.

* Iliad, XIX. 392–424.

† See his Lectures on the English Language, p. 520.

Newman may fairly claim to have executed with perfect fidelity and much success a task preliminary, but highly needful, to such a version as the cultivated reader now demands. But he signally fails — or, rather, he occupies a place quite outside the lists — when the prize is that higher one, of a genuine poetic success. The fault, as we have shown, consists partly in adopting maxims which it was impossible to carry out consistently; partly in the very sincerity and downright earnest — so signal qualities of Mr. Newman's intellect — which give him his manful adhesion to his theories, and his strange insensibility to merely æsthetic effects.

These weak points cannot escape the keen censorship of Mr. Arnold, — perhaps, after Mr. Tennyson, the most accomplished poetical artist of the day. His "Lectures" are among the most captivating pieces of literary forensics, — keen, brilliant, playful, graceful, and easy in their handling of the material, and marked by a susceptibility of temperament which rates a sin against taste almost in the category of moral offences. Mr. Newman's version, as betraying the heresies most dangerous at this moment, comes in for the largest share of his good-humored banter and his polemic ardor. To come directly to the points of difference, Mr. Arnold holds that "Homer's characteristic qualities are rapidity of movement, plainness of words and style, simplicity and directness of ideas, and, above all, nobleness, the grand manner." Anything odd or far-fetched, anything of quaintness or conceit, any obtrusive literalism, any petty or ludicrous phrase, is to be avoided. Nay, even much learning may make one an incompetent translator. "Mr. Newman was mistaken when he talked of my rancor; he is perfectly right when he talks of my ignorance. And yet, perverse as it seems to say so, I sometimes find myself wishing, when dealing with these matters of poetical criticism, that my ignorance were even greater than it is. To handle these matters properly, there is needed a poise so perfect that the least overweight in any direction tends to destroy it. Temper destroys it, a crotchet destroys it, even erudition may destroy it." *

* Last Words, p. 10. "Well, the demon that pushes us all to our ruin is even now prompting me to follow Mr. Newman into a discussion about the digamma;

It must be owned, that Mr. Newman's version, at its best, has something the effect we have found in looking at a picture through a diminishing lens: it removes the haze which gave a certain dimness, but with it the softness and the charm. Mr. Arnold prefers the softness and the haze. He will not call Priam "ashen-speared," but "warlike," so as not to disturb "the balance of expression"; and the term "trailing-robed" he will not translate at all: "These epithets come quite natural in Homer's poetry; in English poetry they, in nine cases out of ten, come, when literally rendered, quite unnaturally." The tribunal to which he appeals consists of "those who both know Greek and can appreciate poetry"; the translator's "proper aim is to reproduce on the intelligent scholar, as nearly as he can, the general effect of Homer." As to antiquity of phrase, he urges that

"Homer's verses were some of the first words which a young Athenian heard. He heard them from his mother or his nurse, before he went to school; and at school, when he went there, he was constantly occupied with them..... His language was as familiar to Sophocles, we may be quite sure, as the language of the Bible is to us. For one great species of composition, epic poetry, it was still the current language; it was the language in which every one who made that sort of poetry composed..... He possessed it as every one who dabbles in poetry with us possesses what may be called the poetic vocabulary, as distinct from the vocabulary of common speech and of modern prose. ..... *The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng* is not antiquated for poetry; although we should not write in a letter, 'He spake to me,' or say, 'The British soldier is armèd with the Enfield rifle.' .... If Homer's language was familiar, — i. e. often heard, — then to this language words like *londis* or *libbard*, which are not familiar, offer, for the translator's purpose, no parallel. For some purpose of the philologer, they may offer a parallel to it; for the translator's purpose, they offer none." *

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and I know not what providence holds me back. And some day, I have no doubt, I shall lecture on the language of the Berbers, and give him his entire revenge." — Ibid., p. 9.

* Last Words, p. 21. The following stanza had been suggested by Mr. Newman as a parallel: —

"Dat mon quhich hauldeth kingis-af
Londis in féo, niver
(I tell 'e) feereth aught; sith hee
Doth hauld hys londis yver."

Without detailing the reasons, we copy the example (from Dr. Hawtrey) which Mr. Arnold adduces to justify his opinion in favor of hexameters, — containing, as he says, "the most successful attempt hitherto made at rendering Homer into English, the attempt in which Homer's general effect has been best retained." Helen says to Priam: —

"'Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-eyed sons of Achaia;
Known to me well are the faces of all; their names I remember;
Two, two only remain, whom I see not among the commanders,
Castor fleet in the car, Polydeukes brave with the cestus, —
Own dear brethren of mine, — one parent loved us as infants.
Are they not here in the host, from the shore of loved Lacedæmon?
Or, though they came with the rest, in ships bound through the waters,
Dare they not enter the fight, or stand in the Council of Heroes,
All for fear of the shame and the taunts my crime has awakened?'
"So said she; they long since in earth's soft arms were reposing,
There, in their own dear land, their fatherland, Lacedæmon." *

There are several nice questions connected with the use of the hexameter, which we will just mention, not discuss. The first, of course, is the question of *quantity* as distinct from *accent*, — the English "lack of true spondees." Not, of course, absolute lack. An average ear feels the difference in quantity between *lily* and *nightshade*, for example. And every ear is painfully sensible of the "plunging and floundering effect" of most English hexameters, clogged as they are with consonants.† This, and the tendency to a certain awkward sing-song, a quadrupedantic monotony, tiresome to the ear, and reading like "prose run mad," make the chief difficulties as to mere workmanship. It may be considered that this verse is passing its period of probation and naturalization. When used successfully, we think it must be granted that it humors more than any other the conversational idiom and natural cadence of the English tongue; while we care not to go be-

* Iliad, III. 234 – 244.

† We copy from Mr. Marsh, Spenser's confession on this point: "The accente," he says, "sometime gapeth, and as it were yawneth ill-favouredly, coming shorte of that it should, and sometime exceeding the measure of the Number, as in *Carpenter*, the middle sillable being vsed shorte in speache, when it shall be read long in verse, seemeth like a lame Gosling, that draweth one legge after hir: and *Heauen*, being vsed shorte as one sillable, when it is in verse, stretched out with a *Diastole*, is like a lame Dogge that holdes up one legge." — Lectures, First Series, p. 520.

hind Mr. Arnold's verdict in its favor, as our best representative of the Greek epic metre. Granting that it has its function to fulfil in English poetry, every experiment in its use is likely to be of service. Mr. Arnold would vary its cadence by throwing the accent forward, occasionally, from the first to the second syllable of the verse; Mr. Worsley, by making either the fourth or fifth foot always (if possible) a spondee; Mr. Spedding, by developing the element of *quantity* in English rhythm, — as genuine here, he thinks, as in Greek or Latin, — and so either abandon our hexameters altogether, or else make them by the good old rules of our Latin grammars and the *Gradus ad Parnassum*.*

As an example of Mr. Arnold's method, and as a parallel to the latter passage cited from Professor Newman's version, we give the following: —

"Then from beneath the yoke, the fleet horse Xanthus addressed him:
Sudden he bowed his head, and all his mane, as he bowed it,
Streamed to the ground by the yoke, escaping from under the collar;
And he was given a voice by the white-armed goddess Hera.
"'Truly yet this time will we save thee, mighty Achilles!
But thy day of death is at hand; nor shall *we* be the reason, —
No, but the will of Heaven, and Fate's invincible power.
For by no slow pace or want of swiftness of ours
Did the Trojans obtain to strip the arms from Patroclus;
But that prince among gods, the son of the lovely-haired Leto,
Slew him fighting in front of the fray, and glorified Hector.
But, for us, we vie in speed with the breath of the west-wind,
Which, men say, is the fleetest of winds; 't is thou who art fated
To lie low in death by the hand of a god and a mortal.'
Thus far he; and here his voice was stopped by the Furies.
Then, with a troubled heart, the swift Achilles addressed him:
"'Why dost thou prophesy so my death to me, Xanthus? It needs not.
I of myself know well, that here I am destined to perish,
Far from my father and mother dear: for all that, I will not
Stay this hand from fight till the Trojans are utterly routed.'
"So he spake, and drove with a cry his steeds into battle."

And the following, from Hector's mournful words addressed to Andromache before parting: —

* Which he illustrates in certain model verses, as follows: —
"Procession, complex melodies, pause, quantity, accent,
After Virgilian precedent and practice, in order," etc.
See Mr. Arnold's "Last Words."

" For that day will come, my soul is assured of its coming, —
It will come, when sacred Troy shall go to destruction, —
Troy, and warlike Priam too, and the people of Priam.
And yet not that grief, which then will be, of the Trojans,
Moves me so much — not Hecuba's grief, nor Priam my father's,
Nor my brethren's, many and brave, who then will be lying
In the bloody dust, beneath the feet of their foemen —
As thy grief, when, in tears, some brazen-coated Achaian
Shall transport thee away, and the day of thy freedom be ended.
Then, perhaps, thou shalt work at the loom of another, in Argos,
Or bear pails to the well of Messeïs or Hypereia,
Sorely against thy will, by strong Necessity's order.
And some man may say, as he looks and sees thy tears falling:
See the wife of Hector, that great pre-eminent captain
Of the horsemen of Troy, in the day they fought for their city.
So some man will say; and then thy grief will redouble
At thy want of a man like me, to save thee from bondage.
But let me be dead, and the earth be mounded above me,
Ere I hear thy cries, and thy captivity told of." *

We come, finally, to Mr. Worsley's beautiful translation of the entire Odyssey in Spenser's stanza, — the application of " that beautiful romantic measure to the most romantic poem of the ancient world." The sweet and flowing quality of this verse, the lingering beauty of its cadence, its subtile hiding and disguising of the formalities of rhyme that yet give it melody and charm, well vindicate Mr. Worsley's choice. Besides a most skilful handling of this stanza, he has a singularly facile and ample command of the poetic vocabulary of English, and a cultivated taste which keeps in strict restraint such archaic and rare words as his task demands. For the first time the Odyssey stands in English, a beautiful and perfect poem, — one which, except for the outline and substance of the story, might well have been wrought originally in this form. Witness the exquisite description of Calypso's grotto: —

" There dwelt the fair-haired nymph, and her he found
Within. Bright flames, that on the hearth did play,
Fragrance of burning cedar breathed around,
And fumes of incense wafted every way.
There her melodious voice, the livelong day,
Timing the golden shuttle, rose and fell;

* Iliad, VI. 446 - 465.

And round the cave a leafy wood there lay,
Where green trees waved o'er many a shady dell,
Alder, and poplar black, and cypress sweet of smell.

"Hither the long-winged birds retired to sleep, —
Falcon and owl, and sea-crow loud of tongue,
Who plies her business in the watery deep;
And round the hollow cave her tendrils flung
A healthy vine, with purpling clusters hung;
And fountains four, in even order set,
Near one another from the stone outsprung,
Streaming four ways their crystal-showery jet,
Through meads of parsley soft, and breathing violet." *

Except the phrases "livelong day," "shady dell," "purpling," and "showery," there is not an image or a thought in these lines which is not strictly contained in the Greek; and this we may call very nearly the perfection of poetical rendering. As another example, we take the stanzas which describe passing the Sirens: —

"Then did they bind me by the hands and feet
Upright against the mast with cordage strong,
And each again retiring to his seat,
Smote the calm sea with furrows white and long.
We, lightly drifting the blue waves among,
Soon in our course such interval attain
As that the ear might catch the Siren's song;
Nor did the swift ship, moving through the main,
Escape them, while they sang this sweet soul-piercing strain:

"*Hither Odysseus, great Achaian name,*
Turn thy swift keel, and listen to our lay;
Since never pilgrim near these regions came
In black ship on the azure fields astray,
But heard our sweet voice ere he sailed away,
And in his joy passed on with ampler mind.
We know what labors were in ancient day
Wrought in wide Troia, as the gods assigned;
We know from land to land the toils of all mankind." †

For the sake of comparison, as well as for a test of the accuracy of these beautiful lines, we subjoin Mr. Worsley's version of them in hexameter, which he considers it an axiom to say is abstractly the best metre.

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* Odyssey, V. 57 – 73.

† Odyssey, XII. 178 – 191.

"Me to the mast they bind upright with the coiling cordage,
Then on the benches sit, and the white sea lash with oar-blades.
When so near we came that a voice might be heard in calling,
Lightly the bark clave on, and they failed not to discern it,
But from the near coast came their sweet song pealing around me:
"'Come thou hither and rest, Odysseus, glory of Argos;
Stay thy bark awhile, give ear to the Siren-singers.
Never hath mortal man yet passed in a black ship from us,
Ere he a strain first hear from the sweet, shrill voice of the Sirens:
So he, rejoicing, goes in the light of a larger wisdom.
Yea, all things we know, which once by divine appointment
Argive men and people of Troy were fated to suffer.
We know all that is wrought in the wide earth, feeder of all things.'"

We are tempted to add one more parallel example of the two styles. It shall be the lines in which the much-suffering hero of the poem sums up his moral philosophy of life.

"Nothing weaker at all earth breeds than a human creature;
No, not of all those lives that on earth are breathing and moving.
Still doth he boast in his heart no evil to find hereafter,
While that the gods lend health, and brace his knees in the battle;
But when the blessed gods bind fast the burden upon him,
Then doth he bitterly bow to the yoke of a hard compulsion.
Such is the mind that dwells in the spirit of earth-born mortals,
As is the day which still the Father sendeth upon them.
I, too, once among men myself was held to be happy,
And much folly I wrought in the pride of glory and power,
Fierce in my father's might, and the arm of my noble brothers.
Therefore, never at all let man from his heart work evil,
But still calmly receive whatever the gods may give him." *

In the more formal stanza these lines read as follows: —

"Earth than a man no poorer feebler thing
Rears, of all creatures that here breathe and move;
Who, while the gods lend health and his knees string,
Boasts that no sorrow he is born to prove;
But when the gods assail him from above,
Then doth he bear it with a bitter mind,
Dies without help, or liveth against love.
Thus are the souls of earth-born men inclined
According to the state which by God's will they find.

"Once I myself was happy among men,
And, led astray by power, much folly wrought.
Since in my father and my brothers then
I trusted, and of sorrow knew not aught.

* Odyssey, XVIII. 130 - 142.

Wherefore, let no man, no, not even in thought,
Turn him to evil and do lawless things,
Lest he, through suffering, at the last be taught
Zeus from on high doth visit even kings:
Therefore receive in silence what the Father brings."

"It is a nobler success," says Mr. Worsley, "to represent the manner and the idea, than to copy the phrase." And he adds, "I can truly affirm that the Odyssey has been to me not so much a verbal enigma to be solved as a phase of human life to be realized." These last words contain in fact, to our thinking, the key to the whole matter; for it is not as a thing of curious literary antiquities that we have approached this subject, nor even as an interesting experiment to test and develop the capacities of the English tongue; but because the two great poems from which we have quoted are in a peculiar sense the fountain-head of European literature, the first consummate and grand expression of European intellectual life. Homer is something more to us all than a voice of far-away times and of unfamiliar speech, a bard whose lute is hushed, and whose lay has no more a meaning. His thoughts are household thoughts with us, — almost his very words are household words, — so incessantly is his regal presence felt, consciously or unconsciously, to the thought of every writer of the modern world. It seems to us no slight service, then, not only to the world of English letters, but to the nobler and higher life of us all, when anything is done that brings our mind into nearer and more intelligent communion with his, and helps us apprehend the feeling with which Mr. Arnold concludes his essay: —

"Homer's grandeur is not the mixed and turbid grandeur of the great poets of the North, of the authors of Othello and Faust: it is a perfect, a lovely grandeur. Certainly his poetry has all the energy and power of the poetry of our ruder climates; but it has, besides, the pure lines of an Ionian horizon, the liquid clearness of an Ionian sky."

ART. III. — STATE REFORM IN AUSTRIA.

1. *Austria.* By J. G. KOHL. London. 1843.
2. *Austria in* 1848 – 49. *Being a History of the late Political Movements in Vienna, Milan, Venice, and Prague.* By WM. H. STILES, late Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at the Court of Vienna. 2 vols. New York. 1852.
3. *Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria.* By DR. E. VEHSE. Translated from the German by FRANZ DEMMLER. 2 vols. London. 1856.
4. *Die Wahre Richtung der National Politik.* Wien. 1862.

AUSTRIA under constitutional and representative government! The words have a strange flavor in our mouths, as of a hot January, or a loyal South Carolina. It is not easy to understand them as implying anything more liberal in the way of a constitution, than those deceptive and ostentatious productions which absolute monarchs are accustomed to put forth in the stress of popular revolution, and to revoke at their earliest leisure. Who has forgotten these blazing words of Kossuth at Bunker Hill, in that short summer during which his marvellous eloquence swept over our prosperous and astonished land, sweet with all the poetry of the East, and yet strong and stirring as the blast of a Northern trumpet: "Young Nero in Vienna's old walls, thou mayst rage, and pour the embers of thy fury over my people's head! thou mayst raise thy scaffold, and people thy dungeons with thousands of new victims, and drain the life-sweat of my people, and whip it with the iron rod of thy unparalleled tyranny! I defy thee to break my people's high-minded spirit!. Foolish boy, — thou mayst torture my family, break the heart of my old mother, murder my sisters, and send forth the assassins against him who, with ill-fated, but honest generosity, once saved thy crown: thou mayst do all thou canst, thy days are numbered, thy power is falling, and my people will be free!"

The words could scarcely be said to exaggerate the atrocity of the tyranny which they denounced. Francis Joseph, the "young Nero," then only twenty-one years old, had, after the breaking out of the Revolution of 1848, and the abdication of

his uncle, Ferdinand, succeeded to the throne of the Hapsburgs. What an opportunity for a prince commencing his manhood and his reign at the same moment! For sixty years the empire had groaned under the remorseless tyranny of Francis II. and of Ferdinand, his son, in both of whom all the traditionary traits of the Hapsburghers were concentrated. With the assistance of Metternich, who was not only the Prime Minister, but the inspirer of both Francis and Ferdinand, and of Schwarzenberg, on whom the mantle of Metternich descended in the succeeding reign, these two sovereigns had finally succeeded in rendering the condition of the vast population of the empire quite unendurable; and when, at length, the example of all Europe seemed to invite them to throw off the intolerable burden, they rose in self-assertion, demanding, not self-government, but simply their old privileges under the empire.

This was the moment chosen for the abdication of Ferdinand, and for the elevation to such a throne of a boy of eighteen years. His uncle's example was fresh before him, — an example wholesome for warning; but it was not the only one he had to contemplate. Only one remove beyond the reign of Francis, his grandfather, was the reign of Joseph II., — short, indeed, but prosperous, quiet, rich in examples of civil and religious toleration, in a liberal and really paternal government, and in the loyalty and affection of the whole people. Had the young Emperor chosen to follow in the steps of Joseph, what an auspicious reign might then have opened before him! At first this seemed possible. The Constitution of the 4th of March, 1849, wrung though it was from the reluctance of the government, was yet a good beginning, and went far towards conciliating the great body of the subjects in Austria proper. By just concessions to Hungary he might as easily have pacified the leaders of that unhappy country, and substituted a willing allegiance for the sullen subjection to which, by the end of the same summer, they were reduced. But he chose to follow the example of Francis and of Ferdinand: Hungary, instead of being conciliated, was scourged with merciless severity. In less than three years the Constitution, which had never been operative for a single day, was

formally annulled by an imperial edict; and from that time forward Francis Joseph, fairly launched on the desperate voyage on which so many rulers have sailed forth to their destruction, pursued the repressive policy throughout his great realms with an unremitting perseverance and stolid determination worthy of the worst of his imperial ancestors. Trial by jury was abolished, the censorship of the press was re-established on a more rigorous footing than ever before, the Jesuits were encouraged with fresh privileges, and the behavior of the Austrians in the Italian provinces grew year by year more insolent and threatening.

In this absolute career the Emperor was suddenly arrested by the intervention of Napoleon III., and the short but vigorous war of 1859, at the close of which he found himself deprived, after less than three months of fighting, of eight thousand square miles of Italian territory, and two and a half millions of population. This remarkable intervention on the part of a ruler hardly less absolute in his pretensions than himself, could hardly fail to arouse even a Hapsburg prince to some wholesome reflection on the folly of pursuing longer a theory of government which the rest of the world had repudiated. Whether the remarkable step of the next year was the direct result of this warning from his brother Emperor, or of other and less direct influences, it is of course impossible to say; but it is certain that, since the Peace of Villafranca, the empire of Austria has seemed, for the first time in the present century, to feel the influence of the principles which have modified for many years the political course of the neighboring states, and that for now fully two years its people have enjoyed the opportunity of self-government in larger measure than any other of the great nations of Continental Europe.

Before reviewing the manner in which this singular and most important change has been accomplished, we wish to take a glance at the condition in which it found the population which it affected.

One of Dr. Johnson's wise commonplaces, that "it is a mortifying reflection for any man to consider what he *has* done compared with what he *might* have done," is as striking when applied to nations as when applied to men. Let us see how

Austria would come out of such a comparison. What she might have done, we can best judge from the means at her command. The empire, stretching over a territory of 250,000 square miles, and embracing a population of nearly forty millions, would seem to possess every element of material prosperity and wealth. It is blessed with a climate which knows nothing of the snows of Hamburg or Berlin, and which yet enjoys a happy exemption from the fierce heats of Italy. It is traversed for nearly a thousand miles by the Danube, which surpasses in size all European rivers except the Volga, and in beauty all but the Rhine, and which is navigable to the very heart of the country. It has mineral springs whose waters lure from Paris and London the enfeebled votaries of fashion and pleasure; it has mountains and lakes which enchant the astonished traveller by their grandeur and loveliness. In the extent and variety of economical resources, Austria need yield to no other country of Europe. Iron, salt, and coal are abundant; the soil is, in many portions of the Empire, extraordinarily fertile, agriculture is everywhere productive, and several branches of industry are pursued exclusively here. The quicksilver mines of Idria, in Lower Austria, are worked with surprising energy, and are the most productive in the world except those of Almaden; even gold, silver, and several of the precious stones are found occasionally in small quantities; and, in short, there seem to be very few of those natural products upon which the world depends for its subsistence and comfort, for which an Austrian need go out of his own country.

To improve and turn to account these splendid natural gifts, the intellectual aids have not been wanting. In the establishment of those institutions most calculated to advance a people in material civilization, the Austrian government has exercised a liberality and judgment not second even to the French. The three hundred and thirty-six miles of railway which connect the capital with the seaport constitute the finest line of railway in Europe, triumphing in some portions over obstacles which might well have seemed insurmountable, as in the passage of the Semmering Alps, where the road reaches an elevation of three thousand feet above the sea level, in gaining which

it passes through a continued series of tunnels and galleries, and over embankments and viaducts, and presents a course so tortuous, with an ascent so gradual and easy, as to excite the enthusiasm of engineers, and to extort admiration from the most careless traveller.

The system of public education has been rendered of late years wonderfully minute and complete, penetrating the rudest districts; compelling, under severe penalties, the attendance of every child at the schools, and assuring to a certain extent his education. A neglect of this wholesome regulation entails various civil disabilities on parents and children, and, without a certificate of the requisite amount of school attendance from both parties, the priests are forbidden to perform the marriage service. This system of general education for the masses is completed by the admirable institutions at Vienna and the other large cities of the empire, for the benefit of the higher classes; the gymnasia, or colleges, the military schools, the polytechnic schools, — probably the most excellent in the world, — not forgetting, as an aid to the latter, that very extensive and interesting museum of the useful arts known as the Technological Cabinet, which includes specimens of every tool, instrument, natural product, stuff, or manufactured article which has a place, however humble, in the civilization of to-day. We have only to remember the interest which attaches to every relic of the daily life of the old Romans, recovered from under the ashes of Pompeii, to see the prospective value which so complete a collection as this must possess. Then the hospitals and the various asylums, the libraries and the museums, the galleries, the cabinets, the baths, complete a list of public institutions which have their part in maintaining the intelligence of the people, and which, in the hands of an enlightened and constitutional government, could hardly fail of bringing the nation to a point of happiness and of solid prosperity which as yet, among the nations of Europe, England alone has realized.

For it is certain that, in point of natural endowments, no people is better calculated to enjoy and profit by such educational advantages than the people of Austria. The singularly mixed character of the empire, as at present constituted, ren-

ders it difficult to theorize upon possibilities, either in regard to people or country; but, casting out of account the Italian and Slavic portions of the population, we have left, without doubt, the finest division of the German territory, and the most active and intelligent branch of the German race. We do not recognize in this branch that heaviness of intellect in the lower orders, or that proneness to mysticism and impracticable philosophy in the higher, which has become proverbial as the chief peculiarity of the German mind, and which is mainly to be traced in the writings of Kant, Hegel, Boehme, Fichte, and Schelling,— all natives of other portions of Germany. In quickness of apprehension, in fondness for lively and vivacious amusements, in all the popular manners and customs in their taste for dress, we can discern a closer resemblance to the French than to the Prussians, Saxons, or Bavarians. The aspect of the streets of Vienna is much less German than French, even to the arrangement of goods in the shop-windows. And withal this lightness and quickness seems in the Austrians to be tinged with enough of the German stolidity of temperament to save them from the frivolity and heartlessness which mark the life of all classes in France.

Here, then, is the contrast, mortifying enough, no doubt, to all right-minded Austrians. This great empire, with every possible natural advantage of territory, climate, and people, developed as far as may be by the long-applied energies of many absolute governments, is yet the nation of all Europe, if we except Naples and Rome, and possibly Spain, which has groaned under the heaviest burdens, which has struggled most hopelessly against utter financial bankruptcy, and which has contributed the least aid and the greatest hinderance to the advancement and civilization of the Continent and the world.

Of course there is only one cause which could possibly have neutralized such natural and educational advantages as the Austrians possess; and that is the despotism of the government and the apathy of the people, producing and produced by each other. Under the old traditional *régime* of Austria, all power vested in the Emperor. His will was law, and out of his favor there was no prosperity. His interest was supposed to consist in the continuance of his absolute power; that of

the millions of his subjects lay of course in the establishment of their own liberty. So there was a constant and inevitable antagonism, an "irrepressible conflict," between Emperor and people, which could never be destroyed, and must as far as possible be restrained from manifesting itself. This could only be done by means of a large standing army; and accordingly we find that for many years past the military establishment of Austria has remained fixed at 800,000 men, of which force, in time of peace, about half has been withdrawn from active service.* These men are the bone and sinew of the population, and are from the hour of their enlistment rendered totally unproductive, and must be maintained in idleness by the increased labor and taxation of those who are left behind; the latter working, besides, under the discouraging consciousness that they are supporting, not the guardians of their liberty, but the instruments of their oppression.

What the army does for the body of the subject, the censorship of the press does for his mind, and the Roman Church for his soul. The newspaper press is kept under the closest surveillance, and is only suffered to exist at all as a medium for the proclamations and decrees of the Emperor. The fate of Hermann Jellinek, the editor of the "Radical" during the summer of 1848, who was summarily shot on the reoccupation of the capital by the imperial forces in October, was accepted as a sufficient warning to any who should attempt to revive the desire for self-government among the Austrians. A similar rigor is exercised in regard to the publication of all books, of whatever character. Every manuscript offered for publication must first receive the sanction of one or more of the twelve regularly appointed censors, who scrutinize with the utmost severity every page and line, and carefully eliminate as "dangerous" everything which may be construed into a liberal sentiment. The natural result of this system is an almost

* Since the Peace of Villafranca a larger proportion of the army has been held on a peace footing. The *Almanach de Gotha* for the present year gives the summary of the military force of the empire thus: —

Active,	248,600
Non-active,	587,695
Total,	836,295

total decline of the literature of the nation. The human mind, however intelligent or active by nature, can work to advantage only when it is free. In the close harness of an absolute master, who stands constantly over it to watch with jealous eye and threatening hand lest its studies lead to the exposure of some fatal weakness in his own system, or to the promulgation of some truth dangerous to his supremacy, its enthusiasm is deadened and its powers paralyzed. Accordingly we are not surprised when Mr. Stiles tells us that, at the Leipzig book-fair of 1839, which very fully represented the publications of the whole German Confederation, out of 3,127 publications, only 180 were Austrian. The number of books annually issued has very greatly increased within the last twenty years. The Leipzig Catalogue of 1858 includes for the whole of Germany about 8,000 publications, of which still rather less than one in ten were Austrian. Mr. Kohl, also, in some remarks on libraries, well illustrates the effect of the vigilant censorship, and of the laws which regulate the circulation as well as the issue of all printed matter.

"Throughout Austria, indeed, circulating libraries are in a very depressed condition. In Grätz, a place of nearly 50,000 inhabitants, there is but one, with about three thousand volumes, and those wretchedly arranged. A poor widow carries on the hazardous concern of lending out books. I asked her for something good and new to read before going to bed, and she handed me some of Claurens's novels! I asked her for something of Victor Hugo's, but his works were prohibited; of James's, but he also was prohibited; of Bulwer's, but he was only partially tolerated. There was no lack of indecent books, but those I did not want. 'For morals,' said the old lady, 'they care less than for opinions.' In all Vienna there are but two circulating libraries of any respectability, and four minor establishments something like that of Grätz. In Innspruck, the capital of the Tyrol, there was one a few years ago, but there is none now, the man who kept it having given it up, and no new one having been established, owing, as I was told, to the opposition of the Jesuits. In Munich there are no less than six excellent establishments of the kind, besides several smaller ones; and for the 80,000 inhabitants of Dresden there are no less than twenty, large and small included."

The censors are aided in their work by the vigilance of the secret police, by the rigor of the custom-house examinations,

and by the unscrupulous examination of all letters and papers which have the misfortune to fall under suspicion. The result is a closely knit web of political spider-work, perfected by centuries of experience and ingenuity, which is tolerably certain to catch and hold in its meshes the lightest word which may be written against its imperial owner.

As civil freedom and religious freedom commonly stand or fall together, we find the working of the system equally minute and severe in the operations of the Church with regard to the faith and the education of the people. The government of the Roman Church has probably a closer sympathy and affiliation with the Emperor of Austria than with any other sovereign in the world. Though the Protestants of the empire are set down in the *Almanach de Gotha* at about three millions, yet by far the larger proportion of this number are in Hungary and Transylvania, where the interference of the Austrian Emperors has generally limited itself to political matters.* In the central provinces, which recognize more fully the authority and legitimacy of the Emperor's title, the Protestants are in a very small minority. The same authority which we have just quoted gives the number in Upper and Lower Austria as less than 25,000; in Styria, about 5,000; in Carinthia, about 16,000; in the Tyrol, 115; and in Carniola, 100. In most cases, these small numbers are scattered over wide districts of country, among a very large and preponderant population of Catholics.

There is one small district, however, secluded by position from the great centres of the empire, and with a population of most simple and primitive habits, in which the Protestants have for many years constituted the bulk of the community. We refer to the region known in Austria as the *Salzkammergut*, lying north of the region of the Tyrol proper, and extending from the Bavarian frontier on the west half-way to the Danube on the east. It is the salt district of the empire, and as such is productive to the amount of more than fifty mil-

* The exact figures given in the *Almanach* are as follows. Total number of Protestants in the empire, 3,182,616, of which in Hungary there were 2,349,298, and in Transylvania, 461,837; leaving for the remainder of the empire, including the great provinces of Bohemia and Moravia, only 371,481.

lions of florins per annum. Lying entirely off the great lines of foreign travel, it has, until within three years, been traversed by no railroad, and so has preserved hitherto a picturesqueness of costume, manners, and architecture which alike delights and surprises the occasional traveller, whose eye has become fatigued by the growing uniformity in those matters. The region is in every respect one of the most interesting in Europe. Its scenery combines the opposite qualities of loveliness and grandeur perhaps in a greater degree than any other portion of the Continent. Its mountains are only less than Alpine; its rivers rush through their narrow valleys with many a rapid and waterfall; its castles, gray with age and ruined by war, sit aloft on their solitary crags invested with all the romance of the age which saw them built; while the valleys themselves bloom all summer with the sweetest flowers in a profusion never seen in Switzerland, and the lonely lakes sleep quietly under the glaciers of the overhanging peaks, with a peacefulness of beauty which knows no disturbance from the quiet life of the little villages that sit so humbly along the narrow intervals between the mountains and the water. Of these villages, none so humble but it has its little Protestant church, simple and unadorned as those of a New-England parish, but saved, whether by the instinct of the people or the good genius of the place, from the desperate ugliness of the latter. Sometimes, as at Hallstadt, (one of the smallest of these villages, which the great hills have crowded almost into its beautiful lake, and to which the principal and almost the only approach is across the lake,) it stands conspicuously forward, projecting over the water on a rude terrace, for want of elbow-room on shore, and with the words "Evangelische Kirche" painted in white and large letters on the brown and weather-stained end towards the lake, — a kind of simple proclamation to all that may come that way, that, whatsoever may be the dominant theology elsewhere in the great empire of which they form a part, they have kept this little corner of it sacred to a simple Protestant faith, as unobtrusive as it is sincere. This little church was built as long ago as the fourteenth century, and probably the population of the little village has not sensibly increased since then; but the changes

which have come over the position and relative authority of that humble temple are great indeed. It is, perhaps, of this village that Mr. Kohl speaks, when he says: "Joseph II.'s edict of toleration in 1781 made many Protestants throw off the mask of Catholicism, so much so that a Catholic priest near the Hallstadt lake found a very numerous congregation reduced to two or three families."

The Catholic authorities admit that rather more than a third of the population of the Salzkammergut is Protestant; but there is really no doubt that the preponderance of feeling is largely in favor of the Reformed faith; and it is, perhaps, no more than natural for an American traveller to attribute to this fact the absence among this most interesting people of the more painful characteristics of the French, Italian, and generally of the Austrian peasantry. Secluded among the hills of a remote province, essentially undisturbed by Catholic influence, and free from the disheartening persecutions which so often accompany it, and unchanged meanwhile by the corrupting stream of foreign travel which has sharpened the avarice and lessened the honesty of the Swiss peasants, their native graces of manner are also preserved. The infrequent traveller is greeted by old and young with a cordial respect and winning courtesy; there is no extortion at the inns or on the road; though there is no wealth, there is also no poverty, and not a single beggar.

The position which this quiet and simple community holds relatively to the Austrian government and the mass of the Austrian people reminds one forcibly enough of that which the Vaudois held in the middle of the sixteenth century towards Francis I. and the French Catholics. Hidden among their mountains, unobtrusive and stationary in their habits, not given to propagandism or to any disturbance of the peace of the empire, they have sought, like their old prototypes, simply the liberty to follow their own quiet way of life without molestation. Nevertheless, their influence, gentle as it is, is in the jealous eyes of the Roman Church revolutionary; and it is interesting to note the different ways in which the Church of the sixteenth and that of the nineteenth century have sought to counteract and destroy it. The early method was of the

sternest, — fire and the sword, — extermination of the heretics, and a repopulation of the desecrated soil. In three hundred years the world has moved far enough to make that method impossible, even in Austria. But the obstinate disease must be eradicated, — if not in one way, then in another. The spread of Protestantism may be scarcely less dangerous to Emperor than to Pope; and if the squeamishness of these latter days makes it dangerous for the two coadjutors to employ the more energetic *moxa*, a milder and slower, but equally persistent, internal remedy must be discovered. The few quiet years which followed the disturbances of 1848-49 afforded ample leisure for reflection and consultation, of which the final and worthy result was the Concordat of 1855, an instrument which attracted very little attention in this country, — perhaps because that portion of our people to whom its features would naturally be most odious were at the moment busy enough in resisting the yet more odious schemes of their own government, — but which excited much indignant comment in England, and wherever else in Europe there was sufficient freedom of speech to make its discussion possible. Its twenty-six articles were signed at Rome on the 26th of September. The spirit of the treaty will be sufficiently clear from the following extracts.

"ART. 4. The bishops alone have the right to appoint their vicars and councillors, to ordain, or refuse to ordain, those priests whom they may consider unworthy, to found or divide livings or rectories, to order public prayers, to publish pastoral letters and spiritual rescripts, *and to prohibit dangerous books.*

"ART. 5. The bishops are to watch over the religious instruction given to the youth of the country, *in all public and private schools.* All Catholic schools are to be under the direction of a clerical inspector.

"ART. 6. The bishops are to appoint the catechists, and no one will be allowed to teach theology or canonical law without their permission."

"ART. 8. The bishops have the full right to punish the clergy who may offend against the discipline of the Church. . . . . The civil courts will only have to take cognizance of civil matters, and of crimes committed by the clergy; but even then the bishops must previously receive notice of what is to be done."

"ART. 11. The Emperor is bound not to tolerate oral or written

defamation of the Catholic religion, of the holy liturgy, of the bishops, or of priests."

"ART. 25. All other matters which are not mentioned in this contract will be arranged according to the doctrines of the Church, and the existing arrangements which may be approved by the papal chair."

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times, writing close upon the announcement in that city of the substance and tendency of the instrument, uses these words: "Consternation is the feeling produced by the Concordat, and it is so excessive that every one seems afraid to open his lips on the subject." They might well be afraid, for the construction which was to be put on all the carefully worded articles of that most extraordinary compact by those who were to execute its provisions was severe enough to cover all contingencies, and reach even to the least expression of dissatisfaction. The fifth article struck well at the root of the matter; for among the sterile wastes of Austrian despotism the only fragrance had ascended from the school system, which, though entirely governmental, and therefore arbitrary to the last degree, was so universal throughout the empire, and so judicious in its general plan, that it might have redeemed many grievances in a realm with so few popular blessings. But to force a Protestant father, under heavy penalties, to send his child to school, and then to subject the child to the training of Roman Catholic bishops and priests under the regulations of such an instrument as the Concordat, — this was indeed an aggravation of torture that might have been spared, even by an Austrian ruler. Ten years hence, we should scarcely hope to find, in a month's ramble through those beautiful valleys of the Northern Tyrol, the same cheerful, hearty, cleanly, toilsome peasant life which charmed us so much during those summer months when the Concordat was preparing for its work. The Emperor, even in his new mood of liberalism, shows no intention of relaxing the religious burdens of which the Pope shares with him the responsibility; and, unless the reform of his administration becomes much more sincere and complete than there seems at present any reason to expect, we may look to see the condition of the Styrian peasantry degenerate, slowly but surely, into that of the wretched population of the Roman and Neapolitan

states, — a population deformed by disease, defiled by all manner of uncleanness, wretched to beggary, — the children superb with a more than royal beauty, the middle-aged subsisting by extortion and theft, the old starving from neglect, or prolonging a miserable existence from the alms of travellers and strangers.

In the long indictment of Austria, one of the principal items must always relate to the execrable tyranny she has practised towards the people of Italy, of the northern half of which Austria has, since the peace of Europe in 1815, never ceased to be the curse. France also has had its share in the bad work; but even in those cases of popular insurrection in which the French arm has been interposed, it has always been felt that Austria was principal, France an accessory only, and that, if the Austrian power could once be paralyzed, the cessation of French interference would follow as a matter of course. In 1822, in 1830, in 1844, it was against Austria that the armed hand of insurrection was raised in those fair provinces of Northern Italy. In 1848, it was against Austria that the combination of Italian states was formed which received at one time the proclaimed support of the Pope, and of the kings of Naples and Sardinia; it was Austrian influence which won from their feeble patriotism those sovereigns, after their nominal stand against the foreign power; and it was in aid of Austria that the new republic, with "Liberty and Fraternity" warm on its perjured lips, sent its brutal soldiery to the gates of Rome. How strange that the next attempt, ten years later, should reverse the bitter experience, and should gain all its success from the effectual help of an Emperor who, as President, had lent the strength of his nation to the cause of the tyrant! But even in this later instance, the careful Emperor, with the cold policy which characterizes all tyrants, alarmed at the rapidity and completeness of his own successes, willing to diminish the power of an hereditary rival, but by no means prepared to raise up another in his place, hastened, in the midst of the most brilliant campaign of modern times, to meet his enemy with an offer of peace, and to arrange the treaty of Villafranca, by which Austria retained a full half of her Italian possessions. So, although the haughty jangling of Austrian

swords along the pavement no longer vexes the sweet air of Florence, — though the stately streets of Milan are at last relieved from the insolence and turbulence of a foreign soldiery, — yet in Venice and in Padua the Austrians still linger; around the historic hills of Verona the Austrian ramparts are multiplying and strengthening year by year, "white and pale, walled towers of cruel strength"; and the government of Vienna was never more prepared than now to repress a rising in the provinces which it still retains, or to strike a heavy blow for the recovery of those which it has lost.

What must have been the emotions of any Venetian who may still look back with pride on the brilliant history of the great republic which held so high a place through so many ages, when, after the bright hopes of the summer of 1859, the autumn brought that astounding and disastrous peace, and added still another to the disappointments in which the present century has been so fruitful! Look for a moment at that melancholy history. All the possessions of the Venetian republic acquired by Austria in 1797 passed from her hands, after the battle of Austerlitz, into those of Napoleon. For a few years the regions of Northern Italy enjoyed the blessings of unaccustomed tranquillity and peace. But Napoleon fell, and with his fall came the partition of the vast possessions acquired by his unparalleled conquests. In 1815, therefore, Venice and Lombardy went back into the list of Austrian dependencies. The Emperor Francis guaranteed to them a "constitutional" government, with viceroys at the head, and many provisions for the satisfaction of the people, and the liberal administration of affairs. But, as might have been expected, it soon became apparent that these easy promises were of the lips only; and the disappointed Italians saw with dismay, first, the rapid filling up of all the offices of the various departments of church and state, of the army and navy, with Austrian officials; next, the steady and rapid increase of taxation; then, the increased scrutiny of the censors of the press, the yet more minute espionage of the police agents, open and secret, the increased severity of punishments for political offences, and the multiplication of troops in the towns and villages, until finally

the people awoke to find themselves bound hand and foot once more in the firm bands of a military despotism.

That the Emperor of Austria was not acting alone in this policy, which developed itself slowly from the restoration of the Italian provinces to the crown, is made clear by the long and anxious conferences with the other great powers which occurred at tolerably regular intervals during all these years. But to what purpose this succession of congresses, at Aix-la-Chapelle, at Carlsbad, at Vienna, at Laybach, at Verona? The repressive measures agreed upon with such complacent unanimity at all these assemblings, growing more violent as the need became more urgent, did but create their own antagonists in the secret societies which sprung up in the dark all over the Continent, baffling the scrutiny of police agents, and sending vague terror to the hearts of the uneasy sovereigns. Ah! why did they not accept the certain assurance of ultimate failure, and try for once the policy of wisdom and kindness? Why not see that all the armies in Europe could not forever keep down the souls of their patient people, that the age must advance, and the spread of popular intelligence grow wider and wider, and that, resolve as they might, and resist with all their bayonets and shells, the days should assuredly come when their power should wither, and their thrones, tottering so long, fall at last, never to be raised again?

Their policy led to its inevitable result, in the revolutions of 1848. In Italy they were not sudden, they were not violent. Remonstrances and petitions had been multiplying for many months. All omens indicated one issue, and only one. But the Austrian government, with the infatuation which seizes upon tyrants at the hour when their judgment is most needed, shut its eyes to all omens and its ears to all remonstrance, disregarded alike all petitions and all threats, and at last succumbed to the storm which it had done everything to raise and nothing to avert. The Republic was proclaimed, and for one short period of sixteen months Venice was free again. What thoughts must then have thrilled the hearts of all true patriots in that faded city! How to their awakened fancy must the shadows of the lofty heroes of ancient and

cherished fame have hovered over those scenes of tumultuous but evanescent freedom, vainly looking to see the old Venetian spirit of valor and honor fight even unto victory, and conquer for their descendants the liberty which while on earth they had established and defended! How, as the steadfast sun looked down on those ebbing and flowing streets, and on the crumbling ruins of that exquisite architecture so soon to fade away forever from our sight, must those airy palaces, and those lofty domes, glowing with the softened colors of centuries gone by, have freshened and shone in his morning beams, as if to a new resurrection of the ancient glory! It was not to be. Venice alone could not stand against the forces of absolutism. Italy was not yet ripe for liberty. Fast on the fearful bombardment of Venice, in the summer of 1849, came the malignant treachery of Ferdinand, and the inefficiency of Charles Albert; the cowardly desertion of the Pope had already done its work in causing the failure of the Liberals in Central Italy; and the double treachery of republican France gave the death-blow to all hope. The unhappy Venetians, deserted and betrayed by those who should have been their truest defenders, yielded to the combined forces of Austria without and of starvation within, and the fair city itself, with all her dependencies, sunk back again, exhausted and discouraged, into the condition of a conquered province.

We have tried thus far to show the main features which have characterized the government of the empire of Austria under the Hapsburgs, and which continued to characterize it down to the autumn of 1860. It was in the face of such a record that the Emperor Francis Joseph, after twelve years of unswerving adherence to the traditional policy of his ancestors, announced at length, to the astonishment of the world, his determination to abandon that policy, and to adopt a form and a spirit of government more in accordance with the age in which he has lived and reigned. Under the old *régime*, the Council of the Empire had been simply a sort of imperial cabinet, for the special convenience of the Emperor. Its numbers were small, its duties mainly clerical and supervisory, its power was absolutely nothing. The first intimation of any intention on the part of the Emperor to depart in any degree

from the old paths of administration, was conveyed in a patent of March 5th, 1860, by which its numbers were enlarged and some wider limits prescribed for its operations, which still remained, however, exclusively advisory, and not legislative. During the summer the Emperor met Alexander of Russia at Warsaw, and held a long and what was supposed to be an important conference with him. The occasion of this meeting and its result remained of course unknown; but as Alexander was then arranging in entire good faith the details of the grand project of emancipation which he had recently announced, it was hoped by all, and believed by many, that the meeting might produce the effect of mitigating in some degree the severity of the Austrian rule in Italy, which was just then creating even more than the usual discontent and anxiety. On the 20th of October the Charter or *Diploma* was issued, by which the Enlarged Council of Empire (*Verstärkte Reichsrath*) was established on a definite and permanent footing, with new and important functions,— such functions, indeed, as had not been even nominally exercised before in that country since the days of Maximilian. The main provisions of this Charter, as announced by the Emperor, were substantially these: —

"1. The right to issue, alter, and abolish laws will only be exercised by ourselves and our successors, with the co-operation of the lawfully assembled Diets and of the Reichsrath, to which body the Diets will send the number of members fixed by us.

"2. The things to be settled with the co-operation of the Reichsrath are, all legislative matters which relate to the rights, duties, and interests of our several countries and kingdoms, such as the laws connected with coinage, currency, public credit, customs, and commercial matters generally. Further, the fundamental principles of a system for the establishment of banks of issue, and all legislation in regard to post-offices, railroads, and telegraph lines. The manner of managing the conscription for the army will henceforth be discussed with the Reichsrath, and the necessary arrangements made, with its co-operation, for settling the matter in a constitutional way. The Reichsrath will co-operate in the introduction of new taxes and imposts, and in the making of new loans. The examination into, and the settlement of the amount of the Budget for the coming year, must take place with the co-operation of the Reichsrath, as must the examination into the state accounts and the results of the financial administration of each year.

"3. All matters of legislation which are not mentioned in preceding paragraphs will be managed by the several Diets, by the kingdoms and counties belonging to the Hungarian crown, in the sense of their former constitutions, and in the other kingdoms and countries in the sense of, and in accordance with, their constitutional provincial statutes."

It was, to say the least, a circumstance unfortunate for the Emperor, and unfavorable for the popular belief in his sincerity, that the moment which he had chosen for the announcement of this remarkable change in his administration was one of extreme uneasiness and apprehension in regard to the intentions of the Emperor towards the great provinces of the East and South, and more especially concerning the policy he meant to pursue towards the kingdom of Sardinia. The prevailing impression through the summer had been that Francis Joseph did not mean to be bound by the treaty of Zurich any longer than necessity compelled, and that he was even then meditating the resumption of his old quarrel with Victor Emmanuel. He was believed to have sent Baron Hübner to Paris to ascertain, as far as might be possible, what the course of Napoleon would be in such an event. It was known that on both sides of the Mincio the troops of Austria and of Sardinia had been gradually increasing in numbers, and that nearly 150,000 of the former had been already concentrated in Venetia. This was a state of things in which war might at any moment be precipitated by a trifling indiscretion on either side. The French journals were hinting, in their semi-official way, that the course of Austria in Italy was in violation of the stipulations with France, — an intimation which suggested the possibility of a second interference from that dangerous quarter. A feeling of great insecurity prevailed also in regard to the condition of Hungary, where for some months past the Kossuth party had been growing stronger, and the discontent more and more general. The movements of Garibaldi, as far as they could be understood at all, seemed to indicate a speedy descent upon the coast of Venetia, and speculation was common as to the probable course which Hungary would follow in case of such a demonstration.

This insecurity and apprehension rather increased than diminished through the winter, which was fruitful in prophe-

cies, in forebodings, in rumors of conciliation. It was said that the powers and functions of the Reichsrath would be increased beyond what was promised in the Diploma. It was even said that a modification of the Concordat was probable, — of that instrument, more foolish if possible than wicked, of which the only effect so far had been to alienate from the Emperor the affections and loyalty of what had always been one of the most faithful portions of his people. This hope was destroyed by the resolution of the Emperor to retain Count Rechberg in office as Minister for Foreign Affairs. Rechberg was known to be a violent Ultramontanist, and his continuance in office was supposed to express, among other things, the refusal of the Emperor to change either his former attitude towards the Protestants or his traditional foreign policy. So far, then, the change of programme on the part of the government had not been accompanied by a corresponding change in the domestic or foreign intentions of the Emperor, and the natural result was, that the tone of popular feeling either remained unaffected by it, or was rendered yet more sceptical and hostile.

At the capital especially, where most of the intelligence and education of the empire naturally centred, the doubt and incredulity as to the Emperor's intentions, the apprehension of foreign war and of domestic revolt, the chronic financial difficulties, aggravated now by the complications of state policy imperfectly known, made this a memorable and exciting winter. On the 26th of February the Constitution under which the Reichsrath was to act was promulgated, and if the people could only have felt any confidence in the sincerity of the Emperor, this Constitution was certainly liberal enough to satisfy all reasonable desires.

The Reichsrath was to consist of two chambers, a *Herrenhaus*, or House of Lords, composed, besides the hereditary nobles, of the higher dignitaries of the Church, and a certain number of members appointed for life by the Emperor, and a House of Deputies, of three hundred and forty-three members, each representing a fixed amount of population, and elected by the several provincial Diets. The Constitution of the lower house, therefore, resembles that of our national Senate. If by

any reason the Diets should fail to elect deputies, the Emperor reserved the right to cause elections to be held by districts, towns, and corporations. The Council was to be convoked annually. Its sittings were to be public, except in cases which demanded private discussion, in which event the sittings were to be made secret by a vote of the members. It was to have the right to originate bills. A bill, to become a law, must first pass both houses and be approved by the Emperor. The Ministers were to be permitted to take part in the debates. The members were not to receive instructions from their constituents. The House of Deputies might at any time be dissolved by the Emperor, in which case a new election was to be held according to the forms prescribed.

It might have been expected, perhaps, that so liberal a Constitution as this would have dissipated the doubts and won to some extent the confidence of the disaffected population. But this was by no means the case. The distrust was still nearly or quite as great as ever. The Constitution was thought by many of the most intelligent of the patriots in Vienna and the provinces to be the first step towards a complete centralization of the Empire, and a destruction of the old and venerable nationalities of which it was made up, and which were so justly and affectionately recognized by the respective peoples. It was in this view that the measure was regarded by the statesmen of Hungary, of Transylvania, of Croatia, and of Bohemia. Hungary, especially, was resolved never to recognize the right of Austria, under whatever government, to impose taxes on her people. Under her old Constitution she was bound, and willingly bound, to pay thirty millions of florins per annum. Beyond that she was determined not to go, except by vote of her own Diet. Venetia, of course, was indifferent to all concessions. No union with Austria was her motto, and the unanimous sentiment of her people. Moreover, to the population of the old central empire it was natural enough, as they had never in their lives known their government to make a single concession which was not forced from it by revolution, that they should doubt this sudden conversion, and assign reasons for it which detracted essentially from its value. The Emperor is still absolute, they said. He gives us this

Council of the Empire as an imperial grace, — he can take it back again at a moment's warning. That moment will come whenever the Council ventures to oppose his will. If we accept this new Constitution, we must abandon those to which we have clung for so many years, and for which we have risen in more than one bloody and fruitless revolution. Let us wait, then, without committing ourselves to approval, and see whether this amiable temper is likely to last.

Thus, quietly, yet not without a deeper interest than the people had been used to feel in political matters, the time for the first convocation of the Reichsrath drew near. The various provincial Diets had first to be chosen. This became a matter of greater concern than usual, in view of their new functions as electors of the members of the Central Council. The results of the Diet elections were somewhat remarkable, the complexion of those bodies being more liberal than ever before. Count Rechberg failed of his election, much to the disappointment of the government. No Catholic priest was in any instance elected by the people, though the landed proprietors, as usual, returned several.

On the 9th of April the Emperor published a decree granting civil and religious equality to the Protestants throughout the Slavo-German provinces, complete independence in religious and educational matters, a Presbyterian form of church government, and the right to build churches with steeples and bells. This concession had been offered two years before to the Protestants of Hungary and Venetia; but their sense of its value was indicated by the prompt rejection of the grace by all the Hungarian congregations. In the present instance, the Austrian provincial Diet, which had just assembled, passed a unanimous vote of thanks to the Emperor and his ministry; and a deputation of Lutherans and Calvinists from the several provinces waited upon the Emperor with an address of thanks for this proof of his favor.

On the 1st of May the Reichsrath assembled in Vienna, and, after a solemn religious ceremonial in the Cathedral, commenced its sittings. The Emperor made the opening speech, of which the sentiments were all unexceptionable, and the promises all amiable, if somewhat vague. He expressed his

conviction that free institutions, with conscientious protection of the equal rights of all the various nationalities, and of all their citizens, would lead to a safe reorganization of the whole empire. He promised the development of a liberal policy in all parts of his dominions, with special respect for the historical traditions of the provinces and kingdoms. "I desire," he said, "to learn positively from the mouths of the representatives of the people what they consider best for the welfare of the country. Let us show the world that political and religious differences do not form an insurmountable barrier to national unity," — and much more to the same purpose. His conclusion was as follows: —

"I acknowledge the duty which as sovereign I have assumed before the world, to protect with all my power the Constitution of the whole empire, according to the Diplomas of October and February, as the inviolable foundation of the unity and indivisibility of the whole monarchy; and it is my firm intention to repel any violation thereof as an attack on the existence of the monarchy and the rights of all the provinces and nationalities. As we shall not fail to work together with all our strength, may God give his blessing on our beginning and end, and may he take the crown, the empire, my peoples, and their representatives under his almighty protection."

All of which was very admirable and proper, but lost something of its interest from the fact that, out of the three hundred and forty-three prescribed members of the lower house, only one hundred and twenty were present. Hungary, Transylvania, and Venetia, which together were assigned nearly one half the whole number of members, had not sent a delegate. This was a state of affairs not only annoying, but perilous; as the question soon arose, and was likely to arise repeatedly, as to the justice or legality of a third of the members of the Reichsrath (representing little more of the empire than the provinces of Upper and Lower Austria, with six or eight millions of population) passing laws for the government and taxation of the whole realm. They made their laws, and the Emperor completed them by a decree declaring them legal; but it was assuredly not a course likely to reconcile the disaffected provinces.

Meanwhile Hungary, from whose persistency all the trou-

bles of the Emperor arose, stood for her rights as an independent kingdom under the Constitution of 1848. She declared herself loyal to Francis Joseph, not as Emperor of Austria, but as King of Hungary by legitimate and acknowledged descent. All the representations of the Cabinet of Vienna were powerless to induce her to forego the technical claim, and send her delegates to the Reichsrath. The resolute adherence to her first determination is the more remarkable, when we remember that her delegation numbered eighty-five members, — a force which, independent of the moral effect of her acquiescence, would have exerted a great influence in the Council. But the temptation, strong as it seemed, was no temptation to Hungary. The debates in her Diet during the summer were violent and long. They finally ended in the autumn by the proposal of a definite series of concessions to be made by the Emperor. This proposal, which was matured by M. Deak, one of the most prominent and able of the Hungarian statesmen, and which was declared by the Diet to be its ultimatum, contemplated first the reaffirmation of the old Hungarian Constitution, the formal abdication of Ferdinand as King of Hungary, and the coronation of Franz Josef at Pesth. The address of M. Deak, embodying this proposal, was unanimously agreed to by the Diet, amid great enthusiasm. The Emperor was utterly unmoved by it, and refused to offer even a compromise. The excitement grew more intense throughout Hungary, still without any thought of a retreat from their position. The disaffection was completed by the dispersion of the Diet under threat of military force, the appointment of an Imperial Lieutenant, the forcible collection of taxes, and the quartering of soldiery on the people. The feeling was by this time so aggravated, that it became impossible for the government to find candidates for the public offices of the province among the Hungarians, and to employ any others was an acknowledgment of disaffection which the Cabinet with singular optimism refused to make. The offices therefore remained unfilled. During the earlier portion of the winter, great fear of open war existed. This fear was gradually allayed by measures which were proposed by the government for a reduction of the active force of the

army. It was probably never a reasonable fear, the resistance of the Hungarians having been from the first a passive resistance, and perhaps on that account all the more difficult to overcome. A remarkable unanimity prevailed among the Hungarians on the matter, to which the only notable exception of which we have heard is the pamphlet whose title we have quoted at the head of this article, *Die Wahre Richtung der National Politik*, and which, published in the Magyar language and afterwards in German, was said to have been written by one of the old Hungarian leaders. It takes ground in favor of a compromise, and urges the people of Hungary to sacrifice all objections which are merely formal, and to meet the Austrian government in a conciliatory spirit. The author defends the Constitution from the charge of insincerity, saying, —

"It was clear that, instead of being a concession wrung from the monarch by circumstances, it was simply the result of a twelve years' reign; and a proof of a resolve to break with absolutism, and call forth constitutional institutions throughout the monarchy."

The appeal was a solitary one, and was quite unavailing. The Hungarians remained inflexible to the close of the session, and the troublesome question will again arise to vex the spirit and embarrass the legislation of the next session of the Reichsrath.

Meanwhile, that portion of the present Reichsrath which came together at the call of the Emperor, and of which the lower house never numbered more than one hundred and fifty out of the three hundred and forty-three members of which it was to consist, was naturally embarrassed and hindered in all its efforts. As the session wore on, however the awkwardness incident to a first appearance as lawgivers gradually disappeared, and before the first year had passed the delegates had acquired in great measure the easy and confident air of legislators under older constitutions. This confidence was strengthened and justified by several indications on the part of the government of a willingness to conciliate the liberal members. Thus, on the 1st of May, the anniversary of the convocation of the Reichsrath, a message was received in the lower house from the Emperor, expressly recognizing

the principle of the responsibility of the Ministers to the representatives of the people; which was received with great enthusiasm. A week later, Count Rechberg, the Foreign Minister, acknowledged, in the course of a debate, that the intermeddling of Austria in the affairs of Italy "had been attended with the most unpleasant results," and affirming that the policy of the Cabinet, "since the unfortunate war of 1859, had been defensive, and in no sense offensive." Again, the lower house having passed a resolution requesting the Ministers to do all in their power to make the Reichsrath complete, the Minister of State, Von Schmerling, expressed the desire of the administration to use every means to reconcile the opposing provinces, but avowing at the same time that no compromise would be agreed to on the part of the government which failed to recognize the validity of the Constitution of February 26.

On the other hand, it became quite evident, as the session advanced, that a very wide difference of opinion and feeling existed between the two houses, on all questions involving a liberal or conservative principle. The upper house was too closely bound in interest with the Emperor, and too largely made up of members of his selection and appointment, to sympathize with any expression, either in words or acts, of a desire to bestow a full measure of civil or religious liberty on the people. For instance, after an excited debate in the lower house on the subject of the Concordat, during which that instrument was denounced, with almost Anglo-Saxon vehemence and freedom, as a calamity for the Austrian people and an offence against common sense, a vote was obtained by which the salary of Baron Bach, the Austrian envoy at Rome, who was regarded as the author of the more objectionable provisions of the treaty, was reduced by one quarter, or from nearly eighty thousand florins to somewhat less than sixty thousand. But the upper house, under the direction of Count Rechberg, refused indignantly to agree to any such measure, and insisted on the full salary. The Deputies were forced to recede. There was also some clashing on several occasions between the two houses on the subject of finance bills, and frequent hints from the Lords, that, if the Deputies

should become refractory, they might cause themselves to be sent to their homes.

After all abatements, however, it must be allowed that the general tenor of the session, with the exception of the absence of the majority of Deputies, was more satisfactory than had been anticipated, and quite as much so as there was any right to expect. Much tedious business, relating to the dull details of general and local administration, had been patiently despatched; considerable freedom of debate had been allowed and exercised; a large reduction of the army had been effected; some important bills, touching nearly the personal freedom of the subject, were signed by the Emperor without visible hesitation; and on the 18th of December last, the Emperor prorogued the Reichsrath with a speech which was certainly extremely liberal and manly,—"expressing his satisfaction that the confidence which he had placed in the nation by granting the Diplomas of October and February had been justified; hoping that the blessings of peace would continue to exert a beneficent influence; and requesting the Deputies, on their return to their homes, to promulgate constitutional principles among their constituencies, with a view to their better and fuller accomplishment."

Governments do not reform all at once; yet we should have enjoyed these fine words more completely, could we have forgotten the characteristic fact, that, at the moment of their utterance from the throne, several journalists, who had been so imprudent as to assert too freely in their newspapers that the February Constitution was not in accordance with the Diploma of October, were suffering an imprisonment already protracted in the common jail of Vienna, in cells so noisome that they were forced to keep their windows open night and day, sleeping on straw, and eating black bread and soup. Long habit may explain this severity on the part of an Austrian Emperor, but the dignity of his position as the introducer of constitutional government would be increased by a more thorough consistency. Let us hope that, before the next session of the Reichsrath, the Cabinet will have succeeded in coming to some terms with Hungary and the sister kingdoms, by which those important portions of the great

Empire will be enabled to take their place in the assembly whose noble task it may then be to raise one of the fairest regions of Europe from an abject despotism into the blessing and dignity of free government.

On the great field of European politics new complications are incessantly multiplying. On every hand, the air seems heavy with coming storm; and wherever the tempest shall break, it cannot be far from an Austrian frontier. It may well happen, strange as it would seem, that the government which above all others has earned and received the execration of the world for its brutal and heartless tyranny, will find itself for the first time sheltered from the fury of the revolutionary storm behind the strong bulwarks of free institutions.

Art. IV. — COURAGE IN BELIEF.

1. *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive: being a connected View of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Investigation.* By John Stuart Mill. London: Parker Son and Bourne. 2 vols. 5th ed. 1862.
2. *A System of Philosophy.* By Herbert Spencer. Vol. I. *First Principles.* Vol. II. *The Principles of Biology.* (First Part.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1863.

There is a species of spiritual timidity which is to be most widely distinguished from moral and intellectual cowardice. Not seldom does it characterize men who are eminently and nobly courageous both to think and to declare their thought. It is a fear of being credulous, of believing in respect to the highest matters too much and too well. Our time abounds in men of ability, and of high ethical feeling, who are habitually suspicious of all inward and spiritual intimation, of all broad spiritual philosophy. Or rather, to state the case more exactly, one should say that on the side of duty they can lend to inward suggestion a most willing and credent ear; it is only upon coming to questions of truth that they are suddenly beset with

a suspicion that the soul can furnish only fancies, that the senses alone afford a safe foothold. Numbers of those who never surrender to these apprehensions are still never able to conquer them. Ever and anon intrudes upon them the chilling question, whether it be not a weakness to rely upon aught but the testimony of the senses; whether the persuasions that afford them strength and solace are not toys and childish dreams. Within them a voice too often whispers, "What you can see with your own eyes, or take hold of with your ten fingers, that you may be sure of; but upon mere ideas and sentiments how can one depend?" *Mere* ideas and sentiments! Half this world's disease is in that one misplaced adjective.

In the history of the last four centuries there has been much to foster this erroneous feeling. The discovery of America by Columbus was so vast a success in a particular direction, as to captivate the imagination of mankind, and bind it to the car of physical discovery. The telescope and microscope have had an influence perhaps not less powerful. These enabled the eye to voyage on its own account; and the immediate results of this visual exploration were so striking and splendid, that the fancy of mankind was laid under new fascination. The wide mind, humane heart, and regal rhetoric of Bacon were first commanded by this enthusiasm of our epoch, and then gave it majesty and authority. Newton's success was, indeed, really obtained by an emancipation from the senses, and by an intrepid reference to the laws of his own understanding; yet, as the result was simply a co-ordination of physical phenomena, and as the chord of connection with man's spirit was not struck, the glory of it went over to the senses, enhancing the impression of their empire.

Accordingly, it has come to be widely assumed that nothing is worthy of belief which cannot be proved from data furnished by the senses. It has been further argued, that merely from sensible phenomena the argument is always invalid to first and final causes. Auguste Comte, frankly accepting this consequence of that assumption, declares that of first and final causes we may childishly dream what we will, but can have occasion for believing nothing. Again, as the senses do not

acquaint us with existence itself, but only with appearances, the same theorist comes boldly to the mark, and affirms that of absolute being, of existence, of reality, man neither knows, nor in the nature of the case can know, anything. Herbert Spencer, perhaps the most consistent living representative of this order of thought, deliberately rules off the entire realm of spiritual conceptions in a special department of "The Unknowable." Of course, all belief, in the high sense of the word, becomes, in this view, gratuitous and ridiculous. The words *God*, *soul*, *immortality*, one should, in this case, be as much ashamed to use believingly, as he would to be heard projecting a railroad to the moon.

Among those who push to a great extreme this dependence of the mind upon the senses is, we regret to say, that able and estimable man, John Stuart Mill. One chief aim of his work cited above is to argue and exhibit as entire this dependence. It may be doubted whether there is a *steadier* brain in all Europe than that of Mr. Mill. Equally at home in generalizations and in details; possessing a high order of judgment, both moral and practical; fertilized by wide and generous sympathies; calm in will, serene in intellect, naturally judicial; of great intellectual courage, and yet of a certain unfailing moderation, — he has qualifications for thought which the world seldom sees, and still more seldom values at their proper worth. One great intellectual defect, however, limits the useful application of these rare powers to practical subjects, rendering them valueless for pure philosophy. It is his total want of imaginative intelligence. Now not only is imagination the topmost eye of human intelligence, but the higher grades of philosophical intellect are never found apart from it; so that with the largest and subtlest questions no man, it matters not how able and acute, can deal adequately, if he be destitute of imaginative liberation.

It is not, however, our present purpose to enter upon any detailed criticism either of the works named above, or of the opinions we have adverted to. It is sufficient to have suggested a relationship between the thoughts here to be offered and the recognized intellectual interests of the time. The task we have here assigned ourselves is to show, first, not

only that belief has a native and indestructible foothold in the universe, but that it is lawful sovereign of the senses, with free right to sway and subordinate them; and, secondly, that *one* chief root of materialism is found in a certain spiritual timidity, to which is due the assumption that the senses only may be trusted.

It is undeniable that the unanimous and perpetual testimony of the senses is in flat contradiction of that which faith affirms. The heart of man murmurs, "Immortality"; the senses cry loudly, "Mortality, mortality!" You see your friend ill, you see him dying, you see him dead. Dead utterly; his eye brightens not at your coming; to your greeting no smile, no gleam of intelligence, replies; you touch the hand that once warmed and quickened so to yours, and take only a chill that goes to your marrow; and then comes the grave, and the farewell even to these dumb effigies. It were uncandid not to admit that this is a testimony of terrible force, and only in blank defiance of it can immortality be affirmed.

The heart, again, says, "God." The senses say, "Earth, air, space; no God in sight."

The heart cries, "Justice is omnipotent." Experience points to African slavery, the horrors of the middle passage, the sale on the auction-block of maiden chastity to competing lust, and answers, "Omnipotent! Is it even potent?"

Faith says, "God is good." The senses and lower powers point to a world in pain, every creature suffering more or less, vast tribes of creatures made to live by prey, — the lion lying in wait, the tiger feasting upon blood life-warm, the shark at its brutal raven, the swallows hunting the fly, the hawk stooping upon the swallow, the sportsman practising upon the hawk, — point to all this, and cry, "Good! What then is goodness?"

Faith declares God to be one, and the world a pure unit. Experience takes you by the hand, leads you to the roar and horror of a battle-field, and asks, "The world a unit? No chasm, no division here?"

And thus every affirmation of the soul is made, must be made, right in the face of facts that are forever before our eyes, in flat contradiction of an experience that perpetually

surrounds and presses upon us like the atmosphere itself. Is there not, therefore, an overwhelming presumption against the truth of its speech?

We shall not answer, No. There is a presumption against the grand affirmations of faith which is apparently overwhelming. Testimony could not be stronger. The materialist and the moral atheist have an enormous argument on their side, — an argument that bruises many and crushes some. They can club you with the entire physical experience of man. For every part and particle of man's physical experience, from the first day of history until now, has been saying, "No absolute life, no such thing as spirit; no presiding justice and goodness, no immortality: only vitality as a property of matter; only force and blank necessity; and after life, extinction." We concede then, fully, that, on the ground of man's sensuous experience, the argument for materialism and unbelief is apparently overwhelming. Nay, the concession shall be larger; we acknowledge even that the testimony is such as apparently to exclude all spiritual conceptions and make argument unnecessary. Is not that allowance enough?

But now we have a question to ask which derives force from every particle of this concession. *How came man to believe? Where did faith come from?* Right in the face, as we say, of universal experience, right in the face of his own senses, right in the face, too, of all that is immoral in his own desires, he asserts spirit, absolute justice, pure moral unity, nay, falls on his knees before it with adoration, with contrition, and with hope. Universally he does so. What does it mean? What brings about this defiance of the senses by the human race as a whole?

It does not mean that men are indisposed to confide in the testimony of their senses. They *do* confide in their senses almost infinitely. Let the most eloquent of orators try to convince mankind that stones fall upward instead of downward, that we have not the earth under our feet, that the sun does not shine nor grass grow, and see what success he will have. Men trust their senses, not too little, but too much. When any one says, "I saw it with my own eyes," there is an end of controversy; adverse argument is wasted on him.

We have, then, three facts to put together: — 1. Man confides immeasurably in his own senses. 2. He has the total testimony of his senses against faith. 3. Spite of all this, he spontaneously, universally, believes. What shall we make of these three facts? It seems to our understanding that there is but one inference from them. Namely, that there is somewhat in man which believes *inevitably*, — that there is an eye behind the eye, and an ear within the ear, which report other things.

Imagine a man who, while accustomed to sailing-vessels, had never seen nor heard of a steamboat. Suppose him standing by the bank of a river of powerful current, and seeing a propeller pushing steadily, rapidly, up stream. What would he infer? Why, if he were a superstitious man, he would attribute it to witchcraft, that is, to some frivolous or lawless force. If rational, on the contrary, he would say, "There is some force *in this ship itself* which pushes it forward, — some normal and rightful force." He would know that she must feel the force of the current equally with any other like bulk; he would know that only power could carry her against it; and seeing that such power was not external, reason must assure him that it was internal, and none the less normal. So when we behold the human race, against all the Missouri tides of the senses, pushing steadily toward fountain-heads of life and truth, what remains for us but to say, in like manner, "There is some force in man which carries him on"? Now, *if superstitious*, we shall add, with the materialist, that this results only from some mere witchcraft in his nature, some gratuitous, meaningless force. If reasonable, on the contrary, we shall say, "All universal forces are normal forces," and shall as soon question the right of the sun to be in the heavens, as the right of belief to be in man's heart, seeing that it universally belongs to his heart.

Thus it is that the argument of the materialist all tells against himself. The stronger he makes it, the worse for his conclusion. "See," he cries with confidence, "what a mighty current of testimony there is setting against faith." "See," we answer, "faith, of its own force, steadily stemming and overcoming this tide; and the more strongly that current runs, the more is proven the self-supporting power of belief."

If, therefore, we consider the sum-total of human history, we may say that belief is a force as self-supporting and inevitable as gravitation. Looked at in this large way, it requires no help; it will take care of itself; it is not susceptible of defeat nor diminution. One age or century, one country or continent, may or may not have the perfect benefit of its power; nevertheless, in the largest aspect, that power is constant and victorious. Just so there may be cold seasons, or even successions of cold seasons, yet the power of the sun is perpetual, and, in the broadest view, invariable. A particular age or people may row with the great currents of the soul, or may row against them, and so may do much to decide the question of its own prosperity or misery; but these tides are not changed, and in the end command results. Yet to us, to our time, our land, it is of an importance almost infinite, that we put our force and turn our faces in the right direction. Therefore it is important that we should come at the truth of this controversy.

The force of man's tendency to belief, which is indicated by its ability to set aside the clear and constant impressions of the senses, will be the better appreciated upon reflecting that these senses habitually receive much more credit than they deserve. Men think them surer in their action than they really are. To one eye the full moon is of the size of a silver dollar; to another, larger than the largest coach-wheel; but not the less does every one say, "I believe my own eyes." Whoever has much attended courts of law, and listened to evidence there, will have often remarked how differently the same simple transaction will be seen and reported by different spectators; yet with none the less confidence does each say, "I believe my own eyes."

Nor does this occur by any mere chance; there is in it significance and purpose. It is the business of the senses, when left to themselves or imperfectly commanded, to be defective in their action; because they were never designed for independent action, but for dependence and subordination. It is the business, on the other hand, of the higher faculties, to modify, and often reverse, their impressions. Precisely in this power to modify, regulate, and overrule them does science

differ from ignorance. Could the senses receive of anything a stronger impression than they constantly have, that the earth is stationary? Could they oppose to any statement a flatter contradiction than they do, and must, to the fact — now familiar to us all — that the very city in which we dwell is flying forward in two directions at rates of velocity that confound the speed of railroad trains with the creeping of snails and mud-worms? To a savage, — sharper-eyed than any philosopher, — nothing could be less credible than that, for example, one equal factor of quartz rock is air, the vitalizing element in the air we inhale; that diamond is of the same material as charcoal, and the ruby and sapphire of the same with the main constituent of common clay; that one fifth part, by weight, of the rock gypsum is water; that water itself is made up of two invisible gases; that one of these is probably a metal, as truly as iron or platinum; that in the visible universe there is no up nor down, no rising nor falling; that light, heat, and sound are all but forms of motion; that light is dark, and sound silent, until, through the optic and auditory nerves, they come into communication with their appropriate provinces in the brain, and that here in the brain they first become what we know as light and sound. The savage believes his own eyes, and therefore, if you tell him such things, does not believe you.

The eyes are admirable servants, provided one knows how to make them serviceable, provided one can put upon their statements the lordly interpretations of intellect; but whoever confides in them literally will be made beyond measure their fool. They are indeed eye-servants. Set over them the intellected genius of a Kepler or Newton, of a Linnæus or Thoreau, and they become capable of inestimable industries; leave them to themselves, and they prove, if not idlers, yet enormous liars. Plunge a straight stick obliquely into water, and the eyes will assure you, upon oath, that it is crooked. Put a spider's-web near enough, and the eye will pronounce it of the size of a ship's mainmast. Put a world ten thousand times larger than ours far enough off, say to the distance of Arcturus or the north star, and the eye will swear that it is less in size than the flame of a tallow-candle. Yet all the world goes on saying, "I believe my own eyes."

Of course eye and ear are not to be despised or disparaged. Of course they are admirable and wondrous beyond words, beyond appreciation. The facts here stated are not properly to their discredit. If the half or hundredth part does not act as if it were the whole, should that bring it into disesteem as a half or a hundredth part? If the foot is not a good geometer, does that prove it to be not a good foot? It is an earth-measurer, in its own humble way; but if one set it to measuring the distance hence to the moon, who will be to blame when the result turns out unsatisfactory? The senses do not work accurately when left to themselves, simply because it was never meant that they should be left to themselves. They do not justify the profounder truths, for the plain reason that it was never intended the profounder truths should be submitted to their judgment. They play off upon us a perpetual series of deceptions and illusions, because the business of understanding is to learn the law of their deceptiveness, and to sway the sceptre over them. The material eye cannot see God, because the spiritual eye is to do its own seeing. Otherwise the soul would soon become eyeless, like the fishes in the Mammoth Cave, from having no optical labor to perform. A faculty not used is not continued. If the senses *could* supersede insight, they *would* do so. If they could perform the labor of soul, they would extinguish soul. If they could prove immortality, — may the paradox be pardoned, — they would disprove it; since of soul only is immortality true, while soul would have no existence could sense perform its work. If the physical eye could see God, he would be only a material God, — in other words, no God; so that ocular proof of his existence would be the conclusive argument for atheism. If immortality could be proven to the senses, it would be a mere bodily immortality; and this death disproves. It is an argument for, not against, the great affirmations of faith, that the senses *do* dispute them. If the soul is indeed soul, it will be intrusted with its own work. If it is something, it will have something to do. Could it be shown that no place is left for soul, no labor nor charge assigned it, in the economy of our being, materialism would have won its final victory, nor would spiritual philosophy from that day have an inch of foothold.

The senses are astonishingly deceptive; though that is not at all to their discredit *as senses*. Meantime the higher powers of man are, on the contrary, graced with extraordinary proofs of depth and soundness. Consider this one fact, namely, that the laws which govern the earth's revolution in its orbit are necessary laws of man's understanding. They are perpetually originated by the mind, independently of the outward world. A man shall sit down in his study and develop them as necessary truths of mathematics, that is, of the understanding. Thus the earth, by wheeling in its orbit, is saying, "So far as I am sound and right, the understanding of man is sound also." Oersted wrote an elaborate essay entitled "All Existence a Domain of the Understanding," in which he proved, by a sufficient induction, that what reason requires, nature does; proved also that, not our world alone, but all worlds, harmonize with the reason of man. Think of this. You can take no considerable step in knowledge without falsifying and reproving the impressions of the senses; but though you had the wings of light itself, you could find no place where the laws of man's reason are not the laws of the physical world. Leverrier found the eighth planet of our system in his brain, before he found it in the heavens. Goethe revolutionized botany by bringing to it an idea out of his own head, — one so audacious, that even Schiller, upon hearing a statement of it from Goethe's lips, said, "Why, that is only an idea, not an experiment."

But now we go up a step higher. Greatly as the understanding is graced by the conformity with it of the physical universe, yet even this requires guidance and support from powers higher than itself. The noblest discoveries of the understanding have been made under the guidance of certain grand assumptions, for which the pure unit of the soul is the only authority. Copernicus confessed that he was led to discover the true theory of the solar system, not by observation or reasoning, but by a certain want of harmony in the old Ptolemaic system. "But," says Max Müller, to whom we are indebted for this fact, "who *told* him that there must be harmony in the system of the world?" That fact he got from his soul. The word of his soul he dared to take; and behold

what came of it! The world was called *universe*, a pure unity, long before science could contribute much to the justification of that title; and to this day the religious assumption of unity is the inspiration of science, always running before it, and becoming its pilot to the highest results. The Greeks called the world *Kosmos*, "beautiful order." But the special facts by which we are able to justify that name were chiefly unknown to them; their special facts were more than half wrong; only the word that came to them out of the spiritual depths of their being is ever more and more sustained. The soul, again, has asserted an Infinite revealed in nature: it said, "God"; it said, "Creation." Science comes after, and finds that, indeed, it can never get to the bottom of anything; its plummet may go down and down, but ever down and down there is room. We say, "Gravitation"; but what is gravitation? It is simply a mysterious tendency of all matter towards unity. In other words, it is the religion of matter; since the tendency of souls toward living unity is the very fact and essence of religion. So that in gravitation we have found only a mystery so profound, that dullards would call the statement of it mere rhetoric and moonshine, did not they feel the force of it every moment tugging at their own bodies. Science simply emphasizes this mystery, simply shows it as exact and universal. We may learn that heat is a peculiar form of motion; but when we have thus learned, we just begin to perceive how wonderful, how inexplicable, heat is; for that a little vibratory motion should produce such effects, that it should kindle the sod to grass and flowers, and should withal be so intermingled with the sources of our own life, — all this serves for matter of wonder and fascination, but cannot be explained. What science, again, tells us about light, only serves to make it the more marvellous. The man of science (if he be not fundamentally a blockhead) wonders at it inconceivably more than the boor. In truth, all science is leading us to this conclusion, that the final explanation of all forces and all phenomena is to be found only in the soul. What gravitation is, what chemical affinity is, what light and heat are, — these are secrets that rest in the spiritual consciousness of man, far below the plummet of the understanding. The partial success of Swedenborg

and Wilkinson does indeed suggest that, if the understanding will humbly accept oracles from consciousness and imagination, it may subserve higher explanations; but if it set out from data furnished only by the senses, as modern science hitherto, for the most part, persists in doing, it must be content with plunging ever deeper and deeper into a darkness, rather than a luminousness, of mystery. For in nature an infinite is revealed; and this infinite the finite understanding will never succeed in fathoming. So that the greater science grows, the more does it attain the attitude of humility toward the soul.

The spiritual powers of man still further approve themselves as universal, by uniformity no less than perpetuity, by invariableness as well as inevitableness of action. Every tribe of men, upon the merest beginning of liberation from brute limits, utters the word *God;* every tribe of men, advanced beyond the merest threshold of humanity, names precisely the same attributes divine. The Braminical Hindoos of two thousand years ago defined absolute spirit in terms upon which the men of our time do not attempt to improve.

It is the same with ideas more distinctively moral. The "golden rule" of Jesus is instantly and everywhere accepted. A recent theorist has made it a charge against the historic value of moral truths, that they are in all times and places the same. The charge is not far from correct, and is the most conclusive testimony that could be borne to the high and universal quality of man's moral nature. Like the stars, the moral powers of man shine with an eternal light, because in them, as in the stars, the purest energies of the universe come to manifestation. The soul of man is no satellite, but both primary and ultimate in creation; in it, therefore, the universe comes to a luminous concentration, — to intelligence, to ideas, to sentiments and beliefs; and if in it light be always neither more nor less than light; if it rays forth perpetually the same grand ideas, what does this prove but that it is central, cosmical, solar? Yes, Mr. Buckle's charge is true. It is true there is a fellowship between suns and souls. It is true that, while in our knowledge of the outward world there is constant discovery of new truths, there can be in our knowledge of the inward, *real* world only a deepening in old truths. We deny

not that the central and vital ideas of humanity are forever the same; and because they are so, we know them to be universal, and the soul that utters them to be an authorized revealer of universal truth. When, therefore, one finds in the New Testament and in Marcus Antoninus the same ethical precepts; when the able Scotch missionary, Buyers, — a devoted adherent, too, of the old Church, — affirms in the roundest manner, and with elaborate detail, that the moral sentiment of India coincides precisely with that of England, the same things being commonly approved and the same disapproved; when, in fine, across vast stretches of time, upon antipodal continents, among mountains and marshes, on islands and in deserts, one hears the same perpetual groundtone of moral ideas, and finds the same believing imaginations; — how is it possible to avoid the inference, that the spiritual powers of man must have a depth of inward justification corresponding to this outward breadth, sureness, and perpetuity?

But it will be alleged that there is great variety in the moral and religious notions of men; not only that healthful variety which consists with and emphasizes unity, but another of a very different description. Undoubtedly this is true. Undoubtedly there are, between various forms of belief, contradictions, collisions, antagonisms, as between barbarism and civilization, or between any warring opposites.

This fact, however, militates in no degree against the position here assumed. These contradictions are not the product of the soul itself, but are caused by the admixture with its product of foreign elements. Men entertain unreasonable notions; who infers thence a duplicity in reason itself? Who should infer an irregular and infirm action of the soul upon exactly the same occasion? Men mingle with its product their egotisms, sensualisms, barbarisms; they impose upon it the limitations and illusions of the senses, and so generate strange diversities and savageries of creed. But what is thus discredited? Is it the soul? Or is it egotism and sensuality? No one fears to touch pure silver because nitrate of silver will blacken the skin, and eat into the flesh. Why should any distrust belief, because, when alloyed or confounded, it is no

longer like itself? When revenge and pride borrow the force of conscience, it is true that they acquire new corrosive power. But as unreasons are not produced by reason itself, so neither are false moralities produced by conscience, nor barbarous imaginations of God and truth by the imaginary soul.

The more, indeed, the spiritual powers are left to their own untrammelled action, and the more man can clear the field for them, and surrender himself to them, the more perfect will be their outcome, — the more manifest, therefore, the universality of their nature. Just contrary to this, the more the senses have the field to themselves, and the less their action is interpenetrated and commanded by reason, the more illusory and untrustworthy becomes their product. And herein is the final and crowning proof of the position taken; namely, that the soul is rightfully sovereign and infinitely to be trusted, the senses rightfully servile and perfectly to be subordinated. Leave the soul to take the throne and act with undisputed authority, and you have celestial unity, order, beauty; leave the senses to usurp sovereignty, and you have a dance of apes. Is it doubtful, therefore, to whose hand the sceptre belongs?

Great force is added to this argument by the broad, obvious facts of human history. The believing thoughts and imaginations of mankind — just those which the senses deny and materialism mocks at — have been the life-blood of all great poetry and philosophy, the atmosphere of genius, the inspiration of art, the sky that has overarched every grand and fruitful polity, the quickening and support of socialization, the most radical and the most conserving of principles. Every greatest epoch in history has been an epoch in belief, and faiths have been commanding as they have been high and spiritual; while, on the other hand, every materialistic civilization is a civilization in decay. Strike out of history all which spiritual imagination and believing reason have put in, and what remains will be of less interest than the history of Hottentots. It would be like taking the brain-force out of man's body. The body of man has many very noble organs not included in his nervous system, — organs for digestion, for sanguineous circulation, for locomotion; but every one of these organs, in its highly developed form, is connected with his nervous sys-

tem, implying its existence; so that were this system by some fiat of nature degraded to the level it has in molluscous animals, a total degradation, and of like extent, must follow. So there is a vast deal of good and valuable in human history, which is not referable directly to high spiritual powers, as commerce, industry, much of industrial invention and scientific discovery; yet without the high faiths of man, there had never been his material civilization. The sovereign action of the soul is really implied in cities and cotton-mills and the broad peace of industry, no less than in worships; and could you abolish all celestial imagining, all spiritual persuasion, history would instantly go down to a mollusk level, and immerse itself in mud. Congresses may sneer when asked to base legislation on moral truth; yet but for faith in moral truth, no congress had been there. Judges may turn justice out of court; but it was, nevertheless, the religious consecration of justice that gave them a function to profane. Commerce may buy fagots to burn seer and saint; yet could it burn believing insight and sanctity out of the world, it would consume mint and argosy in the self-same flame. It is by the virtue and in the right of the soul, that civilization itself exists, that man has come forth from his caves.

Why, then, this exaggerated confidence in the senses? Chiefly because they *are* senses, low powers, wherein one may confide without exercise of spiritual intrepidity. Man is born a perfect animal, he is born a rudimentary soul; and in the measure of his indolence and timidity he has a predilection for powers in which he is already complete, rather than for those in which he is yet to be completed. The babe creeps easily, walks with difficulty, therefore may prefer to creep. Only after much luring from the old ospreys do the young ones launch away from the nest; sometimes they must even be driven out with blows.

In the measure, too, that any man is an egotist, he will avoid confessing to himself any weakness or unripeness. He therefore will, so far, be not only averse to the exercise of incomplete powers, but averse also to their recognition. He will enumerate in the inventory of his possessions only those faculties wherein he displays to advantage, that he may flatter

and cocker himself with the sense of an existence already rounded, ripened, worthy of admiration. You shall easily find a man who, if he shoot well and swim ill, will declare swimming a base and useless art, and will never view himself, especially will never compare himself with others, otherwise than in the light of a marksman. This, too, is a kind, and a very bad kind, of cowardice. The weakling is afraid of losing his self-estimation, if he do not feed it with this sense of egoistic perfection. Of this kind of cowardice the world is full, and it operates most efficiently against spirituality and the great prosperities of believing power. Men, in their desire to rest in the sense of a completed being, in their fear to find in themselves any immaturity or imperfection, shut themselves up to those powers that are lowest, littlest, and thus never come to know, far less to prosper in, those elements of their being that alone give it grandeur; and they do this because, out of fear to feel themselves little, they will not recognize those powers in which they are youngest and least developed.

In fine, contemplate the matter in what aspect one will, it equally appears that great spiritual daring must go to all high believing, — a great courage of humility on the one hand, a great courage of self-trust, or soul-trust, on the other. Equally must he who nobly believes face the falsities of private and of social egotism. For the same influence which produces in individuals a tendency to rest in completed powers, produces in society a tendency to rest in completed social results, in forms, institutions, and the like. Hence a perpetual resistance to the influx of principle. Hence a horror of high, renovating belief. Hence an endeavor to make polities turn, not upon the poles of truth, but of trade. So it happens that, though justice be the only salvation of states, yet he who counsels justice first, justice last, justice midst and without end, appalls the judge on his bench, the legislator in his halls, it may be the "Christian" at his worship, and seems the most dangerous of men. Justice alone is safe, yet only courage will confide in it. This is the one thing about which there is no peradventure; yet only by noble adventure may its utmost benediction be gained. So is it with every part and phase of high spirituality and humane belief.

Only an intrepid heart *can* believe greatly. Intrepid enough, first of all, it must be to face down egotism, to face down self-deception, and come to terms of utter unsullied candor with itself, that it may really get speech of the soul, and not put in place of that the mimicries of its voice made by sensuality and selfish desire. Next, it must be brave enough to face and dispel the ghosts of superstition, — namely, the phantoms bred by brute imagination, or by sin and half-conscience combined. Finally, it must be brave enough to launch away, like the young ospreys, from the nests of the senses, and trust to the support of pure principle.

What, then, is wiser than to exercise ourselves in spiritual daring? Why should we not reverse the customary canons of prudence, and adjudge this high valor to be the better part of discretion? He was a very prudent man that hid his talent in a napkin; he would not lose his lord's money, not he; he would run no risks, discreet gentleman! And his reward was, "Take the talent from him." Caution is good; but what caution? Caution that dares not be wholly rational, for fear of being irrational? Half the world thinks him only "sensible" who exhibits a chronic insensibility to the highest counsels of his being. Let one be cautious lest, in becoming half the world's wise man, he make himself the universe's fool. Let him be cautious lest his heart be not capacious and credent enough to take in and harbor well the eternal good news. Give us in these days a little spiritual knighthood. Who is he that will disdain that sort of "rationality" which consists in holding fast and fearfully to the merest apron-strings of Mother Earth? Who is he that will hear the soul's voice, and do its bidding, careless that all the deeps bellow, "Nay," if the regal "Yea" of *that* have once been heard? Room and reason is there for these chivalries, and will be while time lasts.

There is a noble oceanic bird, the frigate-bird (*Tachypetis aquila*), whose true home is in the air, one might almost say in the sky. Seldom, if ever, from weariness, seldom, if ever, for purposes of rest, does it stoop to land or sea, but, save when descending for food or at the breeding season, keeps month after month its lofty place, resting and sleeping on

expanded wing; and when the lower strata of the atmosphere are stirred by the wrath of storms, then up it goes, above their fury to poise and repose itself in cloudless calm. So in the consummate fulness of his inward force and believing courage will man rise and repose on the wings of noblest persuasion, of spiritual imagining, of faith in everlasting truth and right. Not alone with toil and effort will he soar, not alone with beaded brow and beating wing, but with the ease and unconsciousness of one to whom these airy altitudes are a natural level, now reposing in the quiet of ethereal slumber, now sweeping and circling in pure native play of his genius; and when wide about the earth clouds darken, storms bluster, and thunders break, then will his buoyant soul assert its privilege, ascending in the strength of belief above this insanity of elements, and poising its great peace in the serenity and sunshine beyond.

Art. V. — JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS.

The Novels of Jane Austen. *Pride and Prejudice. — Northanger Abbey. — Mansfield Park. — Sense and Sensibility. — Persuasion. — Emma.* 4 vols. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.

Society owes much to the romance-writers of Miss Austen's day. They were the reformers of the novel. They raised its tone and developed its capabilities. They made it clear that purity in action and sentiment was not incompatible with excitement of plot and liveliness of dialogue; that a story might be amusing and attractive without offending correct taste or perverting good morals; that it might cultivate whilst it excited the imagination, — might instruct as well as entertain.

Among the first of these reformers was Frances Burney (Madame D'Arblay). The benefit she conferred was, however, rather negative than positive. Still the honor belongs to her of leading the way in the right path. "Evelina," published in 1778, is unexceptionable in tone, without special refinement of manner or elevation of sentiment. This novel, which Edmund Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds sat up all night to

read, and upon which Samuel Johnson bestowed such high commendations, is now almost forgotten, and rarely seen out of circulating libraries. The reason of this decline of popularity is obvious. Frances Burney dealt entirely with surface peculiarities of character. She could detect personalities at a glance, but had no deeper insight. Consequently her descriptions of people and things, though true and natural in her own day, now seem affected and overdrawn. To Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth a far greater debt of gratitude is due. They were single-minded women, and worked with a positive purpose. Gifted with a higher order of genius, their fame has borne the test of time better; the former especially is as much of a favorite with readers now as she was fifty years ago. Her writings do not grow old-fashioned, and will always continue fresh and attractive, because they are true to the few great principles of art which are in all times immutably the same.

In her own peculiar sphere, Miss Austen is unrivalled. Others have written greater books, but none have written finer novels. Many have possessed richer and more varied powers, but few have been intellectually better proportioned. She understood her own ability, and always worked within its limits. Whatever she did, therefore, was well done, and the sharpest critics can find little to censure in her execution. They may object to the narrow compass of her works, but not to their quality. They may look into them in vain for great beauties, but they will be disturbed by no corresponding blemishes. Never eloquent, she is always animated. She has no quotable or striking passages, — nothing that can be called fine writing; but her style is uniform and uniformly agreeable. There are, on the one hand, no glowing descriptions or thoughtful reflections; but on the other, there are no tiresome details or irrelevant disquisitions. She has no thrilling adventures to relate, no passionate emotions or morbid feelings to delineate, and the reader is rarely lifted above the level of an amused interest. It would be difficult to find pathos, or even tenderness, in her pages, but they portray sweet home affections, and are marked by calm good-sense. Without vehement enthusiasm or deep poetic feeling, there is great keenness of observation, indicated by happy allusions and lively illustrations.

Yet, with so little apparently to excite and keep the attention, the interest of her narrative does not flag. She is never tedious. She is singularly effective with but few materials. The range of her subjects is not wide, but her treatment of them is skilful and original. We forget, in the interest they inspire, that her incidents and characters are commonplace. We cease to be spectators, and become a part of the scene. The *dramatis personæ* are our companions, in whom we take a personal interest. We remember and discuss them as we do our neighbors and friends. "This," says Macaulay, "is the greatest miracle of genius, that things that are not should seem as though they were; that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another."

In the exercise of this power of impersonation, or of giving to the children of the brain what De Quincey styles "organic life," Miss Austen depended chiefly on dialogues, in which she excelled. These, always spontaneous and sprightly, are seldom if ever witty. Confined to ordinary topics, they yet throw great light upon the character, and in their suggestiveness resemble more closely dialogues of the drama than those of the novel. To this faculty Macaulay doubtless referred when he compared her delineations to Shakespeare's. She certainly had two essential qualities of a dramatist, impersonality and development of character by means of the dialogue, but she did not possess in an equal measure imagination, and had no poetic fancy.

Her impersonality is a marked excellence. She never obtrudes her own opinions, or seeks to display her own knowledge. Like a fine actor, she keeps herself entirely out of sight, and allows nothing to be seen but her characters. They reflect neither the idiosyncrasies nor the prepossessions of the author; neither do they bear the slightest resemblance to each other. Some have the same propensities, but all have distinct individualities. Mrs. Jennings and Mrs. Bennet, for instance, are both match-makers, and alike wanting in refinement, tact, and delicacy; yet, notwithstanding these points of similarity, there is a wide difference between them, and a difference not the result of situation, but of temperament and disposition.

Miss Austen's genius is as strikingly displayed in the modifica-

tion as in the development of character. She adapts character to circumstances, not circumstances to character. In her books, as in real life, we observe the effect of trial and disappointment in disciplining and changing the nature. She also keeps the reader's mind under subjection, controlling partialities and creating and dissipating prejudices at her will. This is a rare power, which few novelists exercise with success. Thackeray equals Miss Austen in this respect; Charlotte Brontë perhaps excels her.

In the construction of her plots, Miss Austen shows great care and ingenuity, though her incidents are taken entirely from ordinary domestic life. By giving quick and unexpected turns to the narrative, and by a succession of pleasant and natural surprises, she gains and keeps attention. Conjectures as to the manner in which her stories are to end, are generally at fault; and, though the termination is invariably satisfactory, it is not readily anticipated. In accomplishing these results, however, she does not resort to the conventional tricks of authors. Though confining herself to every-day persons and things, she avoids a worn and hackneyed treatment of them; neither does she run to the opposite extreme, and allow her plot to become so entangled that it can only be unravelled by violent and improbable means.

Her books contain few painful incidents, and these are faintly outlined. Her mind was remarkably healthy. She hurried over what was unavoidably unpleasant, and dwelt with evident satisfaction upon what was bright and hopeful. The almost total absence of any description is a notable feature in Miss Austen's novels. She never draws elaborate personal portraits. Her heroines are pronounced pretty, and allusions are made to the fine eyes of one and the rich bloom of another, but no details are given. She is equally reticent even upon the subject of their dress. She does not, like Charlotte Brontë, Miss Muloch, and others, indulge in feminine descriptions of personal attire. Jane Eyre is inseparably associated with a "gray dress"; but, in recalling Miss Austen's heroines, we have no help from their toilet. There is, however, an incidental reference in "Mansfield Park," which suggests the inference that English country

ladies in Miss Austen's day did not indulge in a great variety of costume. Fanny Price wears the same gown on three widely different occasions, — at a wedding, at an informal dinner-party of five persons, all familiar friends, and at a ball given expressly for her, and which she opens. From a casual remark, we learn that it was white and spotted. The chaperons at Bath, also, occasionally discuss the prices of India muslins, but no mention is made of silks and brocades.

Miss Austen is not more elaborate in her description of scenery or places. When she does describe either, it seems more a matter of necessity than of choice. She merely sketches the outlines, leaving the reader to fill them up; consequently the impression made is more vivid and lasting. After reading her novels, we feel as well acquainted with Bath, Meryton, and Hartville as though we had visited them. Much also can be learned incidentally from her stories, of the mode of life and the habit of thought of the country gentry of the period to which they belong; such as the stress laid upon precedence, their little jealousies of rank, and their pursuits and pleasures.

In summing up Miss Austen's traits as an author, neither the humor nor the style of her books should be overlooked. The former has a fine flavor, but it is so subtile and delicate that it is impossible to analyze it. Like Washington Irving's, her satire is kindly, and slightly concealed under a veil of seriousness. Her style is simple and perspicuous, easy without being careless, concise without being curt. It is especially remarkable for its Saxon ring, and freedom from obsolete words and provincialisms. Indeed, were it not for an occasional awkward use of the participle *being*, and the perpetual inaccuracy of "two first," her style might be pronounced entirely idiomatic and faultless.

There is so slight a difference in the respective merits of Miss Austen's novels, that a decision between them is rather a matter of taste than of judgment. But we should pronounce "Pride and Prejudice" the best, inasmuch as it involves more difficulties of execution. "Northanger Abbey," published with "Persuasion" after the death of the author," is, in fact, her earliest effort. It was accepted by a publisher, who afterward changed his mind, and rejected it as too poor

to be successful. This was in 1803, eight years before the appearance of "Sense and Sensibility," and when Miss Austen was but twenty-eight years old. The publisher who finally declined it, as well as the critics who subsequently regarded it as very feeble and inferior, were strangely blind to its worth. It is superior to "Sense and Sensibility," and compares favorably with the writer's other four novels. Indeed, nowhere is her peculiar power better displayed. While the interest is well sustained, all the means usually deemed indispensable in the construction of such a work are rejected. It is evident that Miss Austen had become disgusted with the sensational tales of the Radcliffe school, and was determined that this her first book should contrast in every particular with its marvellous and romantic fictions. Her purpose is very apparent in this account of her heroine's girlhood, which may be taken as a good specimen of her piquant and pleasantly ironical style.

"No one who had ever seen Catharine Morland in her infancy would have supposed her born to be a heroine. Her situation in life, the character of her father and mother, her own person and disposition, were all equally against her. Her father was a clergyman, without being neglected or poor, and a very respectable man, though his name was Richard, — and he had never been handsome. He had a considerable independence, besides two good livings; and he was not in the least addicted to locking up his daughters. Her mother was a woman of useful, plain sense, with a good temper, and, what is more remarkable, with a good constitution. She had three sons before Catharine was born; and instead of dying in bringing the latter into the world, as anybody might expect, she still lived on, — lived to have six children more, to see them growing up around her, and to enjoy excellent health herself. A family of ten children will be always called a fine family, where there are heads and arms and legs enough for the number; but the Morlands had little other right to the word, for they were in general very plain, and Catharine for many years of her life as plain as any. She had a thin, awkward figure, a sallow skin without color, dark, lank hair, and strong features. So much for her person; and not less unpropitious for heroism seemed her mind. She was fond of all boys' plays, and greatly preferred cricket, not merely to dolls, but to the more heroic enjoyments of infancy, — nursing a dormouse, feeding a canary-bird, or watering a rose-bush. Indeed, she had no taste

for a garden; and if she gathered flowers at all, it was chiefly for the pleasure of mischief, — at least, so it was conjectured from her always preferring those which she was forbidden to take. Such were her propensities: her abilities were quite as extraordinary. She never could learn or understand anything before she was taught, and sometimes not even then; for she was often inattentive and occasionally stupid. Her mother was three months in teaching her only to repeat the 'Beggar's Petition,' and after all, her next sister, Sally, could say it better than she did. Not that Catharine was always stupid, — by no means: she learnt the fable of 'The Hare and many Friends' as quickly as any girl in England. Her mother wished her to learn music; and Catharine was sure she should like it, for she was fond of tinkling the keys of the old forlorn spinet; so at eight years old she began. She learnt a year, and could not bear it; and Mrs. Morland, who did not insist upon her daughter's being accomplished in spite of incapacity or distaste, allowed her to leave off. The day which dismissed the music-master was one of the happiest of Catharine's life. Her taste for drawing was not superior, though, whenever she could obtain the outside of a letter from her mother, or seize upon any other odd piece of paper, she did what she could in that way by drawing houses and trees, hens and chickens, all very much like one another. Writing and accounts she was taught by her father; French by her mother: her proficiency in either was not remarkable, and she shirked her lessons in both whenever she could. What a strange, unaccountable character! — for, with all these symptoms of profligacy at ten years old, she had neither a bad heart nor a bad temper; was seldom stubborn, scarcely ever quarrelsome, and very kind to the little ones, with few interruptions of tyranny: she was, moreover, noisy and wild, hated confinement and cleanliness, and loved nothing so well in the world as rolling down the green slope at the back of the house." — *Northanger Abbey*, Chap. I.

As Catharine develops into womanhood, Miss Austen relents so far as to endow her with a moderate share of good looks, though she does not improve her mental capacity. She still remains ignorant, with little feminine intuition or natural intelligence. She is the easy dupe of the artful Isabella, believing her to be as sincere as she is herself, and never understanding her hints. Still we are more amused at her *naïveté* than astonished at her obtuseness. The dialogues between Isabella and Catharine are admirable, as indicating the objects of interest and the general style of conversation of commonplace

young ladyhood at seventeen. The ill effects of marvellous stories upon a wild and undisciplined imagination are clearly demonstrated in the relation of Catharine's midnight adventure at the abbey, and of her absurd conjectures with regard to General Tilney's treatment of his wife. But, in spite of Catharine's folly, she inspires a decided interest. Artless, affectionate, and amiable, we sympathize in her innocent pleasures and natural emotions, feel sensibly her little mortifications, are concerned at her disappointments, and experience a real satisfaction when she is happily married. Faithful to her purpose, however, the author will not allow her heroine's success in life to be the result of her own attractions. It is very clear that Mr. Tilney's regard for Catharine does not spring from his admiration of her, but from her admiration of him and unconscious bétrayal of her preference. His evident superiority in intellect and attainments is not made at all inconsistent with a reasonable and constant attachment to one so vastly his inferior. For Miss Austen remarks, with some justice as well as good-humored satire: "Where people wish to attach, they should always be ignorant. To come with a well-informed mind, is to come with an inability of administering to the vanity of others, which a sensible person would always wish to avoid. A woman, especially, if she have the misfortune of knowing anything, should conceal it as well as she can."

The surprise of the story — General Tilney's discovery of his mistake with regard to Catharine's fortune, and his consequent unceremonious treatment of her — is not quite in harmony with the matter-of-fact tone of the rest of the book. It is hardly probable that a polished man of the world would be guilty of such a breach of hospitality and decorum as turning a lady out of doors without escort or apology. From the haste with which Miss Austen concludes the story, it may be inferred that she was herself conscious of this incongruity, and atoned for it as speedily as possible by restoring matters to a commonplace comfortable footing.

"Sense and Sensibility" has less merit than Miss Austen's other works. The action of the plot is slower and more monotonous. Individual speeches are longer and less lively.

Its purpose is made a shade too prominent, and the sensible Elinor has almost too much prudence and self-control for a girl of nineteen. Marianne's character, which is represented as impulsive and undisciplined, is more naturally delineated. The life and spirit of the story is principally maintained by the minor characters. These are well drawn and skilfully grouped. The boisterous, officious Sir John Middleton, with his indiscriminate love of company, and the match-making Mrs. Jennings, gossiping and kind, are clearly contrasted with the well-bred, insipid Lady Middleton, and the polished and sensible Colonel Brandon. Lucy Steele is a correct type of an under-bred, cunning woman, with sufficient tact to conceal her deficiencies, and who, in her vocation as a toady, submits willingly to every indignity, and bears annoyances like a martyr. The characters of Mr. and Mrs. John Dashwood are cleverly developed in the following dialogue, which exemplifies what we have already specified as one of Miss Austen's special gifts.

"'It was my father's last request to me,' replied her husband, 'that I should assist his widow and daughters.'

"'He did not know what he was talking of, I dare say; ten to one but he was light-headed at the time. Had he been in his right senses, he could not have thought of such a thing as begging you to give away half your fortune from your own child.'

"'He did not stipulate for any particular sum, my dear Fanny; he only requested me, in general terms, to assist them, and make their situation more comfortable than it was in his power to do. Perhaps it would have been as well if he had left it wholly to myself. He could hardly suppose I should neglect them. But as he required the promise, I could not do less than give it; at least, I thought so at the time. The promise, therefore, was given, and must be performed. Something must be done for them whenever they leave Noland, and settle in a new home.'

"'Well, then, let something be done for them; but that something need not be three thousand pounds. Consider,' she added, 'that when the money is once parted with, it never can return. Your sisters will marry, and it will be gone forever. If, indeed, it could ever be restored to our poor little boy —'

"'Why, to be sure,' said her husband, very gravely, 'that would make a great difference. The time may come when Harry will regret

that so large a sum was parted with. If he should have a numerous family, for instance, it would be a very convenient addition.'

"'To be sure it would.'

"'Perhaps, then, it would be better for all parties, if the sum were diminished one half. Five hundred pounds would be a prodigious increase to their fortunes!'

"'O, beyond anything great! What brother on earth would do half so much for his sisters, even if really his sisters! And as it is — only half blood! But you have such a generous spirit!'

"'I would not wish to do anything mean,' he replied. 'One had rather, on such occasions, do too much than too little. No one, at least, can think I have not done enough for them: even themselves, they can hardly expect more.'

"'There is no knowing what they may expect,' said the lady; 'but we are not to think of their expectations: the question is, what you can afford to do.'

"'Certainly; and I think I may afford to give them five hundred pounds apiece. As it is, without any addition of mine, they will each have above three thousand pounds on their mother's death, — a very comfortable fortune for any young woman.'

"'To be sure it is; and, indeed, it strikes me that they can want no addition at all. They will have ten thousand pounds divided amongst them. If they marry, they will be sure of doing well; and if they do not, they may all live very comfortably together on the interest of ten thousand pounds.'

"'That is very true, and therefore I do not know whether, upon the whole, it would not be more advisable to do something for their mother while she lives, rather than for them, — something of the annuity kind I mean. My sisters would feel the good effects of it as well as herself. A hundred a year would make them all perfectly comfortable.'

"His wife hesitated a little, however, in giving her consent to this plan.

"'To be sure,' said she, 'it is better than parting with fifteen hundred pounds at once. But then if Mrs. Dashwood should live fifteen years, we shall be completely taken in.'

"'Fifteen years! my dear Fanny, — her life cannot be worth half that purchase.'

"'Certainly not; but if you observe, people always live forever when there is any annuity to be paid them; and she is very stout and healthy, and hardly forty. An annuity is a very serious business; it comes over and over every year, and there is no getting rid of it. You are not aware of what you are doing. I have known a great deal of the trouble

of annuities; for my mother was clogged with the payment of three to old superannuated servants, by my father's will, and it is amazing how disagreeable she found it. Twice every year these annuities were to be paid: and then there was the trouble of getting it to them; and then one of them was said to have died, and afterwards it turned out to be no such thing. My mother was quite sick of it. Her income was not her own, she said, with such perpetual claims on it; and it was the more unkind in my father, because otherwise the money would have been entirely at my mother's disposal, without any restriction whatever. It has given me such an abhorrence of annuities, that I am sure I would not pin myself down to the payment of one for all the world.'

"'It is certainly an unpleasant thing,' replied Mr. Dashwood, 'to have those kind of yearly drains on one's income. One's fortune, as your mother justly says, is not one's own. To be tied down to the regular payment of such a sum on every rent-day, is by no means desirable: it takes away one's independence.'

"'Undoubtedly; and after all, you have no thanks for it. They think themselves secure: you do no more than what was expected, and it raises no gratitude at all. If I were you, whatever I did should be done at my own discretion entirely. I would not bind myself to allow them anything yearly. It may be very inconvenient some years to spare a hundred, or even fifty pounds, from our own expenses.'

"'I believe you are right, my love; it will be better that there should be no annuity in the case: whatever I may give them occasionally will be of far greater assistance than a yearly allowance, because they would only enlarge their style of living if they felt sure of a larger income, and would not be sixpence the richer for it at the end of the year. It would certainly be much the best way. A present of fifty pounds now and then will prevent their ever being distressed for money, and will, I think, be amply discharging my promise to my father.'

"'To be sure it will. Indeed, to say the truth, I am convinced within myself that your father had no idea of your giving them any money at all. The assistance he thought of, I dare say, was only such as might be reasonably expected of you: for instance, such as looking out for a comfortable small house for them, helping them to move their things, and sending them presents of fish and game, and so forth, whenever they are in season. I'll lay my life that he meant nothing further; indeed, it would be very strange and unreasonable if he did. Do but consider, my dear Mr. Dashwood, how excessively comfortable your mother-in-law and her daughters may live on the interest of seven thousand pounds, besides the thousand pounds belonging to each of the girls, which brings them in fifty pounds a year apiece, and of course they will

pay their mother for their board out of it. Altogether they will have five hundred a year amongst them, and what on earth can four women want for more than that? — they will live so cheap! Their housekeeping will be nothing at all. They will have no carriage, no horses, and hardly any servants; they will keep no company, and can have no expenses of any kind! Only conceive how comfortable they will be! Five hundred a year! I am sure I cannot imagine how they will spend half of it; and as to your giving them more, it is quite absurd to think of it. They will be much more able to give you something.'

"'Upon my word,' said Mr. Dashwood, 'I believe you are perfectly right. My father certainly could mean nothing more by his request to me than what you say. I clearly understand it now, and I will strictly fulfil my engagement by such acts of assistance and kindness to them as you have described.'" — Chap. II.

"Pride and Prejudice" is original in design and masterly in execution. It has much dramatic power, and, like a good comedy, bears frequent repetition, while the interest it excites is of a similar kind. The style is spirited and vivacious, the change of place and of scene is rapid, and there is great diversity of character and incident. Elizabeth Bennet is a charming creation, though she is very unlike the stereotyped class of heroines. She is neither marvellously beautiful nor unreasonably plain. She has no one absorbing passion, no great sorrow, and is the victim of no persecution. Her perplexities and annoyances are of the ordinary kind; and whilst she is conscious of the eccentricities of her father, and keenly alive to the absurdities of her mother, these do not materially affect her tranquillity. She is intelligent and well-informed, without being gifted or highly accomplished. Warm-hearted and impulsive, she still has her feelings under control, and her prejudices, if not always reasonable, are perfectly natural. Her manners are sprightly and engaging. She is self-sustained without being self-sufficient, and she is too nicely poised to be overawed or disconcerted by mere superiority of rank. She meets Miss Bingley's impertinences with quiet indifference, and Lady Catharine's arrogance with unruffled dignity. The author's skill in the development and modification of character is shown in the delineation of Elizabeth's lover, Darcy. His pride of birth and conflicting emotions consequent upon his regard for Elizabeth, and her dislike and entire unconscious-

ness of his affection, are finely contrasted, and the scene of his "declaration" and her rejection is powerfully dramatic in action and effect.

Jane Bennet and Mr. Bingley divide the interest with Elizabeth and Darcy. By the side of her energetic, decided sister, Jane is simply passive and amiable. The pleasing but weak Mr. Bingley is very accurately sketched. Mary Bennet seems only to be introduced to give Mrs. Bennet the requisite number of daughters, and she could be dropped from the book without at all deranging its machinery. The other two daughters, Lydia and Kitty, are necessary as aiding and abetting each other; but Mary is decidedly in the way. The obsequious Mr. Collins would be tiresome if we saw more of him; but the author does not allow either his wife or her readers to be bored by too much of his company. Mrs. Bennet, quite as great a fool as Mr. Collins, is infinitely more entertaining. His acquaintance we might be induced to relinquish; but we could not possibly spare Mrs. Bennet. Her persistent, indefatigable efforts to marry her daughters, her utter want of delicacy and tact, her perpetual blunders and exclamatory style of conversation, are all delightfully ridiculous. To secure a husband for one daughter, she sends her off on horseback to be caught in a rain-storm. She forgets entirely the misconduct of another, in lively satisfaction at her ultimate marriage, and she is in ecstasies when she hears that a man whom she has always intensely disliked has become the suitor of a third. "Good gracious! Lord bless me! only think! dear me! Mr. Darcy! Who would have thought it? And is it really true? O my sweetest Lizzie! how rich and how great you will be! What pin-money, what jewels, what carriages you will have! Jane's is nothing to it,—nothing at all. Such a charming man! so handsome! so tall! O my dear Lizzie! pray apologize for my having disliked him so much before. I hope he will overlook it. Dear, dear Lizzie! A house in town! Everything that is charming! Three daughters married! Ten thousand a year! O Lord! what will become of me? I shall go distracted!"

Mr. Bennet's quiet humor, and his keen perception of the ludicrous side of his wife's character, make her absurdities

appear in a stronger light. We laugh with him when he laughs at her, though it is by no means a part of the author's design to applaud his conduct in so doing.

This dialogue, with which the book opens, forcibly illustrates the peculiarities of both: —

"It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife. However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighborhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"'My dear Mr. Bennet,' said his lady to him one day, 'have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?'

"Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"'But it is,' returned she; 'for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.'

"Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"'Do you not want to know who has taken it?' cried his wife, impatiently.

"'You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.' This was invitation enough.

"'Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the North of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week.'

"'What is his name?'

"'Bingley.'

"'Is he married or single?'

"'O, single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!'

"'How so? how can it affect them?'

"'My dear Mr. Bennet,' replied his wife, 'how can you be so tiresome? You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.'

"'Is that his design in settling here?'

"'Design! nonsense; how can you talk so? But it is very likely that he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.'

"'I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may

send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party.'

"'My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty; but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty.'

"'In such cases a woman has not often much beauty to think of.'

"'But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighborhood.'

"'It is more than I engage for, I assure you.'

"'But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go merely on that account; for in general, you know, they visit no new-comers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him if you do not.'

"'You are over scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you, to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls, though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzie.'

"'I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzie is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humored as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference.'

"'They have none of them much to recommend them,' replied he; 'they are all silly and ignorant, like other girls; but Lizzie has something more of quickness than her sisters.'

"'Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves.'

"'You mistake me, my dear, I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least.'

"'Ah, you do not know what I suffer.'

"'But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighborhood.'

"'It will be no use to us if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them.'

"'Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty I will visit them all.'

"Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humor, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three and twenty years

had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news." — Chap. I.

There is less dramatic force in "Mansfield Park" than in "Pride and Prejudice," but as regards the artistic excellence of the two, there is little or no difference. There is, perhaps, a finer finish of detail in the former, but its tone is quieter and the interest it excites is not as absorbing. Its beauty lies in its naturalness of incident and character, and its entire harmony and completeness. The interest is not concentrated upon the heroine, Fanny Price, until the story draws near to its conclusion. During the first half of the book her cousins and the Crawfords monopolize the attention. Fanny's importance develops with her character, which is exquisitely feminine. Her timidity obscures her merits; but whilst yielding and retiring, she is not weak; on the contrary, she has considerable force of character, shown by her refusal to join in the theatricals, and in her determined rejection of Mr. Crawford, much as she feared her uncle's displeasure. Cultivated and appreciative, she is also very quick-sighted; she is the only one who rightly understands Mr. Crawford, and she at once detects the rivalry existing on his account between Maria and Julia Rushworth. Her own love for her cousin Edmund, no doubt, quickens her perception of Miss Crawford's defects; but her jealousy renders her neither unjust nor ungenerous. Fanny is one of those rare persons whose virtues are more felt than seen. She unconsciously exercises a strong influence over her associates. Her indolent Aunt Bertram depends upon her. Mr. Crawford is less selfish and worldly in her society, and her undisciplined sister is refined and softened by her gentleness and sweetness. Mr. Crawford is still more finely portrayed. He is the most successful of Miss Austen's masculine characters. His good and bad traits, while blended, are still nicely discriminated. His fascinations never hide his faults, neither do his faults obscure his finer qualities. To conceive such a character is comparatively easy, but to execute it so as to preserve perfectly its symmetry requires extraordinary ability.

The author's delineation of Mrs. Norris is very spirited. She is the representative of an unfortunately large class of women. Narrow-minded and parsimonious, she mistakes officiousness for benevolence, and meanness for economy. She is always bustling without being useful; she delights to plan, but leaves others to execute; she is never happy unless the prime mover in every project; and by the force of much boasting she manages to convince others, as well as herself, that she is a marvel of self-sacrifice and devotion.

The plot of "Emma" is still more contracted than that of "Mansfield Park," being confined entirely to the little country town of Hartville. But within these narrow limits there is a quick succession of scenes, the curtain rising and falling with the rapidity of light comedy. "Emma" is remarkable for liveliness of dialogue and delicate shading of character. Each member of the little circle at Hartville has a decided individuality. There is the valetudinarian Mr. Woodhouse, with his faith in his apothecary, his fondness for gruel, and horror of hearty suppers and all change; his clear-headed, slightly ungracious son-in-law, and amiable daughter Isabella, humoring him in the matter of gruel, but clinging to her own physician. In connection with the Woodhouses we have the showy, would-be fashionable Mrs. Elton, who is that insufferable thing, a pretentiously vulgar woman; simple-minded Miss Bates, inspiring regard in spite of her rambling, disconnected mode of speech; pretty, sentimental Harriet Smith, quite ready to love and un-love, as circumstances or her strong-minded friend, Miss Woodhouse, may dictate. Emma Woodhouse, the heroine, is as fascinating a person as Elizabeth Bennet, and even more lovable. Her faults bring out in strong relief the essential nobility of her nature. They are mere blemishes, and, being more the result of education and of her position than of natural disposition, are gradually eradicated. As far above the most of her associates in mental capacity as she is in rank, she has become a little self-sufficient and conceited. But her vanity never deadens her kindliness of heart, or renders her selfish. She plans for others, rarely for herself, and while she seldom takes the advice of her best friend, Mr. Knightley, she never resents his interference or betrays an

unamiable temper. In her match-making, — of which she is only cured by a series of mortifications and failures, — Emma displays more zeal than judgment. Her surprises and perplexities are graphically described, and the by-play between Frank Churchill and Jane Halifax is most ingeniously contrived and executed.

"Persuasion" is in a different vein from its predecessors. Its tone is more subjective and thoughtful. There is less representation and more description; hence what it gains in sentiment it loses in individuality. The conception of the plot is less strikingly original, but it is carried out with equal ability. Anne Elliot has greater tenderness of nature than either Elizabeth or Emma, but she is more of an abstraction and less of a reality. We remember her rather from what the author says of her, than for what she says or does herself. This could scarcely be avoided, as her character is entirely emotional, and consequently does not admit of analysis. Her long attachment to Captain Wentworth, her alternations of fear and hope, and the revival of his old love for her, are naturally and powerfully depicted. Admiral and Mrs. Croft and the worldly Mr. Elliot are clever sketches; but the most suggestive character in the book is Anne's married sister, who is developed in Miss Austen's best style. Her petty prejudices and weak resentments, her peevishness and pride, are constantly betrayed in her conversation, of which this is a specimen: —

"'So you are come at last! I began to think I should never see you. I am so ill I can hardly speak. I have not seen a creature the whole morning!'

"'I am sorry to find you so unwell,' replied Anne. 'You sent me such a good account of yourself on Thursday.'

"'Yes. I made the best of it, — I always do; but I was very far from well at the time; and I do not think I ever was so ill in my life as I have been all this morning, — very unfit to be left alone, I am sure. Suppose I were to be seized of a sudden in some dreadful way, and not able to ring the bell! So Lady Russel would not get out. I do not think she has been in this house three times this summer.'

"Anne said what was proper, and inquired after her husband. 'O,

Charles is out shooting. I have not seen him since seven o'clock. He would go, though I told him how ill I was. He said he should not stay out long; but he has never come back, and now it is almost one. I assure you I have not seen a soul this whole long morning.'

"'You have had your little boys with you?'

"'Yes, as long as I could bear their noise; but they are so unmanageable that they do me more harm than good. Little Charles does not mind a word I say, and Walter is growing quite as bad.'

"'Well, you will soon be better now,' replied Anne, cheerfully. 'You know I always cure you when I come. How are your neighbors at the Great House?'

"'I can give you no account of them. I have not seen one of them to-day, except Mr. Musgrove, who just stopped and spoke through the window, but without getting off his horse; and though I told him how ill I was, not one of them have been near me. It did not happen to suit the Miss Musgroves, I suppose, and they never put themselves out of their way.'

"'You will see them yet, perhaps, before the morning is gone. It is early.'

"'I never want them, I assure you. They talk and laugh a great deal too much for me. O Anne, I am so very unwell! It was quite unkind of you not to come on Thursday.'

"'My dear Mary, recollect what a comfortable account you sent me of yourself! You wrote in the cheerfullest manner, and said you were perfectly well, and in no hurry for me; and that being the case, you must be aware that my wish would be to remain with Lady Russel to the last; and besides what I felt on her account, I have really been so busy, have had so much to do, that I could not very conveniently have left Kellynich sooner.'

"'Dear me! what can you possibly have to do?'

"'A great many things I assure you.' . . . . .

"'O, well,' and after a moment's pause, 'but you have never asked me one word about our dinner at the Pooles yesterday.'

"'Did you go then? I have made no inquiries, because I concluded you must have been obliged to give up the party.'

"'O yes! I went. I was very well yesterday; nothing at all the matter with me till this morning. It would have been strange if I had not gone.'

"'I am very glad you were well enough, and I hope you had a pleasant party.'

"'Nothing remarkable. One always knows beforehand what the dinner will be, and who will be there; and it is so very uncomfortable

not having a carriage of one's own. Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove took me, and we were so crowded! They are both so very large and take up so much room; and Mr. Musgrove always sits forward. So, there was I, crowded into the back seat with Henrietta and Louisa; and I think it very likely that my illness to-day may be owing to it.'

"A little further perseverance in patience and forced cheerfulness on Anne's side produced nearly a cure on Mary's. She could soon sit upright on the sofa, and began to hope she might be able to leave it by dinner-time. Then, forgetting to think of it, she was at the other end of the room, beautifying a nosegay; there she ate her cold meat; and then she was well enough to propose a little walk.

"'Where shall we go?' said she, when they were ready.

"'I suppose you will not like to call at the Great House before they have been to see you?'

"'I have not the smallest objection on that account,' replied Anne. 'I should never think of standing on such ceremony with people I know so well as Mrs. and the Miss Musgroves.'

"'O, but they ought to call upon you as soon as possible. They ought to feel what is due to you as my sister. However, we may as well go and sit with them for a little while, and when we have got that over, we can enjoy our walk.'" — Chap. VI.

Beyond a few barren facts, very little is personally known of Miss Austen. Her life has never been written, and the biographical sketches of her are meagre and unsatisfactory. The daughter of a country clergyman, she led a quiet, uneventful life, and died at the age of forty-one. She is described as attractive in person and manners, and brilliant in conversation. According to Appleton's Encyclopædia, an early disappointment in love determined her against matrimony. But neither in the Encyclopædia Britannica nor in the "Memorial" attached to the English editions of her writings is there any intimation of this. Nor is it to be inferred from the tone of her works. They are all remarkable for their genuine and unforced cheerfulness, and the entire absence of morbid feeling. Still this is very negative proof, as Miss Austen never revealed herself in her writings. Retiring in disposition, she studiously avoided publicity. A nobleman, who suspected her to be the author of "Mansfield Park," proposed to her through a friend to join a literary circle at his house, and meet Madame de Staël, but she declined the invitation at

once; and she could never be persuaded to affix her name to her publications.

To judge from the eulogies passed upon Miss Austen, her character must have been as harmonious and well-proportioned as her intellect. It is much to be regretted that none of her letters have been published, as they would be invaluable in throwing light, not only upon her tastes and feelings, but her life. It is probable her family were as reticent as herself, and did not wish to give them publicity; but the world has been the loser. That there were letters is evident from the "Memorial," which says: —

"The style of her familiar correspondence was in all respects the same as that of her novels. Everything came finished from her pen; for on all subjects she had ideas as clear as her expressions were well chosen. It is not too much to say, that she never despatched a note or letter unworthy of publication."

A few extracts of about a half-dozen lines in length are all that are given. These, of course, are too short to be very characteristic, and only excite without gratifying curiosity. During her last illness she writes: —

"My medical attendant is encouraging, and talks of making me quite well. I live chiefly on the sofa, but am allowed to walk from one room to another. I have been out once in a sedan-chair, and am to repeat it, and be promoted to a wheel-chair, as the weather serves. On this subject I will only say further, that my dearest sister, my tender, watchful, indefatigable nurse, has not been made ill by her exertions. As to what I owe to her, and to the anxious affection of all my beloved family on this occasion, I can only cry over it, and pray God to bless them more and more."

Miss Austen is described as an eminently religious person. That she had high moral principle is clearly apparent in her writings. "Miss Austen," says Archbishop Whately, "introduces very little of what is technically called religion in her books, yet that must be a blinded soul which does not recognize the vital essence everywhere present in her pages of a deep and enlightened piety." Unlike her contemporary, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen never sacrificed artistic truth in order to inculcate a moral. She was too great an artist to allow the purpose of her works to destroy their essential unity.

Purity of life and heart are recommended by example, but never by precept. Thus, if the effect of her teachings is less obvious than that of Miss Edgeworth's, it is more permanent. During her lifetime Miss Edgeworth enjoyed a greater measure of popularity, while Miss Austen's fame is chiefly posthumous. If her own age did not quite do her justice, posterity has made her ample amends. Her influence cannot well be over-estimated. For our young authors, who affect the intense style, and load their books with meretricious ornament, she is the best of models. The issue of a new American edition of her novels should therefore be heartily welcomed, as sure to revive the interest of old, and to create many new admirers.

Art. VI. — NEW BOOKS OF PIETY.

Two Friends. By the Author of "The Patience of Hope" and "A Present Heaven." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.

A GREAT improvement has taken place in the books which furnish spiritual reading to the people. The religious novel continues to be execrable, as by nature it must ever be, whether constructed in the interest of liberal or evangelical sects. It is either a clergyman masquerading in some second-hand livery of the ideal, or else a man in a surplice, and partially asphyxiated by the regulation cravat. When total immersion, immediate regeneration, the vicarious sacrifice, absolution and the dear confessional, and Dr. Pusey, get into the garret where a spinster Romance has hung the garments which she considers too poor to wear and too good to give away, they are certain to emerge in the plight which crows despise and the farmer himself distrusts. Doctrines, like medicine, may be thus smuggled into the interior, where they become a disease greater than any they expel. Still, if a man must make a case out of himself by getting his functions scientifically disordered by an adroit apothecary, the religious novel may con-

tinue to wreak upon his system the prescribed amount of invalidism.

But the books which are filled with the spiritual meditations of individual minds are in these days in many respects better than the noted ones that were produced during the ages which have been called religious. There is a narrowness in all of those, which hurts their sweetness and purity. They are simply quietistic, or ascetic, or conventual; they are given up to ecstasy or to the blood of Christ. They express the famous moods of men who founded sects or thought to improve the religious life by starting some fine fantasy or opening some neglected tendency. They are on hands and knees, groping through a cave for the inner light, which is the daylight of God they left behind; it seems very intense as it streams through the crevice, but it is neither so available nor so exhilarating as all out-doors. Every kind of twilight strains the eyes. These books of interior life commit the metaphysical mistake of their epoch, by yearning after subjective impressions, ideal formulas, with a lively idiosyncrasy that calls itself the life of God in the soul. The Lord's Prayer is vapid and colorless to the amorous imagination of the pietists: yet its clauses suggest a future earth that shall blossom with spiritual intelligence. St. Bridget and St. Theresa never thought that they aspired until they could feel the marks of the nails in their palms and the spear-rent in their sides. They were consumed by desire, when they thought they were absorbed by the real presence.

These books strictly represented the amount of knowledge about God and Nature which was then the property of mankind. And all the canonized founders of sects, and the discoverers of some new luxury for the brooding soul, have spoken concerning intercourse with God from the total contents of their minds, as well as from their peculiar tenderness and longing. What they have had to report or recommend concerning Divine communion has never been able to transcend their ignorance of the laws, facts, and habits of the Divine Mind in man and Nature. But the Real Presence is in all things, and in all creatures, and can be worshipped only according as it is known.

Ecstasy has men and women to lift. Superior tackle and a novel purchase cannot lift more than the weight which the man ties on. Perhaps he thinks he is lifted when he is only straining away at the two handles of himself, and he does not budge an inch from the ground of his knowledge. If piety be the mere indulgence of interior sensations, it would be superfluous to make eternal life consist in knowing God. Then the best religious books would be always written by the spiritual Soyers who carry their pickles and flavors nicely packed about with them, ready to convert the impalpable and the obscure into ravishing pottage for the famished million. A great many such Barmecide feasts have been projected out of the interior consciousness; for it is one thing to be vividly conscious of what one feels or imagines, and quite another thing to become acquainted with the substantial and immanent God.

Among the knowable facts which ought to construct a substantial worship is the man himself who proposes to offer up this worship. The better man knows himself, the better will he distinguish between the efflorescence of his fancy, the caprices of his temperament, or the megrims of his body, and the natural spring-tides of his intelligent emotion, when the finite thought is drawn by the Infinite thought and piled up heavenward. This is human aspiration. It takes up the whole man and floats him on the moment's billow; not a portion of him, or some exaggerated or diseased peculiarity, not a schirrous aggravation of some doctrine, nor a fit of spleen, nor a congested cerebellum, not the abjectness which waits upon monastic vice, nor the vanity of a struggle with something unnaturally repressed, not an access of hysteria, nor the spurious exaltation which is nothing but derangement of some central organ; but it is the whole feeling, the whole understanding, and the sense of human dependence, penetrated with intelligence concerning the inner and the outer world. Upon that tide the lily of devotion floats to let the sun draw sweet and natural fragrance from its sun-like cup.

Religious books are still a great way from expressing this tendency of mankind to love God with four things, heart, soul, mind, and strength, to let the actual, instead of the imaginary, worship. But an improvement has commenced in the direc-

tion of admitting into the texture of spiritual meditation those threads of God's loom which are fed to it by science, beauty, knowledge, and the social life. There is a good deal, for instance, in the little book whose title has been given, that is in harmony with what the people need to find in such spiritual meditations. Its beginning is too fanciful and strange, and through the mist of words there is a lift which might be mistaken for the land; but after this effusory vein has been worked off, the book touches here and there, with grace and nobility of feeling, upon some of the best ideas of the time, and connects them with the aspirations of the soul for a more perfect inward life. We still detect the old vagueness which infests books of this class, and which is mistaken for remote and interior feeling. And there are sentimental pages which will pass with many ill-nourished minds for piety. But when the writer speaks of the communion of men, and strives to show that the true life of the soul results from the interdependence of many souls, and not from isolated rapture or individual goodness, she takes a great step out of the old cenobitic restrictions of pious books, and connects her pure thoughts with the wants of the age, with every project and movement that strives to bless mankind. Sometimes she seems to confound this tendency with the narrower notion of a combination among all Protestant and Roman sects, and she speaks warmly of a cosmopolitan catholic church to which she would love to see all people belonging. But the right key is touched when she says, "A time comes to the soul when individualism becomes cramping, narrowing; when we feel conscious that we cannot breathe and move freely, either in work or prayer, except through the universal organic whole. . . . . What is Christianity itself, but living to the whole instead of living to the part?" Roman Catholicism "has testified that the human race, whether in Adam or in Christ, is one; but it has missed the contingent necessary truth, *that because we are one*, because we possess organic life, that life will assume different manifestations." The true Catholicity

"works ever towards the whole, its task is to bring back the One to the One, humanity to God. It looks also upon the individual man as one, a being spiritual, rational, and sensitive, and as such provides him

with food convenient for him; it gives us no manna of mere spirituality, angels' food, thin and unsatisfying, but sets before us bread. It does not throw the whole strain of spiritual life upon a moment, a feeling, a movement of the heart, of which, at some other moment, and under some other feeling, the heart itself may doubt."

This is well expressed, but the thought is not vigorously pressed into all its social and scientific ultimates. There is no pretence of doing this, however, and the excellence of the words consists in their suggestion that knowing, living, and feeling are the material of piety. "How can one, being laone, be warm?" The flame of the quietist is a will-o'-wisp, flickering in damp and midnight places; the rapture of the monk is a prairie-fire that roars sudden through the solitary stubble; and all private aspiring is like a dim taper compared with the day that broadens heavenward, to mix with kindred day, through ranks of souls who are taking hands in order that the file may reach the hand of God. A watchman may carry his candle-end brilliantly in a lantern; perhaps he will help some belated or maudlin traveller home, or at least light the solace of a cigar for one whose matches are all spent. The runners at the Promethean race carried the single torch from hand to hand, which symbolized the divine spark once stolen for the man of clay, and its procession through the generations of men. But when all hearts touch, the holy spark that informs them all leaps forth, and fire-light is kindled for the wants of mankind.

"I remember, last year, when I was recovering from a fever, lying one evening between sleeping and waking, too weak and restless to command my thoughts, which drifted out far beyond every known boundary into that dark, confused, diffused idea of God, in which he is at once everywhere and nowhere. Gently, gradually, I was drawn back by the low tones of my mother and sister pleasantly talking over some little household incidents in the fire-light; their gentle, subdued voices seemed to change the world from the void and chaos of nature into my Father's house; they led my spirit into His presence who rejoices in the *habitable* parts of the earth, and makes His delight in the sons of men."

Such a passage as that would be a mere pleasant bit of sentiment, were it not for the facility with which it fits and turns

in the wards of the higher thought, that all right knowing and living is worship. We cannot tell how far the writer would be disposed to divinize her thought by thus boldly secularizing it; and perhaps she is only haunted by the sweet and gentle moods of the household, which are enjoyed selfishly, and dread being turned out upon the broad common of God. There is a good deal of this nice domestic feeling in modern books, which gets hold of religious phrases, connects itself with family worship, and cleanliness and dancing for the boys. Then it becomes a kind of cant. Every good mother has a paper of bon-bons in the drawer, effective in the direction of domestic bliss, but utterly incompetent to provide a hearty meal.

There is a British love for literal Scripture in this book, which, of course, we should have been surprised to miss. But it has nothing to do with the spiritual elevation of the people. Still less serviceable are one or two reproductions of exploded theology, like that on page 139, relative to the resurrection of the body. Is it really possible that a devout book must still flaunt these rags? Do people crave some revelation or intimation that "gives the flesh also leave 'to rest in hope'"? Is the body so endeared, like a family mansion, by the joys and grief that have been experienced within its ever-changing limits, that a man cannot feel happy at the idea of carrying elsewhere his substance unless he carries his shell? We wonder if the animals which shed their scaly and testudinous coverings regret them. Possibly in the raw interval, before the new plates are secreted and have hardened to the back. Neither does a soul care to be unclothed; but when it is obliged to shed its fluent garment of material elements which the ground and air weave round it, the sense of identity and homelikeness survives the clothing upon with the house from heaven. If the personality resides in the phosphates, what shall a man do when he can no longer feed well and drink Burgundies? Not only his body must rise again, but his pantry and his wine-bin, his corner grocery and oyster-shop; the butcher's cart must become a chariot, and the wagons with tin cans that contain a dubious fluid must continually supply customers up and down the milky-way.

These old scraps of theology are not really believed by the finer writers of religious books. But they are used in an unhealthy and sentimental manner. All these reminiscences of creeds and human speculations must be abandoned, and the strict knowledge of all phenomena must henceforth supply a substratum for theology, and intelligible facts to excite wonder, adoration, hope, and spiritual joy.

The writer indulges in a curious expression of disappointment, almost of despondency, as to the influence of Christianity, which is drawn from her by a secret feeling that the ordinary ideas of religion taken from the New Testament, and so slowly modified and supplemented by the development of mankind, are behind that development, and do not meet and satisfy all the demands of human nature. So that it seems to her as if there were somewhere a mistake; either the New Testament does not reveal the whole of Christ, or "in all that concerns Christianity, under its present dispensation, we must be prepared to meet with a certain degree of check and disappointment." The slavish literalness which still clings to her graceful pen appears in the alternative which she hastens to offer, that the prophetic parts of the Old Testament, which represent a Messiah yet to come, are to console us for the failure of the Christ who really came! Through all this she suffers to appear a glimmering sense that knowledge is doing great things for mankind, and is destined to be the reconciler of prophecy with fact, of earnest expectation with the manifestation of the sons of God.

Yes, here the pen hazards the first faint strokes of a true theory of the communion between the divine and human life. Piety has been too long restricted to the internal attitude which the soul preserves towards the invisible by means of devout exercises, and the elaboration of a single class of sensibilities. It is represented by the upward look, as if the crown of the head were expanding in the region of reverence, and drew the eyes up with it. They are brimful of peace, or kindling with rapture. The whole face seems shrunken inwardly, under the apparent effect of a central windlass, to which all the cords converge. The hands are folded, to keep them out of the way, being no longer of any external impor-

tance. All the organs seem to be on the point of becoming rudimental again, under the tyrannical development of a single inner sense. So greatly considered has the act of praying been, and the struggle of the soul towards a single outlet, as if it were a prisoner in the Black Hole and died for air. To some theologies this earth is a Hole, and the manifold uses of human nature only an oakum-picking and sofa-making in prison clothes under the glances of an overseer. Incessant praying may be a relief to souls which think thus meanly of the life that springs from the very bosom of the Father; but why they should care to pray to such a Father, except with the hope of getting speedily let out of prison, it is impossible to conjecture. If the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain, it is for want of knowledge; men wait for a manifestation in another place, when they themselves are manifestly in this place, with the very words of Christ in their mouths: "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth. Give us *this day* our daily bread." Souls of all character and conditions must forever yearn to God in prayer. To stint that tendency would be as bad as stinting any other. But when piety becomes, like novel-reading, the cultivation of a single set of feelings, it leads, like that, to hypocrisy and shameful insensibility of the actual work which alone betrays a man's actual aspiration.

We must not pretend to scorn the word Piety in attempting to restrict its province, nor appear to mock the tender and noble impulse which it represents. On the contrary, those wrong it and cast contempt upon it who are enamored of its mediæval and diseased expressions, and resist the attempt to make it equivalent to the whole living and striving of an intelligent man. We must not be deterred by the glamour of words from teaching the people to look for their Heavenly Father wherever he may happen to be. He is no nearer to the soul in a moment of ecstasy than he is in a moment of charity, of knowing his laws, of observing his facts, of tracing his plan, of suffering from our ignorance, of doing his work. Men need to be uplifted in the region of their intuitions, and the crowd may be lamentably meagre in spiritual refinement. The correction is to come, not from the Chinese method of setting the

soul in a pot, to extort out of it a monstrous top, and to glory over a bud as big as a cauliflower. Rather let men stand where they are, among the corn-flowers, and blossoms of the wide-rolling prairie, drenched with sun, air, and rain, and set upon by the universe. There will be stars for night, the fulling and the waning moon, the deep silence of a world that holds its breath to listen; but the day is longer, winds muster from every quarter, bringing appeals, shouts for help, encouragements, taunts to labor, thunderings of the great laws below the horizon. These are the open-air voices of God, and the soul of every man prays when he says "Yes" to them.

It would be a great thing if everybody became spiritual. But what is it to become so? Not merely to be high-minded and irreproachable, to be tender and merciful, to be led by conscience, to understand that God is near, to dread to be ignoble in his presence, to rejoice in natural moments of prayerful feeling; least of all is it to be incessantly mounting the soul's garret-stairs to keep the skylight unfastened, as if God were determined to get in by that way alone. To be spiritual is to know the spirit of everything, to perceive the divine law and nature of all the facts with which our daily life confronts us, and of as many other facts in as many other provinces as we have the ambition and ability to perceive. There is indeed a private postern to every soul, at which the inspiring Spirit stands and knocks. Ineffable messages and sensations are sometimes delivered at that door. But keep your ear against it all the time, and the thieves of rust, weather, slovenliness, conceit, and all unneighborliness come up the front way, commit burglary at every window, carry off the implements of your trade, rot the timbers and deface the ornaments of your house. The soul cannot hire porters to watch at every inlet; it must learn to inform the whole residence with a lively personality that greets God from an open window, welcomes him at every threshold, hails him upon the street, walks with him in the garden, and yearns to follow him when the garden seems a fore-court to the stars.

ART. VII. — THE THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

1. *The Congressional Globe, and Appendix.* Washington: John C. Rives.
2. *The Statutes at Large and Treaties of the United States of America.* By Authority. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 8vo.

THE Congress whose term of legal existence ceased on the 4th of March just passed, has occupied too remarkable a position in our history not to claim a word of distinct remembrance. The circumstances are still fresh under which it came into being. We were on the verge of a revolution, — how vast, how terrible, with what possible result, no one could anticipate. To this Congress, and to the executive that summoned it, the decision was left whether we should continue in fact to exist as a nation. All the questions of doubtful interpretation in our fundamental laws, which we had been only too content to slur and compromise in a half-century of peace, crowded threatening, and compelled an imperative answer. The nature of the constitutional compact, — the authority of government to deal with seceding States, — the character to be given to our territorial law, — the means of raising and arming forces, or of turning the nation's wealth to the needs of the public service, — the regulation of finance, — the interpretation of the common law which guards our private liberties, — all these presented questions either absolutely new and untried, or else such as had been kept open by the shifting phases and unstable equilibriums of our party politics. Now they must be met all at once, under the Sphinx's threat, to answer them rightly, or perish. Below them all lay the supreme and vital question, Is there the courage, is there the national loyalty and faith, to meet them fearlessly? Shall the honor and integrity of the nation be guarded, and its destiny secured, its grand ambitions and hopes be carried to fulfilment, or shall all be lost, through irresolution and despair? On the practical decision it depended, not whether our political theories are true, but whether this race of mankind and this period of the world are fit to establish and defend them; whether we have not merely the ambition and the pride, but the nobler qualities also, that vindicate a nation's right to be.

In the hurry of those events that are swiftly deciding for us the external conditions of our national life hereafter, it is with an effort we look back on the revolution that has been going on, meanwhile, in the received theory of our public law. It is difficult even to imagine how many things were unsettled, two years ago, as to which the time has compelled a summary decision. With our old notion of the advantage and the certainties found in a written code of constitutional maxims, we forgot how the interpretation of those maxims must be a matter of time, and the slow accumulation of precedent. It is by a long process of growth that the organic law of a people gets adjusted to its needs, temper, and experience. A time of revolution is a forcing-season, — or rather a ripening season, when a September day makes more visible change than a month of June. These two years have done more than the previous half-century to make clear and positive the rules by which our organic law is to be interpreted. Granting only the cohesive force to prevent actual disruption under the strain of this convulsion, and more has been done to ripen the sense of nationality, to give birth to genuine loyalty, to shape and define the objects of public policy, than three generations of prosperous peace. "Nations have long periods of annals, brief periods of history." *

The Thirty-Seventh Congress has won its place in history more by deeds than by thoughts or words; more by the acts which were forced upon it in the stress of the time, than by the deliberate adoption or the eloquent exposition of any clear line of policy. With few exceptions, it has not been a Congress of marked ability. It has shown little of that sort of eloquence — even of that sort of passion, or fiery conviction, or eager devotion to the perilled interests of the state — which we naturally look for in revolutionary times. In these matters it presents a striking, and by no means flattering, contrast with the two great legislatures with which it is most natural to compare it, — the Long Parliament of 1640 and the Constituent Assembly of 1789. It was not elected to meet an emergency. It came into being through the ordinary machinery of our

* Sermon on "The Aspects of the War," by J. F. Clarke.

party politics, in that era of careless and easy confidence which was the lull before the gathering storm. The springs of the nation's courage, and its magnificent faith in its own destiny, had not been touched. The Congress that was called together felt but imperfectly the magnetism of the popular will. Old party jealousies rankled; and the dominant party felt itself so strong, that it could afford to indulge in the luxury of personal spites and cliques. Its dignity was damaged, too, by the mere fact of secession. It was insulted with the epithet of "Rump-Congress"; it was accused as representing, not the nation, but a fragment, a geographical division of the nation. This fact gave it weakness, but should have made keener its sense of dignity and self-respect. Nothing, on the contrary, more sets it apart from the two great revolutionary assemblies just referred to, than its slowness to comprehend the magnitude or apprehend the solemnity of the occasion it was called to meet. Imperfectly representing the popular fervor and faith, it very completely represented the fretful impatience of the popular temper. The lack of moral dignity in a body which could not shun being the mark of most eager expectation on one side, and most jealous criticism on the other, was one of the most discreditable results of the party politics of the last thirty years. It has been only slowly done away by the overwhelming gravity of the questions at issue, and the calamities of the war, — together, as we think, with the sincere and patriotic purpose with which the Executive has discharged his high and difficult responsibility.

We do not propose, at this day, to offer any verdict as to the executive abilities and the public course of President Lincoln. History, which judges men inexorably by success or failure, is sure to detect the lurking causes of either. We do not assume to anticipate its judgment. But history, in summing up the evidence, will bear in mind that at each critical juncture the initiative was forced on Mr. Lincoln under circumstances of the most terrible responsibility; that he accepted it without impatience, — almost with too much patience, — yet always without hesitation; that with characteristic frankness he appealed to the legislature for ratification or authority in every doubtful step he was compelled to take; and that, to a remark

able degree, the acts of legislation which have made this period so momentous in our constitutional history have been prompted by his direct suggestion, or wrought out by constant and plain counsel with his Cabinet and himself. Singularly faithful to our republican traditions, he would have preferred that the steps of hazardous responsibility should be taken first by the more immediate representatives of the people. Yet, with the political consistency and courage that are the birthright of a republican magistrate, he has never that we remember shrunk from assuming the full weight of it, whenever an obnoxious act must be done or an obnoxious man defended, when any blunder or neglect in military matters had to be remedied, or any oversight in legislation or unforeseen emergency required a voice of authority to proclaim the need. Errors of judgment he may have committed; but for months he suffered under charges of them which the first word of clear evidence disproved. Much reading in history and much experience in statesmanship had been denied to him; yet, for one compelled to take so many steps in absolute darkness, we think the verdict will be that he has made very few mistakes. Even the idiosyncrasies of manner, his baffling of impatient questioners and critics by story or jest, or by argument which his conduct presently appeared to contradict, seem to have been the honest frontiersman's substitute for that armor of polished diplomacy by which statesmen bred in courts find it necessary to disguise their purposes. That he has interfered sometimes where interference was unwise, may be true; but the greater danger lay the other way, — in a cowardly shirking and shifting of the responsibility. How high a virtue is that moral courage which Mr. Lincoln has shown in his difficult office, we should not have perfectly known but for the hopeless imbecility of the months which preceded it. His chief defect, perhaps, is the lack of a prompt and imperious will. Yet to him belongs forever, unchallenged, the glorious distinction, that by one brave act at the very outset of his administration — an act so brave that most men believed it impossible to be done — he broke the evil spell that held the nation enchanted and bound. He saved the nation the bitter shame of suffering judgment to go against it by default. In

answer to the insolent boast from the South, to the insolent taunt from Europe, that the Union was dissolved, and the nation was already crumbled into fragments, —

"he declared that the government of the United States still existed; and he announced the fact to them and to the world in resounding cannonades, whose meaning is plain enough. What they say is, that the law must be executed in Charleston and Savannah and Richmond and New Orleans, in order that it may have authority in Philadelphia and New York and Chicago and San Francisco; that our flag must fly again at Fort Sumter, that it may be honored on the high seas and in foreign ports; and that, when this government discusses the right of secession, it will not be with secret plotters of treason and armed rebels to its authority." *

It were a task beyond our limits to trace, even in its simplest outline, the course of policy by which a government so completely demoralized and disarmed as this was a little more than two years ago has become a power strong, resolute, equipped, confident and stern of purpose, armed with the numbers, the wealth, and the will of a vast population, victorious over party division and lurking treason in the loyal States, unshaken in purpose and hope to crush the strength of confederate rebellion. One cardinal feature of its policy — that in regard to slavery — we have heretofore discussed as fairly and fully as we were able.† A few other points, of hardly less importance, we can only present in a summary showing, as an index or odometer, by which to know how far these two years of legislation have brought us, and by what sort of road.

First, to strengthen the military arm, — crippled as it was by the desertion of officers, the seizure of forts, the dispersion of the fleet, the abstraction of supplies, and the virtual disbanding in Texas of a large proportion of the rank and file of the army. The leaders in rebellion had assumed that constitutional scruples and official timidity would prevent the loss from being ever supplied; that local jealousies, such as existed in the war of 1812,‡ would forbid the militia of the

* Fisher's "Trial of the Constitution," p. 188.

† See Christian Examiner for September, 1862, and January, 1863.

‡ When Mr. Jeremiah Mason, of Massachusetts, contended that the State militia could not be called to serve beyond the State boundaries.

States to be employed. It was a bold act that summoned seventy-five thousand men to arms on the 15th of April, 1861. Congress responded at once and nobly. No less than sixty acts, in the extra session of July 4th, have the single object to provide most perfectly for the nation's defence. Recognizing the proportions of the struggle, it early authorized an army of half a million volunteers (July 22); increase of the navy (July 24) and of the standing army (July 29) immediately followed; the efficiency of the militia force was largely augmented, both at this time, and a year later by the law authorizing a nine months' draft (July 17, 1862); the national military force liable to be called into service is made by one of the latest acts (March 3, 1863) to consist of every able-bodied male citizen between the ages of twenty and forty-five, — the few exceptions being almost all on grounds of simple humanity;* and authority has been given to employ at need that most terrible and questionable arm of modern warfare, the issue of letters of marque, — judiciously restricted to three years, and as yet unused, — so as to meet on their own ground the armed speculators in treason and piracy, who build and man their fleets in British ports, and furnish rebellion with its most formidable weapons.†

Again, if it was not the deliberate purpose of the traitors in office, in that disastrous winter two years ago, to cripple by bankruptcy and financial panic the government they betrayed, such was at least the danger and the threat. The measures taken to sustain the public credit have been, first, a direct tax of twenty million dollars (August 5, 1861), laid according to the plain but difficult provisions of the Constitution, with the supplement enforcing its provisions on the rebellious States (June 7, 1862); the successive modifications of the tariff

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* Compare the cautious provisions of the Act of July 29, 1861.

† A private letter received from England says (January 26): "I tell people, that we shall have to pay for every shilling of damage done by the Alabama; so they had better stop the other ships from getting out at Liverpool. It is clear you have us in your power; for when you solemnly demand repayment, it will cost more to arm against you than to pay up; and quite sure it is, that the nation will *never* support the government to the point of war in so detestable a cause."

"The most destructive missiles were of English manufacture, principally Whitworth's steel-pointed projectiles." — *Report of the Attack at Charleston*, April 7.

(Aug. 5, Dec. 24, 1861, July 14, 1862, Mar. 3, 1863), together with the curiously elaborate and most successful Internal Revenue Act (July 1, 1862), — measures which have so challenged the ill-will and belied the predictions of European economists; the issue of treasury notes, in all to the amount of $350,000,000, fifty millions payable in coin (July 17, 1861), and the remainder convertible into public stocks, and made a legal tender for all dues except customs (February 25, 1862), — a strongly contested but necessary measure of finance, compelled by the absolute disappearance of gold from current use, and signally successful, hitherto, in saving us from the Scylla of inflation and the Charybdis of repudiation;* the authorizing of a series of loans (July 17, 1861, February 25, 1862, March 3, 1863), amounting in all to $1,650,000,000, of which $300,000,000 have been taken up by the public, without having been once offered in any foreign market; and, finally, the Currency and Banking Act (February 25, 1863) at present coming into operation, which promises, as one fruit of this war, a stable and uniform currency, to supplant the heterogeneous issue of more than sixteen hundred (1,645) local banks. Thus the government is provided in advance with means to carry on this struggle until the end of June, 1864. It is a striking evidence of the confidence inspired by the two classes of measures just recited, that, in about three weeks from the adjournment of Congress, the public stocks had overtaken rather more than half the interval between their market value and that of gold.†

Of other principles of public law, none occurs to us as of

* The war has doubtless had a considerable *direct* effect on many classes of values, from the destruction of crops, the waste and consumption of the army, the diversion of labor, and the laying on of taxes. But its *indirect* effect, so much dreaded, through inflation of the currency, is as yet almost nothing. A comparison of price-lists, will show that the purchasing power of money, where not affected by the above causes, is not perceptibly affected. Indeed, we can scarcely yet be said, in home transactions, to have reached the line of high prices, such as prevail in all seasons of speculation. The balance-wheel of the present financial system is the provision that Customs-duties and interest on the public debt shall be paid in coin.

The actual amount of public indebtedness (April 22, 1863) is $ 929,186,148 (including funded debt, $ 295,068,256; certificates, $ 241,917,776; requisitions, $ 46,646,616; circulation, $ 345,553,500) at an average interest of 3⅛ per cent.

† March 3. Gold, 171½; U. S. 6 per cents, 100.
" 27. " 139; " " 105.

equal importance with the foregoing, except the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, so carefully guarded in our Constitution. Previously, our chief immediate danger had been the evident weakness of the Executive. Any act was welcomed which showed courage to assume a great risk for the sake of a great necessity. The argument seemed even plausible, that to the Executive it belonged of right to suspend that writ at his own judgment of the need, and commit men to confinement, absolutely without accountability, save to the thin phantom of a possible impeachment. It was not until the very last day of its existence (March 3, 1863) that the limits of his responsibility were clearly defined by act of Congress, or the needful yet dangerous exercise of power was put on a legal foundation. The final decision suspends the privilege of that writ only "during the present rebellion," and establishes the principle that the Executive is truly accountable to the Legislature.

The acts to which we have now referred all have a bearing, more or less direct, on the immediate needs and exigencies of a state of war. It is with pride and satisfaction that we have seen how promptly, how wisely, how patriotically, in the main, these needs have been provided for by our national legislature. But it is with a higher pride and a deeper thankfulness that we have seen the noblest works of peace not suspended, but rather invigorated and renewed, amidst the shock of arms. It is a significant fact, typical of what has the best promise for our future, that during these two years, even when the government was literally in a state of siege, when on two different occasions the national armies were driven back almost in the sight, and the noise of hostile cannon echoed in the very ears of Congress, the work of extension and decoration of the Capitol has not been suspended for a single day. In fact, a standing menace has been removed — a sullen hostility and distrust — which in former days checked much of the best projected legislation. That magnificent work of peace, the Pacific Railroad, authorized July 1, 1862, long forbidden by the same jealousy that affected in 1848 to fear the centralizing despotism of a "Home Department"; the Homestead Act (May 20), — so often defeated by the fear of creating too powerful a class of independent colonists; Public and Reform

Schools in the District of Columbia, not forgetting the rights of colored children (May 20, 21, July 1); the protection of overland emigrants; improvement of the Post-Office system (March 3, 1863); the enlarged jurisdiction of the Court of Claims; reform of the District Judiciary, and reorganization of the Supreme Judicial Court; the encouragement given to State Colleges of Agriculture; the establishment of an Agricultural Bureau; the Metropolitan Police Act; the admission of West Virginia (December 31, 1862) on conditions insuring the extinction of slavery there; — these acts indicate the character, but by no means the extent, of the beneficial legislation of this Congress. They present a record, a very small portion of which would give eminence to the sittings of any legislative body, in any period of peace. It is the crowning glory of the Thirty-Seventh Congress that such a series of public measures, together with those on slavery, before referred to, were matured and carried out amidst all the embarrassments and alarms of war.

The faults of the late Congress were the relic of a long period of profligacy and shame, whose bitter harvest we are gathering now. We believe the men who have represented us during these two momentous years have been, not worse, but better than the average of those brought up in the wretched school that has controlled our politics and perverted our public morals since the first truce was made with treason in 1832. We hold that it is right to judge men, not only by what they do in times of violent passion and strong temptation, but also by what they believe and wish and endeavor to do. Judged by this test, the work of our Congress has been honorable and glorious, and our political future is full of hope. We confidently trust that it is to be controlled by a stronger and nobler class of minds, called to their task by the summons and fitted for it by the discipline of great events. The Thirty-Seventh Congress, made up largely of average men, fallible men, trained in that worst political school of insolent domineering, personal profligacy, and timid compromise, has left a record honorable to itself in the main, most honorable to the people of the loyal States which it had the glory to represent.

Art. VIII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

The outward aspect of Mr. Stanley's new volume on the Jewish Church * is very prepossessing. Its large, fair type, its ample, generous page, its sumptuous thickness of leaf and width of margin, its illustrations, — neat, original, and not too many, — make it, perhaps, the most imposing reprint that has done honor to the taste of American publishers and the skill of the American press.

In all the popular and superficial qualities, too, which we seek in such a book, it well sustains the fame won by the showy and eloquent historian of the Eastern Church. From Preface to Index, Mr. Stanley never lets us forget his signal advantage in writing as a traveller in the Holy Land. The local descriptions, illustrating the Hebrew narrative, are the most picturesque and brilliant that have been woven into Biblical comment or essay. They are fresh and first-hand, — not the hard mosaic-work we find in Conybeare's St. Paul. In several instances, — particularly, the account of the Samaritan passover-rite, and the visit to the sacred sepulchres at Hebron, — they have the merit, such as it is, of genuine discoveries, and give a value to these Lectures unique and untransferable, — a value less than historic, but more than antiquarian, and of a sort to be appreciated by readers even least interested in sacred lore.

Where, also, the Old Testament narrative can find fit illustration in picturesque words and phrases, it has it in perfection, perhaps, in these handsome pages. Take, for instance, what is said of the "outward conformity of Abraham and his immediate descendants to the godless, grasping, foul-mouthed Arabs of the modern desert," (p. 13,) with the brilliant brief recurring phrases in which the comparison is again and again suggested; the very full references to Egyptian customs and monumental records; the lively hints of landscape, portraying the plain of Esdraelon, the mountains of Moab, and the valley of the Jordan; the sketch given of Edessa, the supposed "Ur of the Chaldees," cradle of the patriarchal family; the more labored and vivid description of the mountain ranges of Sinai; the following up of the train of Scripture associations with the land of Gilead; the portrait of Jacob as the "Hebrew Ulysses," and of the Philistines as of something the rude type of the Homeric Cyclops; the picture, equally striking, of Samuel and the prophetic school; — these are instances of what we find, on almost every page, of that careful studying, both of artistic and popular effect, which is sure to have its reward.

Furthermore, the view which is implied rather than expressed, as to the true character of the record, is, on the whole, enlightened and fair. We are warned at the outset that we have to do with, "not an inspired

* Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. Part I. Abraham to Samuel. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. With Maps and Plans. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 572

book, but an inspired people," — a phrase which is made to bear a very liberal interpretation. In arguing for the general truth of the narrative, it is only claimed that we have "the refraction of the history, if not the history itself; the echo of the words, if not the actual words." A special critical value is given to many parts, by the practice of setting the Septuagint reading in direct comparison with the Hebrew, — the preference, in some instances, being frankly given to the former. Some hard points of literalism are blandly evaded with a "we know not and we need not know"; the view is significantly hinted, that the walls of Jericho were overthrown by an earthquake; the miracle of Ajalon leads to a very interesting and full gathering up of historic parallels; the chosen people, we are told, were not so strictly guided but that they rather "stumbled into perfection," and their passionate vows were characteristic but "spasmodic efforts after self-restraint." All these are indications of a free handling of the subject-matter, too rare with commentators and historians; and they are further borne out by the unqualified terms of admiration and honor in which Ewald is declared first of critics and scholars in this field, the consummate and unrivalled historian of Israel.

Our chief point of literary criticism would be the immense exaggeration and expansion of those popular qualities of style we have recognized, — the rhetorician's vast amplification, — the traveller's assiduous seeking of opportunities to display himself in local scene-painting, — the novelist's description of things which "might have been seen," — the antiquarian's zeal of petty and insignificant research, — the preacher's diffuse fervor, — the lecturer's propensity to drag in historical parallels, by main force,* wherever a dull ear can be pricked or a sentence neatly turned. So, too, there is something of the professor "in orders," in the *ex cathedra* quasi-justification of the horrors of the Conquest. And many a time when we look for clear and vigorous statement, we find ourselves lost in a cloud of pompous words. It would have been a great mercy to the reader, if a hundred and fifty pages of this portly book had been winnowed from its bulk.

But this is not the real and serious disappointment we have found in a volume so liberal in its promise and so showy in its execution. Mr. Stanley has given in his Preface the name of Ewald as the eminent representative of that order of learning, if not of that precise school of criticism, whose results he would have it understood that he is prepared to make known to the English public. What else, in fact, can he mean by his twenty years of preparation for his task? No doubt the unsuspecting reader thinks that he has at last, in fluent and readable English, the ripe fruit of that remarkable school of Continental scholarship to which Mr. Stanley so freely confesses his obligation; and, possibly, wonders how little it amounts to, after all. Now we do not blame Mr. Stanley in the least for not choosing to enter into questions of literary criticism, or the polemics of religious archæology. These questions it was modest and right in him, no doubt, to leave to be handled by his

* For instance, Pharaoh and Charlemagne.

ecclesiastical superiors, Bishop Colenso and the "spiritual peers." But the volumes of Ewald in particular, and of all recent eminent critics in less degree, abound in points of learning — often merely curious perhaps, yet often deeply interesting and suggestive — which are wholly passed over by this lecturer, — which have no place in his imposing volume, no, not even in foot-note or appendix. In a work addressed to scholars, even in one addressed to the lay public, we hold that the omission is unpardonable, — certainly, in a work of the size and pretension of this. For a certain picturesque and popular quality, it deserves high praise; as meeting the questions which are sure to rise to every intelligent reader, and which put the topic on the same plane of enlightened interest where we expect to find the early life of every other nation, it is nearly or quite valueless. The discussion of relations of pure history regarding Israel in Egypt, for example, — so fruitful and interesting as we find it in Ewald; the curious chains of association to be found in Balaam's prophecy, suggested in part by Bunsen; the equally curious legendary matter touching the origin and migrations of the Canaanitish tribes; the topics of interest still more remarkable and profound connected with the cycle of Syrian superstitions and the wild Palestinian mythology, with their many traces in the early "Jewish Church"; — these points are either utterly ignored, or handled, if at all, in a vague and slipshod way, as if the object were to avoid the bringing in of new objects of interest into this "sacred" field. After reading with care, and often with much pleasure, these five hundred handsome pages, we are obliged to say that the English reader must still seek the points of scholarly interest in volumes of half the size and far more moderate pretensions. And, in place of the verdict we should be glad to render, we have to sum up our judgment of this book, that its value lies in its popular descriptions, its diffuse and flowing rhetoric, and its abstinence from the forbidden fruit of knowledge.

It is somewhat surprising that the doctrinal heresies of Dr. Colenso's commentary on the Epistle to the Romans * should have passed almost unheeded, while the critical heresies in his notes on the Mosaic account† should have aroused such indignation. In the limits of his commentary, he is able to repudiate nearly all that is peculiar to Calvinism. In the Introduction, he tells us what regeneration is, — "the *insensible working of God's good spirit* upon the heart, leading men in the way of truth and righteousness." When Jesus says, "I and my Father are one," he does not speak of "his substantial unity with the Father, but only of his unity of will and word with him." The early Church were Jews at heart, and had for a long time no purpose of forsaking Judaism. The first teaching of the Apostles was only a reformed Judaism. Many were admitted into the Apostolic Church by baptism "who were very deficient in that which we should now consider an intel-

* St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Newly Translated and Explained from a Missionary Point of View. By the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1863. 12mo. pp. 261.

† We are reluctantly obliged to defer a notice of the second part of this treatise.

ligent knowledge of the Christian faith." In the early Church, too, "they had no presbyters or deacons among them, much less a bishop in the later sense of the word"; the original order was substantially congregational.

But the heresies of the Preface are mild in comparison with the heresies of the text. In this the author successively opposes and denounces the doctrine that death came into the world through sin, or that God needs to be reconciled to man, the doctrine of vicarious atonement, the doctrine of total depravity and original sin, the doctrine of election, of mysteries, of vindictive punishment, and of eternal damnation. To this last dogma he devotes an elaborate dissertation, in which he exposes, with all the eloquence of a truth-loving soul, the inconsistencies, the inhumanity, and the revolting wickedness of this unchristian theory. No Universalist could set forth the Divine purpose in punishment more persuasively. Dr. Colenso finds nothing in the Bible or in the Prayer-Book which requires men to believe that any are born to be damned, or that any will be lost eternally. The doctrine of the Trinity does not come into the discussion in a work of this kind. Yet it is noticeable that Dr. Colenso, in those texts which have been used as proof-texts, invariably adopts the Unitarian reading and the Unitarian explanation.

The theory of this commentary is, that God loves man, always loved him, never hated him, and never will hate him; that there is no change in his feeling toward man, or toward men, by the atonement of Christ, but that this change is all in the minds and hearts and lives of men; that death is not a curse, but a blessing, and is no part of the penalty which God appoints for sin; that in all souls, however undeveloped, there is some spiritual life, there are the rudiments of the heavenly life; that the "spirit of Christ" is his spiritual life, and that we are saved by this as much as by his death; that there is no *guilt* without actual, conscious sin; that conscience is the supreme law, and the Church has no right to compel men to receive what "contradicts the law of righteousness and truth and love"; that there have always been, and still are, true servants of God and accepted children among the heathen; that sudden conversion, though possible, is not probable; that the heavenly state is also probationary, with degrees of excellence and degrees of happiness, from which it is possible to rise or fall; and that revelation can only be interpeted by reason.

To find fault with so cheering a volume may seem ungracious; yet we are constrained to say that the *translation* is not very satisfactory, either in its English idiom or in the changes which it makes from the common version. There is a prevailing awkwardness in the style, which creates new obscurity, while it seeks to dissipate the obscurity of the thought. The special criticism of verses does not indicate a wide range of reading. In the notes on the sixteenth chapter, for instance, Dr. Colenso confounds Erastus and Sopater with the persons of that name mentioned in Acts xx., which he would hardly have done on a more careful examination. He lays too much stress, too, upon that verbal play of the "at-one-ment," which is better as a pleasant fancy

than as the foundation of an argument. His commentary is valuable rather as a sign of the times, than as an original contribution to theological science.

VERY different in style and tone, in simplicity and fairness, from the writings of Dr. Colenso are the arrogant and mocking criticisms of his New York reviewer,* the "St. Marks-in-the-Bowery Professor of Ecclesiastical History." Instead of an "Answer," the work of this dignified Professor is a sneer, fortified by anathema more than by argument. It pleases him to call the honest English Bishop an "*infidel*"; to insinuate that he has some false-hearted, sinister motive; to pronounce him ignorant of the first principles of fair inquiry; and to treat the book that he criticises as almost too contemptible to deserve notice. Dr. Mahan condescends, in the pride of his superior wisdom, to annihilate this rash meddler in theology with a few decisive and crushing words. He will discharge what friends have thought to be the duty of a man so competent; but will do it in a very summary way, and not waste much time upon it. A thin duodecimo, easy reading for a couple of hours, shall settle the question, and make it impossible for the culprit to appear in court again. A "spiritual" critic, discerning things spiritually, will demolish all the mean materialism of this rationalist, this physical and arithmetical commentator.

If Dr. Colenso finds no enemy stronger than this New York Churchman, his triumph is sure. In all that is positive, Dr. Mahan's work justifies the heresies of the innovator he would silence. It makes admissions which really concede the point in discussion, and its way of stating heresies in criticism only renders them more pernicious. According to Dr. Mahan, it is of no importance or necessity that an inspired or infallible Scripture should be infallibly true. God may inspire falsehood, if he can do good by that process. He may say what he knows is scientifically, numerically, or even morally, incorrect, if so he can make the divine message interesting. In Dr. Colenso's book there is no sentence so daring as this, by which Dr. Mahan clenches his argument against the need of an exact Scripture: "Besides which, such a book, if written, would never have been read. To the mass of men, it would have been less intelligible, and less interesting, than Aristotle's Ethics." Or take such paragraphs as these (p. 59): —

"However this may be, Moses took the family list of Jacob, just as Jacob had left it; and inserted it — with all its sins against arithmetic on its head — in his books of Genesis and Exodus."

"But as an *inspired* man, had he a right to overlook or to sanction these sins against modern arithmetic?

"I answer, Yes; the Holy Ghost did not inspire him to be a pedant or arithmetician. He was raised up and inspired for a holier and better work. As an historian of truth, and not a detailer of mere facts, — as a prophet of

* The Spiritual Point of View; or, The Glass Reversed. An Answer to Bishop Colenso. By M. MAHAN, D. D., St. Marks-in-the-Bowery Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1863. 12mo. pp. 114.

the old world, not a Gradgrind of the nineteenth century, — he concerned himself chiefly with weightier matters of the law.

"If a slight inaccuracy in figures — an inaccuracy, that is, from *one* point of view — *should turn out to be the means of suggesting spiritual reflections, it would be just the kind of inaccuracy that large-minded men of all ages delight in; an inaccuracy, I may reverently add, not alien or displeasing to the Spirit of Divine Truth.*"

According to Dr. Mahan, then, "mere facts" are of no consequence to inspired men, and exact numbers are not according to the method of the Spirit of Truth. Large-minded men like Moses, speaking as the Lord bade, rather delight to neglect and distort the truth about these "facts," and to plague the Gradgrinds. And yet this doctor calls the men who deny the infallible inspiration of the Bible "infidel." If this is inspiration, anything is inspiration. If the Holy Spirit need not state facts, then neither Colenso nor any other critic will trouble himself to show that there are mistakes in the Pentateuch. We hazard nothing in saying, that such statements as these of the New York Professor do more to bring the Bible into contempt than any honest exposition of its real errors. If we understand them rightly, they mean that the Bible is all the more divine, all the more inspired, that it is untrustworthy in scientific or historical facts; and that the Holy Spirit loves to encourage errors of a material kind. This is discussing things from a "spiritual point of view" indeed; reversing the glass with a vengeance, — saving inspiration at the expense of truth.

Dr. Mahan fancies that he has overwhelmed the heretical Bishop in this one general answer, that all his quibbles are of no importance, as they do not touch the true idea of inspiration. But he attempts some special answers to the special objections of Colenso's book. No reader will consider these answers satisfactory, in a single instance. They evade the difficulties and strive only to throw dust in the eyes of readers. Dr. Mahan speaks contemptuously of Colenso's scholarship; — we can find no evidence of any thorough scholarship in his own pages. And certainly, if his statement on page 13, that Moses "reduced the power" of a master over his slaves "a little in the case of the Jews, and made their law of slavery more humane than that of other nations," among whom he mentions the *Romans*, — that it was a "merciful addition to the practice that prevailed generally among the most enlightened nations of antiquity," — if this statement is to be received, then indeed not only the Pentateuch, but Moses himself, becomes *unhistorical*. He is brought down to a time a thousand years or so later than that which is assigned to the Exodus, and becomes the contemporary of the later Hebrew kings. It indeed "reverses the glass" to discover Moses in the age of Hezekiah.

A more unscholarlike book than this of Dr. Mahan has never come under our notice. Its plea is subtle, though hardly specious; its argument is in part assertion and in part denunciation; and it does wanton violence to the spirit of truth. The motto on the title-page is strangely misplaced as the heading of such a volume.

After an interval of two years or more, another number of Bunsen's *Bibelwerk* * gives promise of the future more rapid continuation of the work. The present issue, edited by Dr. Heinrich Holzmann, of Heidelberg, contains the translation of the four Gospels, with annotations and a comparative synopsis of the narratives of Matthew, Mark, and Luke. The diction, as in those portions of the Old Testament which have thus far appeared, is that of Luther's version, whereby the *Bibelwerk* preserves the popular and sacred associations of the national Vulgate, while giving to the German people a new German Bible which correctly represents the original; in other words, making the genuine *Word* accessible, and so "opening the Scriptures." The result will be a "Family Bible," purged of the old errors, corrected and illustrated by all the lights of modern criticism, — a work equally suited to the scholar and the illiterate. When shall we have an English Bible on the same plan?

The present number is soon to be followed, according to the announcement of the publishers, by the first half of the fifth *Halbband*, containing the Psalms; then by the second half, containing the Proverbs and Job. Then will come the sixth *Halbband*, containing the other not yet published portions of the Old Testament; and finally, the eighth *Halbband* with the remainder of the New Testament. With that the First Division of the *Bibelwerk* will be complete.

The principal contributors to this work since Bunsen's death are his two sons, to whom he committed its management, Heinrich von Bunsen in England, and Dr. George von Bunsen in Bonn. Associated with them are Adolph Kamphausen of Bonn, Dr. Richard Adelbert Lipsius of Vienna, Johannes Bleek of Bonn, and Dr. Heinrich Holzmann of Heidelberg, to whom is assigned the preparation and editing of the books of the New Testament.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

The characteristic qualities of Herbert Spencer, as a writer on philosophy, are his singular faculty of minute analysis, the firmness with which he holds, and the accuracy with which he follows out, the most delicate threads of his argument, together with the clear and decisive style in which he records the processes of his thought. There is a striking calmness and moderation, also, in the tone even of the statement which indicates the widest difference in his view from the current opinion he assails, — a fairness and evenness in striking contrast with the polemic temper oftenest found in such discussions. The only hint of personal feeling, the only shade of injustice, that we can recall, is in a passing reference to the future rewards of virtue, as if that made the true or the only ground of the *religious* motive of duty. The qualities we have named, if not the highest, are among the highest, of a philosophical thinker; and it is very rare to find them in anything like the

* Bunsen's Bibelwerk. Erste Abtheilung. Die Bibel-Uebersetzung und Erklärung. Vierter Theil. Die Bücher des Neuen Bundes. Siebenter Halbband. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus.

degree we find them here. Given the writer's point of view, and they make, perhaps, the most essential condition of the purely intellectual portion of his task.*

Assuming as a postulate the existing universe, the three questions of human philosophy are, What, Why, and How, — the fact, and the final or efficient cause. Mr. Spencer's system, following that of Comte, assumes the first to be the only legitimate inquiry; and briefly disposes of all that can be said as to the other two, by setting them apart in a separate section of "The Unknowable." Now, we have no sympathy with the mood of mind which refuses to admit any evidence of so-called spiritual facts; with the intellectual fastidiousness which hesitates to say that the eye was *meant* to see, or the ear to hear; or with the reticence that will not commit itself to any declaration that the source of being is an intelligent Will. Still, we do not admit the force of the criticism which is sometimes made on this class of writers, as if they pretended to *account for* the facts of existence, or held their own formularies of thought to have (as it were) a vital and creative energy; as if, in other words, they taught or implied that the universe was made by logic.† It seems to us, on the contrary, that they do hold faithfully by the first order of inquiry, namely, *What are the facts?* and the marvellous richness and beauty, often, of their exposition seems to us the indispensable preliminary to any right interpretation of the facts. The true, that is, the highest interpretation of them, can be only in that completed religious philosophy for which these writers prepare the way.

In the development of his very large and comprehensive plan, Mr. Spencer has got beyond this preliminary and controverted field.‡ The argument which he is now unfolding can be followed without any drawback of an implied dissent on speculative grounds. It is as patient and modest in treatment as it is masterly in analytic ability. We judge it, of course, not from the point of view of an adept in the elementary part of organic chemistry. We assume the author's accuracy in his statement of points, which can be verified by turning to any recent standard exposition of the science. His extraordinary skill shows to great advantage in the way he turns them to the uses of philosophy. For example, the argument by which he connects the essentially unstable and "modifiable" nature of organic compounds on one side, with the atomic levity of three of their chief elements (oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen) on the other, — and especially with the feeble elective affinities of nitrogen, which is a large ingredient also in all explosive compounds, — is a masterpiece of scientific reasoning. So, too, as to the physical effect of luminous undulations in upsetting the unstable equilibrium essential to the elementary structure of organic matter. And for condensed analytic argument, we hardly know where to point to a finer example than that

* We do not include in this judgment his earlier work, "Social Statics," (1850,) which, both in style and argument, is far inferior to the later ones.

† See National Review for October, 1862.

‡ The Principles of Biology. By Herbert Spencer. Part I. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

in which he approaches his definition of organic life, — that it is "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." *

Most readers will, probably, be unaware that the projected system of philosophy which Mr. Spencer is developing with so remarkable ability corresponds in its precise arrangement, even to many of its details, with the latter half of that which was sketched by Comte, and by him left to be wrought out by his successors.† We do not consider that this fact detracts from the merit or the originality of Mr. Spencer's treatment; still less that it should prejudice any one against what is truly valuable in it. Both in its grandeur and in its limitations, it belongs to that order of thought most truly characteristic of the present period. And, probably, it will have to do its perfect work before the conditions will be fully provided for that nobler religious philosophy which shall do justice alike to the universe and the soul. As a help to such a philosophy, — at least as its *conditio sine qua non*, — every genuine effort of this kind deserves the careful study and the best judgment of the religious mind of our day.

When Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared before the world, a few years ago, the reader must have noticed a wonderful breach in the logic of that entertaining book, which it would take at least a dozen first-class syllogisms to defend successfully. This breach was just at the dividing line between the shrewd and valuable observations of the naturalist and the startling deductions of the philosopher. It seemed no compulsion of his argument, which, as far as it went, was both modest and ingenious, — no fair inference from his observations, curious, varied, and fruitful as they were, — but rather a sort of mental heroism, that prompted him to leap the gulf, and range himself, out of a fanciful consistency, with the extreme defenders of the development hypothesis. Surely, no facts which he adduced added much of plausibility or strength to that hypothesis, which, for whatever merit it has, rests on quite other grounds. But the theory has strong fascination to many minds. It is the legitimate, or (as it were) the ideal terminus, towards which scientific induction always leads; and though by no means vindicated as yet by any actual observation, yet, once assuming it, a multitude of facts range themselves easily in support or illustration of it. Perhaps the most that can fairly be claimed for the *philosophical* value of Mr. Darwin's book, is its exposition and illustration of the laws of "varieties," (not species,) and of the conditions of existence in animated beings. And it covers, in a way which will perhaps never be surpassed, this portion of the wide field which must be included in the larger argument.

Mr. Darwin's facts and reasonings are addressed to those who already know something of the science. It is the object of Mr. Huxley's Lectures ‡ to instruct the general public in some of those matters which

* A still more remarkable instance of *sustained* power of analysis may be found in Mr. Spencer's "Elements of Psychology," published in 1855.

† See *Système de Politique Positive*, especially the close of Vol. II.

‡ On the Origin of Species; or, The Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature. A Course of Six Lectures to Workingmen. By Thomas H. Huxley. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 150.

scientific readers are supposed to know. Their topics are, the condition of organic nature, present and past; the origination of living beings; the laws of hereditary transmission; the conditions of animal existence; and a special exposition of the Darwinian theory, which is thus stated, — that "all the phenomena of organic nature, past and present, result from, or are caused by, the interaction of those properties of organic matter called *Atavism* and *Variability* with the *Conditions of Existence.*" The book has not the interest of an independent treatise; but as the clear, compact, forcible, often vivid and entertaining statement of the points most requiring to be known for understanding the present aspects of the question, it will well repay the reader. The illustration of the laws of organic life, in the first lecture, is the most favorable example of the writer's manner.

Among the works on the science of language, that of M. Renan,* though not the most recent, deserves particular mention, for the clearness and force with which one or two points in it are specialized. The interest of the study, as in fact the "embryology of the human mind"; the value of language itself, as the documentary record of pre-historic ages; the vigorous and clear statement of what is meant by the "spontaneous" origin of speech, — what is spontaneous admitting no such qualification as *hard* or *easy*; the assertion that monosyllabic roots, as actual parts of speech, are a mere etymological fiction, since language in its primitive forms was highly complex, and simplicity comes only from analysis and growth; the vivid sketch which is given of the "twin-races," Shemitic and Japhetic, commencing together, in the Asiatic highlands, the great historic race of civilization; the attempt that is made to trace back and localize the actual birthplace of that proud, dominant, and conquering stock, — all these points secure to this Essay a place in the literature of the subject, from which it can by no means be spared. It is an indispensable aid and comment in the study of the other works to which we have called attention heretofore.

It is with regret we have so long left unacknowledged the great value and interest of Mr. Marsh's second course of Lectures † to students of the English language. In the statement of general principles and in the felicity of popular illustration, the former course is perhaps superior. The present volume has a higher special value, from its very full exhibition of those five centuries of growth which carried the language over from the barrenness of Saxon Chronicles to the culmination of its wealth and power in the age of Shakespeare. All the materials are given here which a student requires, not only to follow the course of that development, but also to learn enough of the structure and vocabulary of Saxon and early English, to read the very ample illustrations that are given, with independent knowledge and pleasure of

* De l'Origine du Langage. Par Ernest Renan. 3me ed. Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères. 1859.

† The Origin and History of the English Language and the Early Literature it embodies. By G. P. Marsh. New York: Charles Scribner.

his own. Mr. Marsh has labored that nothing shall be wanting in this work, except what is required by those who make of these dialects a separate and extended study. And even those who do, will find great benefit in the guidance of a scholar so admirable and accomplished.

Instead of a detailed criticism of a work so extended in plan and so rich in material, we have marked a few single points which may serve either to correct current impressions or to convey interesting information. First as to the influence of Anglo-Saxon on English literature.

"The earliest truly English writers borrowed neither imagery nor thought nor plan, seldom even form, from older native models; and hence Anglo-Saxon literature, so far from being the mother, was not even the nurse of the infant genius which opened its eyes to the sun of England five centuries ago." — p. 100.

Again, the large addition of French words to the native vocabulary, making so rich an element in the composite structure of our tongue, was not, as we have been apt to think, the result of the Norman Conquest, — at least not its immediate or its political result. It is not till more than two centuries afterwards that we find "the awakening of a new spirit of nationality — which was a result of the French and Scotch wars of Edward III." — which led to "the enlargement of the English vocabulary, and the impulse to the creation of an original English literature." Mental food must be found in translations from the richer stores of other lands, particularly French; and out of sheer poverty foreign words must be borrowed to express the foreign thought. "It is a remarkable fact," says Mr. Marsh, "that, at the very moment when it was naturalizing this foreign element with the greatest rapidity, it asserted most energetically its grammatical independence, and manifested a tendency to the revival of Anglo-Saxon syntactical forms which had become wellnigh obsolete." Meanwhile, the study of the native tongue was carefully taught in schools; and

"The learning, the poetry, the philosophy, which had been slowly gathered on the summits of social life, and had been the peculiar nutriment of the favored classes, now flowed down to a lower level, and refreshed, as with the waters of a fountain of youth, the humbler ranks of the English people. . . . . The English middle classes, who were now, for the first time, admitted to the enjoyment of literary pleasures, accepted, as a consecrated speech, the dialect employed by their authors and translators, without inquiring into the etymology of its constituents; and thus, in the course of one generation, a greater number of French words were introduced into English verse, and initiated as lawful members of the poetical guild, than in the nearly three centuries which had elapsed since the Norman conquest."

Indeed, law, trade, and science were more active agents even than poetry in introducing the foreign elements required by the poverty of the native speech.

"The poets, so far from corrupting English by a too large infusion of French words, were in truth reserved in the employment of such, and, when not constrained by the necessities of rhyme, evidently preferred, if not a strictly Anglo-Saxon diction, at least a dialect composed of words which use had already familiarized to the English people." — p. 267.

Without going into the detailed examination of words by which Mr. Marsh vindicates this statement, we copy the close of the illustration he gives from Sir John Mandeville's Prologue, written about the year 1356: —

"And zee schulle undirstonde, that I have put this Boke out of Latyn into Frensche, and translated it azen out of Frensche into Englysche, that every Man of my Nacioun may undirstonde it. But Lordes and Knyghtes and othere noble and worthi men, that conne Latyn but litylle, and han been bezond the See, knowen and undirstonden, zif I erre in devisynge, for forzetynge, or elles; that thei mowe redresse it and amende it. For thinges passed out of long tyme from a Mannes mynde or from his syght, turnen some into forzetynge: Because that Mynde of Man ne may not ben comprehended ne witheholden, for the Freeltee of Mankynde." — p. 273.

The following distinction is suggestive, and happily expressed: —

"While true wit is as universal as social culture, humor is localized and national, and the distinctive forms in which different peoples clothe the ludicrous conceptions peculiar to themselves and almost inappreciable by strangers, constitute their national humor. English humor, then, is Anglicized wit. It is a spark thrown out whenever the positive and negative electricities of the French and Saxon constituents of the English intellect are passing into equilibrium, and no great English writer has ever been able wholly to suppress it." — p. 300.

The distinctive position of English among other literatures it is satisfactory to find thus stated, on so high authority: —

"The English is the only Gothic tribe ever thoroughly imbued with the Romance culture, and at the same time interfused with Southern blood, and consequently it is the only common representative of the two races. The civilization and letters of Germany and Scandinavia are either wholly dissimilar to those of Southern Europe, or they are close imitations. On the other hand, the social institutions and the poetry of the Romance nations are self-developed, and but slightly modified by Gothic influences. In England alone have the best social, moral, and intellectual energies of both families been brought to coincide in direction; and in English character and English literature we find, if not all the special excellences which distinguish each constituent of the English nationality, yet a resultant of the two forces superior in power to either." — p. 401.

We should be glad to quote what Mr. Marsh says of Chaucer, — "the first well-characterized specimen of the intellectual results of a combination, which has given to the world a literature so splendid and a history so noble"; and the comparison which is drawn afterwards (p. 569) between him and Shakespeare, "the two great masters of the English tongue." But we copy, instead, a statement which may strike some readers with surprise, respecting Shakespeare's infinite wealth of diction: —

"He introduces, indeed, terms borrowed from every art and every science, from all theoretical knowledge and all human experiences, but his entire vocabulary little exceeds fifteen thousand words, and of these a large number, chiefly of Latin origin, occur but once, or at most twice, in his pages. The affluence of his speech arises from variety of combination, not from numerical

abundance. And yet the authorized vocabulary of Shakespeare's time probably embraced twice or thrice the number of words which he found necessary for his purposes; for though there were at that time no dictionaries which exhibited a great stock of words, yet in perusing Hooker, the old translators, and the early voyagers and travellers, we find a verbal wealth, a copiousness of diction, which forms a singular contrast with the philological economy of the great dramatist." — p. 570.

Mr. Marsh says that no great English writer is free from traces of the native humor. It would be unfair not to give a sample of his own, — one in which we have taken great personal comfort and satisfaction: —

"The student of language who ends with the linguistics of Bopp and Grimm had better never have begun; for grammar has but a value, not a worth; it is a means, not an end; it teaches but half-truths, and, except as an introduction to literature and that which literature embodies, it is a melancholy heap of leached ashes, marrowless bones, and empty oyster-shells. You may feed the human intellect upon roots, stems, and endings, as you may keep a horse upon saw-dust; but you must add a little literature in the one case, a little meal in the other, and the more the better in both. Many years ago, Brown, an American grammarian, invented what he called a parsing-machine, for teaching grammar. It was a mahogany box, some two feet square, provided with a crank, filled with cog and crown-wheels, pulleys, bands, shafts, gudgeons, couplings, springs, cams, and eccentrics; and with several trap-sticks projecting through slots in the top of it When played upon by an expert operator, it *functioned*, as the French say, very well, and ran through the syntactical categories as glibly as the footman in Scriblerus did through the predicates. But it had one capital defect, namely, that the pupil must have learned grammar by some simpler method before he could understand the working of the contrivance, and its lessons, therefore, came rather late. There are many sad 'compounds of printer's ink and brain dribble' styled 'English Grammars,' which, as a means of instruction, are, upon the whole, inferior to Brown's gimcrack." — p. 40.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

THE larger philosophy and the deeper insight of our later age may lead us to a juster estimate of the errors of Savonarola as a reformer, to a clearer perception of his delusion as a prophet; but no criticism will ever lessen the eloquence of the preacher, no scepticism dare to impeach the sincerity of the man or the testimony of the martyr. What Luther said of him in his time — that he still lived, and that his memory was blessed — is true also in our time, and will be true till the age he sought to redeem from its vices and adorned with his virtues has faded from the memory of men forever. The remarkable character and the tumultuous career, the wisdom and the weakness, the absorbing patriotism and the abiding love, the struggles and the heroism, the many sufferings and the last agony of Savonarola, have at all times been the favorite subject of Italian historians and the grateful inspiration of Italian poets.

The last, and on the whole the most important, work upon the character and career of Savonarola is that by Villari,* — a Neapolitan by

* La Storia di Girolamo Savonarola e de' suoi tempi, narrata da PASQUALE VILLARI, con l' aiuto di nuovi documenti. 2 vols. Firenze: Felice le Monnier. 1861.

birth and a Catholic, and lately appointed — shortly before completing his book — a Professor of History in the University at Pisa. Long settled, however, in Florence, he has devoted many years to the study of the events of Savonarola's life upon the very spot where they befell, and to the understanding of the constitution and the spirit of that republic with which Savonarola's name is to be ever identified, among the descendants of the very people who established it, — much the same in their follies and their vehemence, in their love of license and their abuse of liberty, in these days as in those.

So thoroughly, indeed, has Villari ransacked the archives of Florence and explored the history of the period, that it is to be doubted whether there is wanting a single fact touching the events of Savonarola's life which will ever be brought to light. The material for our judgment of the great reformer is now all before us, — ample enough for him who knows how to use it without prejudice, justly, in the spirit of the philosopher, yet not without something of the reverence of the disciple. Sometimes too minute, but seldom dull, Villari has written a book to be read, and not merely consulted. An English translation of it is lately published in London, so that all may judge of the work for themselves. Having read it in the original, we have only to say of it now, that the style is perspicuous and eloquent, and the interest well sustained, that it is at once an honor to the freer inquiry and the humaner spirit of the rising Italy, and a proof that her latest scholars in learning to investigate have not forgotten how to write. There is, indeed, a certain element of partisanship in it which was hardly to be avoided, and with which, for our part, we wholly sympathize. The exact character of Savonarola was to be vindicated and established, erroneous opinions to be reformed, his relations to the age of which he was at once the product and the guide to be more clearly explained; — in short, Savonarola the man and the preacher, his influence and his objects, were to be understood and honored without attempting to make him a prophet, and in spite of the efforts to degrade him into a fanatic.

Savonarola stands upon the dividing line between the Middle Age and the modern time, — representing, it seems to us, the reaction against the vices and the failure of the Renaissance and the daring hopes of the newer life and the freer thought. Yet while proclaiming the emancipation of knowledge, he held fast to the necessity of faith; while striving for the reform of the Church, and demanding a Council to depose its head, he yielded entire obedience to its doctrines and died in its faith. "The first in the fifteenth century," says Villari, "to perceive that a new life was penetrating and rousing the human race, — fitly therefore to be called the prophet of the new civilization," — he dreamed that that life was not incompatible with the old reverence for the Church, or with the primitive dogmas of Christianity, which, thus transfused with a new spirit, would readily mould themselves to the new ideas, and shield and compass the new believers.

But though recognizing no new system in religion, Savonarola was neither vague in his opinions nor in doubt as to his objects. The ideal was with him unfortunately too real; the future he caught glimpses of

in the stillness of the convent and proclaimed to the throngs in the cathedral, was not to come in a day, as he fancied; it lay at the furthest end of time, — not to be attained by quelling these tumults in the streets of Florence, or staying the persecutions or exposing the enormities of the Catholic Church. It was an age of activity more than of thought; the craving was for new hemispheres and a new time, different from the old, — who knew in what or why? Upon Savonarola more than upon any other, priest or ruler, this brooding spirit of the age seems to us to have descended, — to find expression in his fervent utterance and to illustrate by his career its own incomplete development.

In the moral as in the physical world there is a certain balance of forces which is neither to be neglected nor denied; and he only is the wise man or the true reformer who understands its character and observes its limits. Savonarola did neither; and the popular reaction which followed the excesses of his zeal was not less injurious than the feverish excitement which accompanied them. Forgetful of the great law, that moral progress must precede political reform, and that both are to be looked for only as the result of a slow enlightenment of the general mind and conscience, he fell into the common mistake of enthusiasts, of rushing on to a sudden consummation of his holy purpose by denouncing vice and predicting revolution.

Yet he was a less one-sided, a more charitable and a more practical man, than we commonly picture him. The praises of his friends have done him no less injustice than the falsehoods of his enemies. No man had more cause, perhaps, than he for hating the literature of his age, dangerous and corrupting as it had become by the revival of the pagan culture; for it was a time, we remember, when the most serious thing discussed in the saloons of Florence was the canonization of Plato, — when a cardinal could advise his friend not to read the Epistles of St. Paul, for fear that his taste should be injured by their barbarous style, — when in the Vatican itself they scoffed at immortality and made a jest of the Deity. Yet he saved the great library of the Medici from dispersion, by buying it for the convent of San Marco; and though he may have burned a few bad books, it is not the testimony of his contemporaries, neither of Marsilio Ficino nor of Angelo Poliziano, but wholly a fiction of later authors, that he burned any important or good ones; and certainly it is not recorded, as of Calvin more than a century later, that he ever burned a Servetus. Nor was he unjust to the claims of art, — that chief glory of Italy among the nations. The school of design which he founded in the convent of San Marco, whose novices were to earn their bread by drawing and painting instead of by beggary, testifies at once to his charity and his wisdom.

Above the strifes of parties and the conflicts of sects, and apart from the history of Florence or the condition of his age, there is something in Savonarola which has for all times a universal interest, if not a permanent charm. And it is this larger character of the man, if we may so say, irreconcilable with the foreordination of Luther or the predestination of Calvin, this absorbing faith, this grand catholic spirit having

its foundation in the depths of the human heart and its consecration in the revelation of Christ, which Villari develops with not less learning than fervor, with a toleration unexpected in a Papist, with a breadth of view not always found in a Protestant.

The last scene, also, in the life of Savonarola, with its torture and fainting, with its prayer and faith and exaltation, appears perhaps for the first time in its true light, in all its terror and all its grandeur, in these pages of Villari; for it stands proved by the clearest evidence, that the confessions which it is pretended he made in the last moments of lingering torment were interpolated and falsified by his judges; that he steadfastly refused to acknowledge his heresy or to recant his errors; that whatever was extorted from him by the agony of the torture inconsistent with his long avowed convictions was retracted in the first returning moments of consciousness. In this skilful explication, indeed, of the whole process against him, which resulted in his condemnation and death, lies one of the great merits of Villari's work. It is the retribution and the compensation of history and the after age. And thus again to appear in the purity of his aims, in the intensity of his faith, with all the thoughts which consumed him vital still among men, with the heart of the world throbbing at last with his, is a better reward for the believing monk of San Marco than the applause of a hierarchy or the canonization of Rome.

"It was his office," says Villari, happily, in closing his book, "to harmonize reason and faith, religion and liberty; and his work thus connects itself with the Council of Constance, with Dante Alighieri and Arnold of Brescia, in imitating that reform of the Catholic Church which was the lasting desire of the great Italians.

"And when this reform, a conviction of the need of which has already become universal, shall have penetrated also the kingdom of facts, Christianity will then receive its true and full development in the world, and Italy will be again at the head of a renewed civilization. At that time, perhaps, will be better comprehended the character and the life of him who for this cause sustained a glorious martyrdom."

We are inclined, after some deliberation, to rate the "Rebellion Record"* as the worst piece of editing that has fallen under our notice. When the series was begun, we were prompt to recognize its promise and its aim; and with each number since, we have hoped to find our anticipations of it better realized. But, from a miscellany which, though hasty and unskilful, was at least varied and amusing, and in the first stages of the war a fair reflection of its incidents, it has degenerated into a rude and undigested mass of documents, bearing no ratio whatever with the importance of the events they bear upon, fringed with the most meagre seasoning of "miscellanies." The last number, for example, begins with a continuation of the report of an unsuccessful attack made by General Breckenridge at Baton Rouge, last August, during which General Williams, the commanding officer, was

* The Rebellion Record: a Diary of American Events. Edited by Frank Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam.

killed, and the rebel ram "Arkansas" was destroyed. A story soon told, one would think. This is followed by a second longer report by the same officer, six reports of his subordinates, two "General Orders" by General Butler, two newspaper narratives, and three accounts, one very extended, from rebel sources, — the incessant restatement of the facts, from all these points of view, occupying thirty-two close octavo columns. Possibly as much as ten might have been judiciously allowed. This is an accidental and a very moderate example. The first battle of Bull Run was spread over a hundred and fifty pages. Meanwhile, we look in vain for any hint of that rich mass of material which might be made up, with a trifling amount of care and skill, from the brilliant editorials and correspondence of the city press, — "Carleton," in the Boston Journal, for example, and the New Orleans correspondent of the New York Times, — that striking picture, renewed and fading from day to day, which it should seem the very business of such a series to copy and perpetuate, at least in its strong outline and its most vivid traits. Some essays of this sort were made in the earlier numbers; but all seems to have been abandoned to the remorseless flood of "documents." In the latter portion, we have little else than the official outside, which was sure to be found in the archives at any rate, — a prodigious "blue-book" getting alarmingly ponderous month by month, and fit only to be consulted at need by title and index. It is no doubt worth preserving in all large libraries of reference. Perhaps it continues to be read by some of its patient purchasers. But neither its title nor its bulk, we hope, will deter some competent editor from gathering that far more valuable "Record," for which the opportunity is swiftly passing by. To such we would earnestly suggest, that scissors are a very useful appendage to the paste-box in the editorial workshop; and that the materials for any sort of composition should be mixed (as Opie said of his colors) "with brains."

MANY of the publications of the day, relating to the present struggle, are pamphlets dealing with some single phase of our national affairs, and their value ceases with the occasion that gave them birth. So with the current comments on military movements, which mostly have a strong personal or party bias. We must except, however, the valuable notes which Mr. Hurlburt has appended to Prince Joinville's narrative of the Peninsular Campaign. Among the writings of more general interest, a "Letter to the President of the United States, by a Refugee," * dwells earnestly on the peril threatening from the secession heresy in the Western States, — a topic of singular importance, concerning which we hope soon to present full testimony. Some curious evidence is brought up, dating nearly thirty years back, to prove "the present attempt to dissolve the American Union a British aristocratic plot," † — an hypothesis which would conveniently explain a good many things that have vehemently perplexed us. A brief essay by Professor Parsons, on "Slavery, its Origin, Influence, and Destiny," ‡

* New York: C. S. Westcott.
† New York: J. F. Trow.
‡ Boston: W. Carter.

discusses the sort of loyalty that distinguishes ours from monarchical institutions, with the principles of consent and coercion, of slavery and servility in national life, urges that nationality must be defended even before the Constitution, and draws some keen comparisons between America and England; — while Dr. Bellows's Sermon on "Unconditional Loyalty" is a noble ethical statement of the highest motive of fidelity to his government which animates the Christian citizen.

The pamphlet called "Union Foundations," * written by an officer of engineers in our national service, is a discussion of no little intellectual merit. Commencing with a labored argument from the natural to the political and social organism, it sets forth in much detail the facts respecting the geographical structure and industrial capacities of our country; urges the necessity not only of political union in it, but of its exclusive possession by the Anglo-Saxon race; argues at length a favorite theory, that the vast tropical valley of the Amazon is the true and destined home of the African in America; and closes with a brief consideration of the "three possible endings of our contest, agreeing in a restored union." The ethical tone, as well as the scientific ability, shown in this pamphlet, is deserving of all praise.

Among the works of higher permanent value, a very interesting chapter of personal experience, given by the President of a Virginia College,† who maintained an intrepid resistance to the prevailing madness till absolutely driven from his post, gives emphasis to the argument, otherwise timely and excellent, in which he controverts the wretched fallacies that have wrought so much misery and ruin. The moderate temper exhibited, as well as the evidence of his own observation and conviction, will win a favorable hearing to what he says of the one dread question, which so distances the power of mere logic or mere statesmanship to grapple with it.

To the work of M. Cochin, the second portion of which is now before the public in its handsome English dress,‡ we have given our emphatic testimonial more than once. Its sterling value is fully recognized, and the present volume is issued in obedience to a wide and imperative demand. Its comparison of the results of slavery in the United States — where he traces its political history down to the outbreak of the existing rebellion — with those in the colonies controlled by European powers, gives to the work the character of a standard treatise, and an historical value quite independent of its immediate uses.

This argument from facts and principles combined is fortified by statistics, — those figures of speech that "will not lie." Secession has been called a "revolt against the census," — the figures tell us why.

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* Union Foundations; a Study of American Nationality as a Fact of Science. By Capt. E. B. Hunt, U. S. A. New York: D. Van Nostrand. pp. 61.

† Political Fallacies; an Examination of the False Assumptions and Refutation of the Sophistical Reasonings which have brought on this Civil War. By George Junkin, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner. pp. 332.

‡ The Results of Slavery. By Augustin Cochin. Translated by Mary L. Booth. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

In his Preliminary Report,* Mr. Kennedy has arranged in tabular form some of the most important results of the census of 1860, and given comparisons of the last decade with preceding ones. Mr. Childs, availing himself of additional knowledge gained in the intervening two years, and increasing the number of topics, has given us in the National Almanac † undoubtedly the completest work of the kind ever published in this country. From these two works we gather a few points bearing on present subjects of interest and opinion.

The rapid gain of the North over the South in population has been mostly since 1820, and has been greatly owing to the tide of immigration from Europe, which set in the direction of the Northwest. The gain in the slave population has fallen twelve per cent below the average; in the Slave States at large, eight per cent below the average. Facts and figures furnish a curious comment to the argument of the leaders in secession. During the last ten years, notwithstanding the "John Brown raid," the number of fugitive slaves was *less* than in the previous decade. From 1840 to 1850, the number who escaped was 1,011, or one thirtieth of one per cent. During the last ten years, they fell off to 803, or one fiftieth of one per cent.‡ Slave property was never more secure under the Union, than during the ten years immediately preceding the slave-masters' rebellion. We find also striking illustrations of those laws of race and population which indicate the future of the African race on this continent. Thus, the greatest increase of free colored population is not in Massachusetts, where the black has the right of ballot and the privilege of the school-house, but in South Carolina, where the race is held in most absolute bondage. In Boston, the births among the colored people are fewer than the marriages; in Charleston, the former far exceed the latter. The freedman of his own choice will not come to the North. He prefers the sunny South. Any assertion to the contrary is simply the scarecrow of politicians, which is scattered to the winds by the logic of facts.

Next, the financial resources of the country and the national debt. If our debt has increased beyond all calculation, so also has our knowledge of our means to meet it. The value of property in the loyal States alone, in 1860, was ten thousand million dollars. In the next ten years, war or no war, this will be doubled. The amount of wealth acquired by manufactures alone in the last decade was equal to the entire estimated debt in June, 1864. Again, consider the financial value, merely, of the great Pacific Railroad, — when completed, as in a few years it will be, the industrial climax of the nineteenth century. The Secretary of the Interior informs us that the mines which this inland artery of trade will drain already produce annually a hundred millions of dollars in the precious metals; and the aggregate mineral productions will soon reach three times that amount. Governor Evans of Colorado calculates that the mines of that Territory, when all worked,

* Preliminary Report on the Eighth Census. 1860. By Jos. C. G. Kennedy, Superintendent. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

† The National Almanac and Annual Record. Philadelphia: George W. Childs.

‡ South Carolina, for example, lost only one out of every 17,501.

will employ twenty million men, and will yield, by a judicious system, twenty-five millions of dollars annually for the national revenue. During the last decade, more than fifty millions of acres were for the first time broken by the plough; the tide of immigration still sets to our shores; all through the immense tracts of the West, cities and towns are springing up; and untold riches are waiting in the earth's bosom to flow forth at the touch of toil. These sober figures of the census seem like the extravagant language of speculative imagination. Nothing could more clearly demonstrate the ability of the United States to meet all its pecuniary obligations.

We find also some interesting indications of the mental tastes and habits of our people. In 1860, of 4,051 newspapers and periodicals, 3,242 — more than four fifths — were devoted to politics; while only 277 — little more than six and a half per cent — were given to theology and religion. Politics is the great sponge that absorbs the juices of current thought. In the departments of history, poetry, and science, besides, we have no cause to be ashamed of the rank our writers have attained. In theology and the higher departments of learning we probably fall behind some other nations; and our Christianity, tried by ecclesiastical tests, would perhaps be found wanting. Religion, as it works itself more into the actual and present interests of men, becomes in a measure secularized. But we think the living voice of the pulpit bears a larger proportion to other influences than the statistics of the religious to those of the political press. And the higher culture, religious as well as secular, is well provided for. Eighty-eight theological schools, fourteen of which have libraries numbering upwards of ten thousand volumes each, and two hundred and twenty-one colleges, testify to the care and cost which have been bestowed in this direction. Doubtless many of the colleges and seminaries are such only in name; still they spread a fair amount of education over a very wide surface; and the lack of a small class of superior scholars is compensated by a gradual raising of the level of general culture and intelligence.

INCOMPARABLY the ablest and most important of the writings that have been called out by the existing crisis is Mr. Fisher's "Trial of the Constitution."* The five months that have passed since its publication have done nothing to diminish the timeliness of his argument, which is only illustrated and confirmed by the series of acts that marked the close of the late session of Congress. The leading postulates, which are urged by Mr. Fisher with singular force and clearness of conviction, are these three: that the political life of nations is controlled by natural or providential laws as strictly as the kingdoms of organic life; that the characteristics and the destiny of races are fixed and unalterable, each race manifesting its peculiar instincts in its entire life and in all its institutions, political and social; and that our own form of government, being directly derived from the English, and re-

* The Trial of the Constitution. By SIDNEY GEORGE FISHER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 391.

sulting from the character and tendencies of the same Saxon stock, must be judged by British precedents, and interpreted by the canons of British constitutional law, which the founders of our government followed "as closely as they dared, not perhaps as closely as they wished."

Neither of these positions is strictly novel. The merit of the book, intellectually, consists in the firmness with which they are held, and the consistency with which they are applied (especially the last) in discussing the case which has actually arisen in the working out of our national life. The Constitution has failed in guarding that peace which it was fondly believed to have made secure; the critical question now is, Has the government which it created the necessary powers to carry the nation through this struggle, and preserve it from dissolution? We can only present, in the briefest possible way, the answer given to this question, reserving the argumentative treatment of the topic for another time.

In form, the book consists of five elaborate discussions, on a Written Constitution, Union, Executive Power, Slavery, and Democracy.

Under the first head, it is argued that one great present danger, besides the inevitable uncertainties of interpretation, lies in the rigid and unpliable nature of a written constitution, which cannot provide against all emergencies, and which it is extremely difficult to alter as circumstances may require. The power of amendment is a safety-valve; "but the efficacy of a safety-valve depends on the promptness with which it can be opened, and the width of its throttle." "Power which the people cannot use they do not possess, whether the Constitution reserves it to them or not." In the present exigency, the formalities of amendment prescribed in Article V. of our Constitution are glaringly unfit to meet the case; the actual and the only possible appeal has been to arms; and the nation itself may perish, unless a more liberal and adequate interpretation be given to the implied powers of the government than our "strict construction" theories have suffered to be in vogue. *There can be no such thing as a government with limited powers.* Nor can the theory of three co-ordinate and equal departments of government, with their incessant liability to deadlock, be anything but a fallacy and a failure. Some one department, from the nature of the case, must represent the omnipotence of the nation in the control of its own affairs; and in a republic this can be none other than the Legislature, which most directly represents the people. Thus the true interpretation of our system — that which is inevitably forced on us by the course of events — makes it equivalent (*exceptis excipiendis*) to that of England, which rests on the theory of a Parliament virtually omnipotent. The Constitution is, in fact, simply a Bill of Rights. The real safeguard of popular liberty is not the judiciary, — which is not only the weakest arm, but which can act only on a case actually in court, — but the control which the people themselves directly exercise in periodical elections. Constitutional law, here as in England, consists, in fact, of the entire body of legislation which has been ratified by general consent. This is not merely a deduction from history, but "a truth of mental science." It could not possibly have been otherwise.

The fifth article only prescribes a given case, when proposed amendments *must* be submitted to vote in a particular way, but by no means excludes other methods at need. (p. 143.)

The chapter upon Union is especially interesting from the detailed examination which is made into the principles and workings of the British union, — that of which the American colonies made a part, and which furnished the fundamental idea, and even in some sense the model of ours, representing as it does the genuine Saxon love of local liberty combined with central authority. The national power which was competent to form the Union is competent also to modify or dissolve it, — to permit and regulate secession, to exclude any State or section; in short, "the government must have unlimited power, or give place to another which has." On its present scale, the Union cannot continue always; there are limits of geographical dimension, of numbers in population, of complexity in interests, especially of diversities in race, which forbid any such expectation. Separation of the South might have been granted; but the South "abandoned the right of secession" when it took up arms and substituted war for law. The inevitable "Africa in the South" can never be on permanent terms of political union and equality with the Saxon North.

In the chapter on Executive Power, the constitution of the British executive — "that wonderful product of time, ... product of the whole past of the nation, its labors, struggles, and dangers, aspirations and achievements, through the centuries" — is vigorously sketched, and a comparison is carefully drawn between the singular felicities of that, and the perilous difficulties of our own. One point of the comparison is especially valuable, — that in which President Lincoln's appeal to Congress to sustain him in the suspension of the privilege of the *Habeas Corpus* is shown to be nearly identical with the appeal made to Parliament by William III. The tardy action of Congress in responding to this appeal is shown to have threatened one of the most serious dangers resulting from the present trial of the Constitution.

The two remaining topics, Slavery and Democracy, hardly gave the opportunity for equal novelty of statement, — especially the latter, which had already been elaborately treated by the author of this work in his remarkable pamphlet on "The Laws of Race as connected with Slavery," noticed by us two years ago. Still, as among the ablest and most thorough discussions of these topics, within their limits, they make a fit completion to his argument. His style in dealing with them, though grave and somewhat stern, nay, sombre, in its coloring, and tinged by no illusions of false hope, or softening of mere sentiment, is noble in its ethical tone, and clear in its recognition of the religious basis of all national life. The writer's anticipations of our political future are hardly as sanguine and buoyant as those we have been apt to indulge; and to some there will appear a hardness, almost sadness, in the prospect he holds out, particularly as to the destiny and conflict of the races upon this continent. We copy, in conclusion, a few words from the chapter on Democracy, treating of reconstruction: —

"Is union possible, with a people thus alienated and hostile? ..... Is it possible immediately to abolish slavery consistently with justice and humanity, or at all? Is it possible to retain it, and at the same time satisfy Southern demands and Northern opinion? These and other problems the swift hours are bringing to test our firmness and wisdom. They are more difficult to dispose of than the war. They imply another question, graver than any, — has the power to cope with such difficulties been provided in the Constitution? can they be dealt with by universal suffrage, nominating conventions, and quadrennial Presidents? These have guided us into our troubles; will they guide us out of them?"

THE scheme of representative reform proposed in an able pamphlet by Mr. J. F. Fisher* is substantially the same as that put forth in England by Mr. Thomas Hare in 1859, and so strenuously advocated in Mr. Mill's "Representative Government." This system, as has been recently explained in our pages, proposes that men of the same way of thinking shall unite their votes to elect a candidate without regard either to his place of residence or their own, thus securing a fair representation of every element of society, and bringing the choice of his candidate, as well as of his party, within the control of every elector. But Mr. Fisher's scheme has many peculiarities of detail, and he claims for it an independent origin as early as 1857. In reviewing the general considerations in its favor, he repeats or anticipates the arguments of his English coadjutors; but in tracing its effect upon the political problems which are peculiar to this country, he enters a field hitherto untrodden, and which he does not himself completely explore. The most conspicuous of these is that relating to the district system, the notorious evils of which must perish at the root when districts are no more. Party management must then be very much confined to its legitimate work of influencing the minds of voters, not of controlling their conduct. The hopeless problem of nomination will be splendidly solved, and the enginery of caucuses, conventions, and state committees will no longer be perverted to betray a helpless people.

NOTE TO ARTICLE I.

SINCE the article on Spinoza was in print (April 27), we have seen a translation of the "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus," printed in London in 1689, without the name of either author or translator. The closing words of the Preface are worth copying: —

"Nothing more needs be said to any Reader, than to desire he will deliberately read the Book twice over before he condemns or commends it: when that is done, whether he like or dislike the Treatise itself or the Translator of it, shall be all one to him, who never valued himself upon other people's opinions, nor did ever think any part of his Reputation depended upon the judgment of Fools or Knaves."

* The Degradation of our Representative System, and its Reform. By J. FRANCIS FISHER. Philadelphia: J. Sherman Son & Co.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Gentle Sceptic; or, Essays and Conversations of a Country Justice on the Authenticity and Truthfulness of the Old Testament Records. Edited by the Rev. C. Walworth. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 368. (Treating questions of criticism in an amiable but not forcible manner, and compassionating Colenso in sentimental dialogue.)

The New Testament, with brief Explanatory Notes, or Scholia. By Howard Crosby. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 543.

The Last Times and the Great Consummation; an earnest Discussion of Momentous Themes. By Joseph C. Seiss. Philadelphia: Smith, English, & Co. 12mo. pp. 438. (Sincere in tone, and only moderately apocalyptic.)

Jubilee Essays; a Plea for the Unselfish Life. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 12mo. pp. 243. (Illustrative; contrasting worldly and religious expenditures in the interest especially of missions.)

Bible Illustrations; a Storehouse of Similes, Allegories, and Anecdotes. (Selected.) Philadelphia: Smith, English, & Co.

On Liberty. By John Stuart Mill. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 223. (A beautiful reprint of a most valuable book.)

The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin and Species by Variation. By Sir Charles Lyell. Philadelphia: G. W. Childs. 8vo. pp. 518. (Received too late for notice in the present number.)

The Works of Thomas Hood. Edited by Epes Sargent. New York: G. P. Putnam. 6 vols. Small 8vo. (In paper, type, and illustrations, these volumes are all that could be wished; skilfully and faithfully edited. This "Aldine edition" of the kindly English humorist may be commended for its completeness as well as for its beauty.)

A Text-Book of Penmanship, for Teachers and Pupils. By H. W. Ellsworth. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 232. (A very complete class-book of the art, with excellent hints and illustrations.)

Tenth Annual Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, with Reports, and Appendix. Boston: Wright & Potter. 8vo. pp. 260. (Including a valuable treatise on useful insects, and interesting notes of a European journey.)

The New American Cyclopædia; a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. XVI. V – Z, with Supplement. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 850. (The successful completion of a work which does the highest honor to the publishers. The present volume is especially valuable from its Supplement, containing, in addition to others, some two hundred brief articles of special interest in the recent history of our country.)

Annual of Scientific Discovery; a Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1863. Edited by David A. Wells. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 343. (Will be noticed.)

INDEX

TO THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER,

NEW SERIES, VOL. XII.

JANUARY TO MAY, 1863.

Abolitionists and public opinion, 18.
Arnold, Matthew, Lectures on Translating Homer, 348.
Austen, Jane, her Novels, 400 - 421.
Austria, State Reform in, 356 - 383 — Constitution of 1849, 357 — character of Empire and people, 359 — government, 361 — censorship, 363 — Protestants in, 364 — Concordat, 367 — Italian provinces, 369 — charter of 1861, 373 — constitution, 375 — assembly of Reichsrath, 377 — Hungary, 378 — close of session, 382.
Balmez on Protestantism and Catholicity, 95.
Brutes, immortality of, 199 - 232 — metempsychosis, 203 — general argument, 211 — moral character, 216 — intellectual powers, 219 — Mohammedan belief, 221 — anticipation of evil, 226 — personality, 228.
Buckle, H. T., his treatment of history, 61 - 76 — topics of history, 63 — nature and man, 65 — imagination, language, 67 — moral sentiment, 70, 394 — his failure and limitation, 72.
Bunsen, Bibelwerk, 445.
Canonization in Roman Church, 247, 260 — ceremony of, 257.
Cæsars, De Quincey, 86.
Census of 1860, 457.
Charlemagne, Legends of, (Bulfinch,) 310.
Charles V., Autobiography, 144.
Chase, Thomas, Hellas, 310.
Clay, Rev. John, Prison Chaplain, 232, 237 — his system, 240.
Cochin, Results of Emancipation, 142 — of Slavery, 456.
Colani, Sermons, 301.
Colenso, Bishop, on Pentateuch, 133 — on Romans, 441.
Concordat in Austria, 367.
Congress, the Thirty-Seventh, 480 - 488.
Country Living, 153.
Courage in Belief, 383 - 400.
Democracy on Trial, 262 - 294 — American democracy, 264 — rich and poor, 265 — suffrage, 267 — restrictions of, 268 — New England town system, 271 — cities, 275 — tyranny of majority, 280 — judiciary, 284 — test of the present war, 286, 290 — temper of the people, 293.
De Quincey, 77 - 95 — opium-eating, 79, 91 — autobiography, 81 — essays, 83 — tales, 89.
Doyle, Dr. J. W., 157 - 184 — character, strength, 161 — genius, 169 — evidence before parliamentary committee, 171 — Archbishop Magee, 175 — agitation on tithes, 179.
Eddy, Walter's Tour in the East, 310.
Emancipation, President's policy of, 121 — the true peace-policy, 131 — Cochin on, 142.
English feeling, later phases of, 295 - 300.
Fisher, S. G., Trial of the Constitution, 458.
Fisher on Representation, 461.
Frothingham, O. B., Parables of Jesus, 154.
Gervinus, History of Nineteenth Century, 138.
Gladstone, W. E., on Homer, 339.
Grote, on Homeric Poems, 338.
Golden Treasury, 311.
Guard, Story of, (Mrs. Fremont,) 155.
Gurowski, Diary, 143.
Hare, on representation, 29.
Herzegovina and Omer Pasha, 145.
Hind, on the Red River of the North, 308.
Homeric Question (new), 337 - 355 — Newman's Translation of Iliad, 342 — Arnold's Lectures, 348 — hexameters in English, 350 — Worsley's version of Odyssey, 352.
Hungary, relations to Austria, 379.
Huxley on Origin of Species, 447.
Immortality, Arguments for (as to brutes), 211.
Ireland, Catholic and Protestant, 173 — tithe controversy, 179.
Italy and Austria, 369.
Japanese Martyrs, Canonization of, 246 - 262.
Jesuit Order, 99.
Junkin, Political Fallacies, 456.
Language, Function of, 67 — choice of, 363 — English, growth of (Marsh), 448.

Lincoln, President, 432.
Livermore, George, on Negro Policy in Revolution, 140.
Liverpool Controversy, 177.
Loyola, 98.
Magee, Archbishop, 175.
Mahan, Answer to Colenso, 443.
Marsden's Later Puritans, 303.
Marsh, English Language and Literature, 448.
Masdeism, 50.
Mill, J. S., Later Writings, 1 – 43 — on Liberty, 3 — his distrust of the future, 15 — authority of society over individuals, 21 — on Representative Government, 24 — class legislation, 27 — representation of minorities, 29 — plural voting, 35 — on the American contest, 42 — character as a thinker, 385.
Mohammed, Sprenger's Life of, 304.
Montaigne on Brutes, 209.
Mouchon, Gospel Scenes, 301.
Nabathæan Agriculture, Book of, 137.
Newman, F. W., Letter on American struggle, 120 — translation of Iliad, 342.
Nicolas, Doctrine of Jews, 45.
Palestinian Word, 44 – 60 — Alexandrian doctrine, 47 — Masdeism, 50 — Platonism, 52 — source in Palestine, 54 — the Semitic race, 58.
Pamphlets on the War, 455.
Patience of Hope, 135.
Peace Policy, 113 – 132 — the Southern leaders, 117 — the President's emancipation policy, 121 — principles at war, 125 — gains of the North, 127 — true condition of peace, 130.
Piety, New Books of, 422 – 429.
Prison Discipline in England, 232 – 246.
Procter, Adelaide, Poems, 311.
Protestantism, Modern, 103 – 113 — in Austria, 364.
Putnam, Rev. G., Thanksgiving Sermon, 130, 132.
Rebellion Record, 454.
Renan, Origin of Language, 448.
Romanism, Modern, and Protestantism, 95 – 113 — Balmez, 95 — Jesuits, 99 — Missions and Charities, 100.
Rome (De Quincey), 85.
Russell, W. H., Diary, 309.
Savonarola, Life by Villari, 451.
Schnaase, History of Art, 146.
Senses, confidence in their testimony, 367, 391.
Spencer, Herbert, System of Philosophy, 445.
Spinoza, Benedict, 313 – 337 — expulsion from synagogue, 318 — writings, 320 — death, 324 — style of thought, 327 — doctrine of God, 328 — man and God, 334.
Stanley, A. P., Lectures on Jewish Church, 439.
Stoughton, Church and State, 308.
Taylor, Bayard, Poems, 149.
Titan (Richter), Translation by C. T. Brooks, 150.
Trial of the Constitution (S. G. Fisher) 458.
Two Friends, 425.
Union Foundations, 456.
Weiss, J., Thanksgiving Sermon, 144.
Whiting, W., on War Power, 142.
Wilson, Professor, 184 – 199.
Worsley, P. S., Translation of Odyssey, 352.
Xavier, Missionary Life, 302.

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CONTENTS.

Art.	Page
I. Benedict Spinoza	413
II. The New Homeric Question	437
III. State Reform in Austria	446
IV. Courage in Belief	453
V. Jane Austen's Novels	460
VI. New Books of Piety	421
VII. The Thirty-Seventh Congress	430
VIII. Review of Current Literature	439

Theology. Stanley's Jewish Church, 439. Colenso on Romans, 441. Mahan on Colenso, 443. Bunsen's Bibelwerk, 445. — *Philosophy and Science.* Herbert Spencer's System of Philosophy, 445. Huxley on Species, 447. Renan on Language, 448. Marsh on the English Language, 448. — *History and Politics.* Savonarola, 451. Rebellion Record, 454. Pamphlets on the Present War, 455. Junkin's Political Fallacies, 456. Cochin on Slavery, 456. Census of 1860, 457. Fisher's Trial of the Constitution, 458. Fisher on Representation, 461.

New Publications Received 462

INDEX 443

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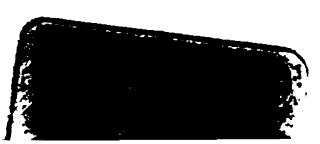

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